WEEK
ENDING
FEB. 7, 1931

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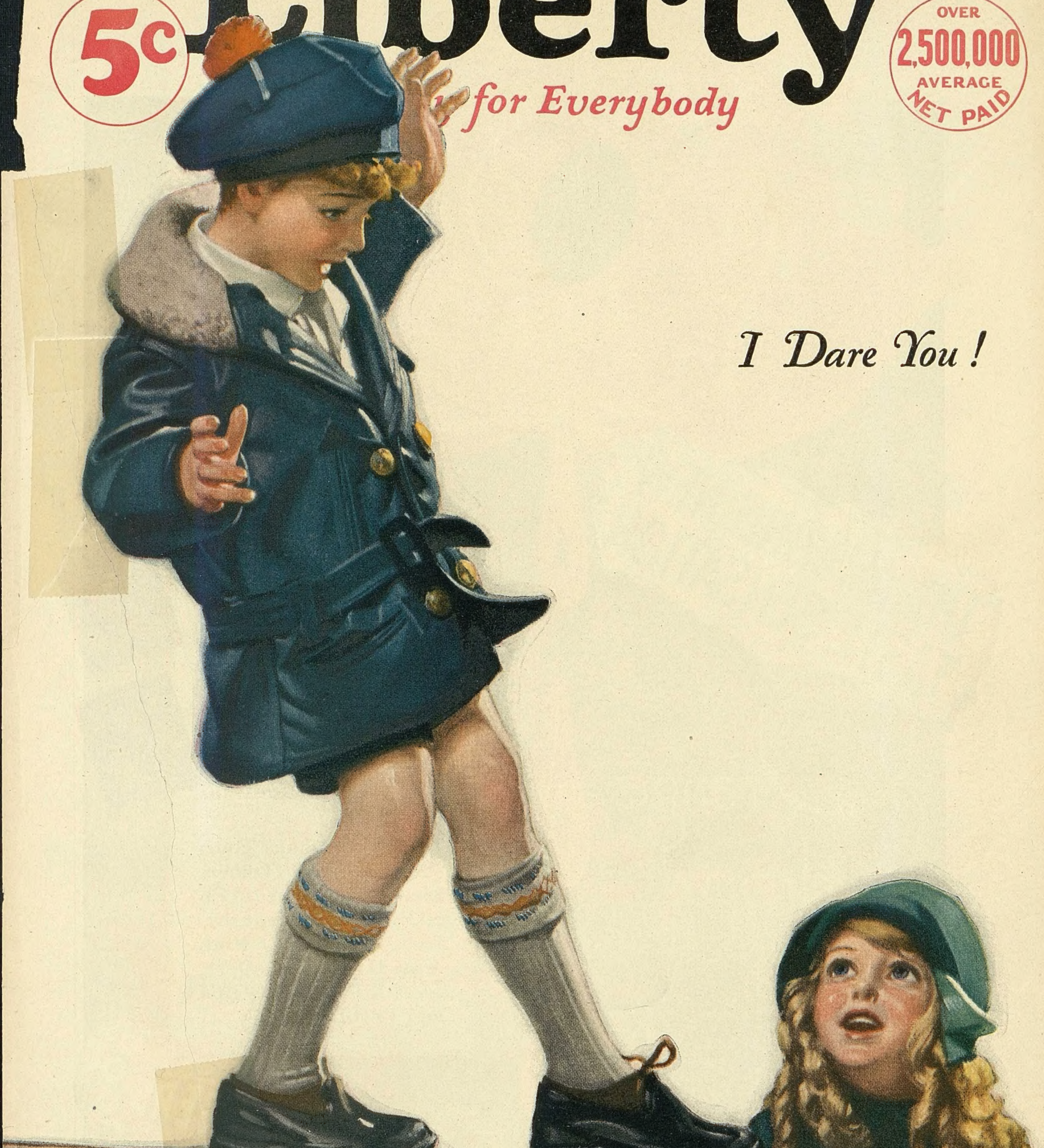
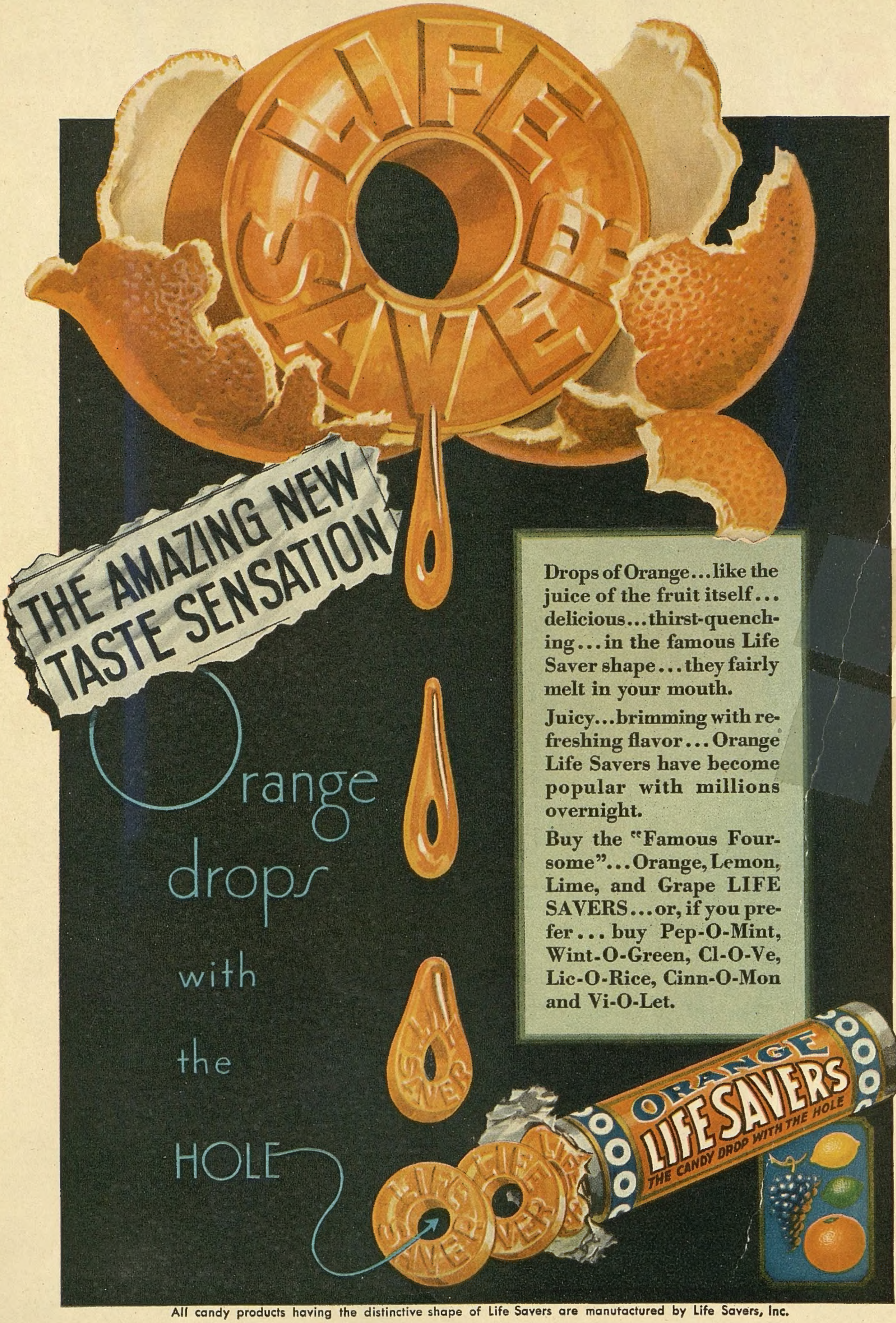


I Dare You!

BOGART **ROGERS** ~ LAWRENCE **SAUNDERS** ~ E. ALEXANDER **POWELL** ~ AND AN INTERVIEW WITH **GEORGE BERNARD SHAW**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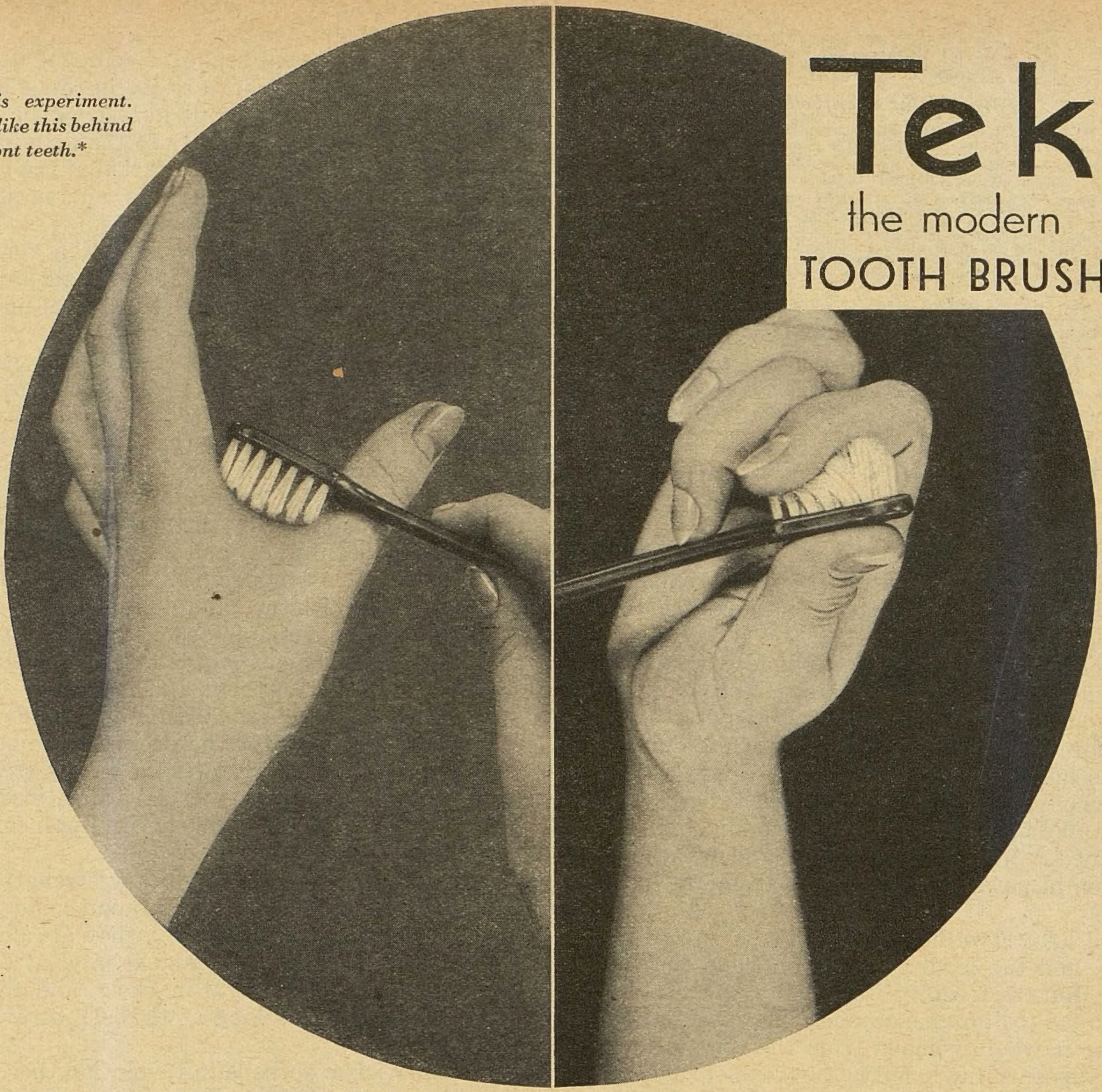
All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

*Try this experiment. Tek fits like this behind your front teeth.**



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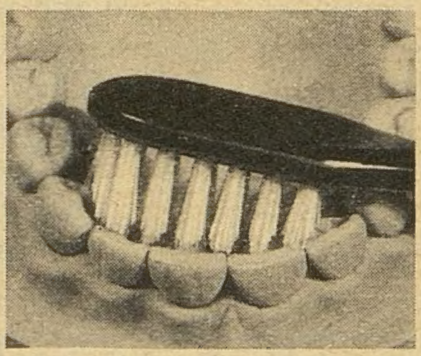
✣ BETTER SHAPE ✣ BETTER BRISTLES ✣

Tek offers you Better Bristles, lasting resiliency. This prime advantage is multiplied by the scientific shaping of these lively bristles. Tek's brushing head puts each tuft to work at every stroke—a positive cleansing of every tooth surface and crevice—plus automatic gum massage. Even behind your front teeth, in the narrowest curve of your dental arch where old-style brushes can't reach, Tek cleans because it fits. Try the experiment shown in the photograph at the left. Compare Tek to any other brush.

**Tek cleans easily where clumsy brushes cannot reach.*



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NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

FEB. 7, 1931

Liberty

VOL. 8 No. 6

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

"FANATICS" IN THE PHILIPPINES

From time to time this magazine has called attention to the useless stupidity of our remaining in the Philippines as a matter of national inertia—just because we're there.

We could have loosened our hold with dignity and honor at any time in the last score of years; yet we have remained, and fortunately have been in a more or less decent situation while doing it. But, as has been said before, there may come a time when we couldn't get out with dignity and honor. We might conceivably have to get out as a result of taking a licking at the hands of a group of Oriental powers of which Japan might be the leader.

God knows we hope we won't have war with Japan, and the leaders of Japan hope the same thing. But our freeing of the Philippines certainly would tend to diminish any possible causes of war, because it would remove from the temptation of the Japanese military party the means to a certain and easy victory. Starting a war by driving the great western power out of the Philippines—the easiest thing in the world to do—would give any group of Oriental militarists considerable prestige.

As these lines are written, an incident has just occurred which didn't get much notice. Philippine "fanatics" seized a town 100 miles north of Manila, and a fight was staged in which twelve were killed, including five members of the Philippine Constabulary.

That's the way trouble in far localities usually starts. In the first reports the native troublemakers are described as "fanatics." Then they become zealots, then bandits, then insurrectos, and finally revolutionists.

We hope the usual sequence will not develop this time, but it is not hard to see in this disturbance a reflection of the great unrest which exists all over the Orient, due partly to the activities of Communists and partly to the fact that the yellow man, pretty much everywhere, is getting sick of the white man's continued presence.

India, as everyone knows, is in a ferment. There is trouble in China and Burma, and Japan is sitting on the lid of things with the iron of military authority.

Now we have the Philippines, which gave us an awful circus before and cost us more than $500,000,000 before we got them pacified. We suspect, without knowing, that the Communists are active there. That the Filipinos don't like American rule is of course a known fact. We insist that it is good for them to be ruled by us, but they don't think so, and they have told us in every conceivable way, from shot and shell to votes in their own legislature and our Congress.

With an almost unanimous voice, they have said they'd like us to get out. We blandly say they don't know what's good for them, and stay.

If, in spite of their wishes and in consideration of the greatest good for the greatest number, we could find that they are for us a strong strategic position or of great commercial value, we might deem it a duty to remain in the Philippines. But they are neither of these things.

Instead of a source of military strength, they are a source of weakness, since Japan could gobble them at a gulp. Commercially, they are deleterious, for their cheap sugar and tobacco is coming increasingly into our local markets, and can't be kept out by tariff as long as the islands are part of our system.

If fanaticism spreads to revolution there, as it has done several times before, it may well be considered whether it is wise to send a couple of hundred thousand men and spend another half billion dollars to force the Filipinos into acquiescence. If we did, what good would it do us?

But it seems that nations are far more acquisitive and miserly than individuals or corporations. A business concern that is doing badly in one of its branches usually tries to close that branch up. Not so with a nation. If it has acquired a piece of land by chicane three centuries ago, it will hold on until it is forced out. And that is what we shall probably do.

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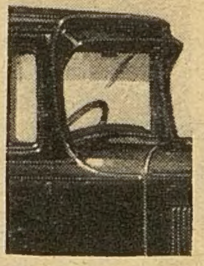
MAKING NEW FRIENDS AND KEEPING THE OLD

"Built for you by Fisher"—

The appearance, comfort and dependability you have associated with expensive cars are built into the new Oakland and the new Pontiac. . . . Consider but one phase of their achievement, Bodies by Fisher. Adept designing has brought to these two fine cars spaciousness, comfort, and livable interiors. . . . And with all there is Fisher craftsmanship. For instance, windshield pillars and cowl are now formed in one piece, without the usual joints where the cowl meets the windshield posts, making a strong, tight, squeakless construction. The lining of the dash, the heavily insulated floor mats and the protected openings around pedals and controls are further weatherproofing against unwanted hot or cold drafts. Oakland and Pontiac cars are warm in winter, cool in summer.



Bodies are strong and weathertight. This new construction of cowl and windshield posts is typical.

. . . . TWO FINE CARS . . . .

OAKLAND 8 **PONTIAC 6**

with Bodies by Fisher

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

September

The Story of an Anniversary with Death

By

BOGART ROGERS

a born and bred Californian living in Los Angeles. He saw service overseas, and since then has worked on a newspaper, for a motion-picture company, and in the aviation industry. Liberty published his views of that recently. He is married and has two children.

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

(Reading time: 28 min. 10 sec.)

IT was the morning of September 23, 1932.

The civilized world awoke and read, shocked and aghast, of the appalling fate of the gigantic super-Zeppelin, Lake Constance.

Flying the inaugural trip of a regular around-the-world service, it had exploded in midair off the southern California coast and plummeted, a gruesome blurb of flame, into the sea three miles off Santa Monica.

A crew of fifty-four, including her famous and gallant commander, Captain Hermann Kroll, and three correspondents—the only passengers on the initial voyage—had fallen with her to a horrible death. There were no survivors.

The catastrophe had occurred at midnight in view of thousands who lined the shore for miles for a glimpse of the sleek, silver monarch of the air as she slipped away through the night and sped westward over the Pacific toward the Land of the Rising Sun.

The explosion had been tremendous and almost instantaneous—a terrifying detonation, a flash of flame that bathed the sea and mountain peaks with crimson, a roaring, writhing inferno of falling fire, a nauseating crash as the comet hit the sea.

Whatever was left of the metal monster lay beneath a hundred fathoms of water. An oily, wreckage-strewn surface yielded a few mute bodies.

I was with the department then, in charge of the Los Angeles district. The chief sent me this one from Washington:

> You will represent department at all Lake Constance investigations. Please determine cause of disaster and advise me. Expect to leave for Los Angeles tonight if possible.

The little rascal!

"Please determine cause of disaster and advise me."

Please find out who killed Cock Robin! Please determine who kidnaped Charlie Ross! Let me know what happened to Nungesser and Coli! He always acted as if all you had to do to solve a mystery was pick up a telephone and ask information.

I threw the wire into the wastebasket and presently fished it out. I knew I'd need it to convince a thousand and one Federal, state, county, and city officials I had some business at the dozens of investigations, boards of inquiry, probes, inquests, and inquisitions they were a cinch to hold as soon as their little telephones could gather enough nit-wits to attend them.

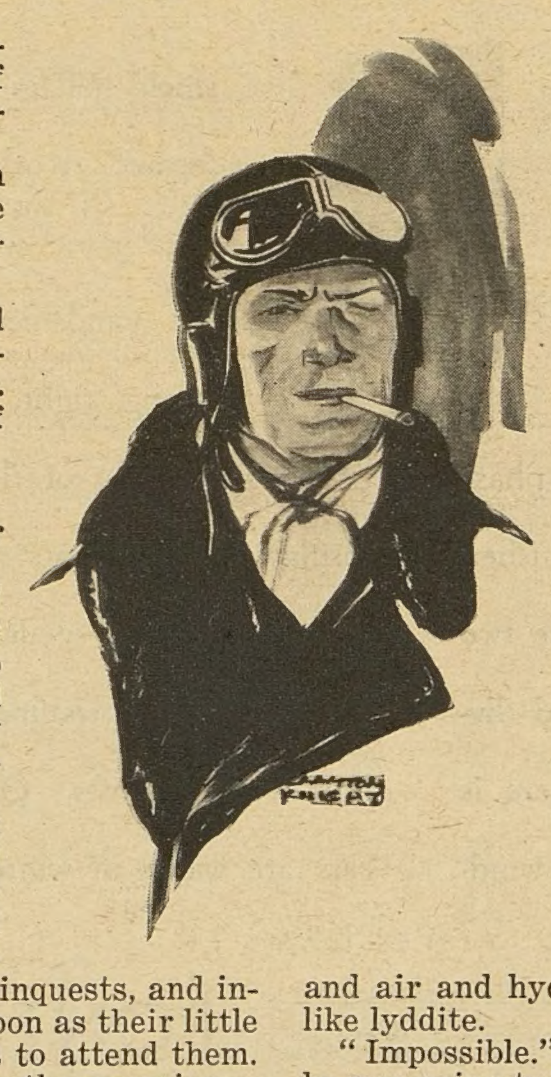
About then—it was seven o'clock in the morning—the siege of the department offices commenced. I left a blanket statement for the reporters that the department would have nothing to say until after investigation. I called a cop to keep the place clear. I sent Jack Stanley and Shorty Rausch down to examine the wreckage and act like they knew what it was all about.

Then I started to gather an inquiry board of my own. I radioed Captain Billings on the Lexington, down at San Pedro, and asked if he and a couple of other dirigible men would join me in an informal discussion. I asked Johann Glos to sit in. He was the Zeppelin representative who had been in charge of the refueling, inspection, and all other details. I invited Dr. Harrington, the government meteorologist, and Major Strong, who had checked the Zep's radio and was a shark on electricity.

I violated all rules of etiquette by not inviting the coroner, the district attorney, or the mayor. What the hell did they know about dirigibles? And, besides, they couldn't have come. They were all busy launching investigations of their own and issuing asinine statements to the papers. It was only a couple of months before election and they needed publicity.

We hid out in a room at the Biltmore. Everybody was there by ten. Captain Billings, a grand old sailorman, brought Commander Logal, who had served on the Los Angeles and the Shenandoah, and a civilian from the Bureau of Construction named Jones, a smart guy.

Johann Glos, a fat man, looked thirty years older than he had when I'd talked to him the day before. He was on the verge of falling apart. Cap Billings wouldn't let him sit near the window—said afterward he was afraid he might jump out.



WE all sympathized with Glos, agreed it was a sad affair, and got down to business.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, "what do you think happened?"

Johann Glos almost shouted: "It couldn't have happened!" He looked around defiantly.

Of course that was a great help. It sounded ridiculous then—but not so foolish later.

"There were no survivors?" I asked the captain.

He shook his head. "They've combed the ocean."

"Escaping hydrogen?" I suggested.

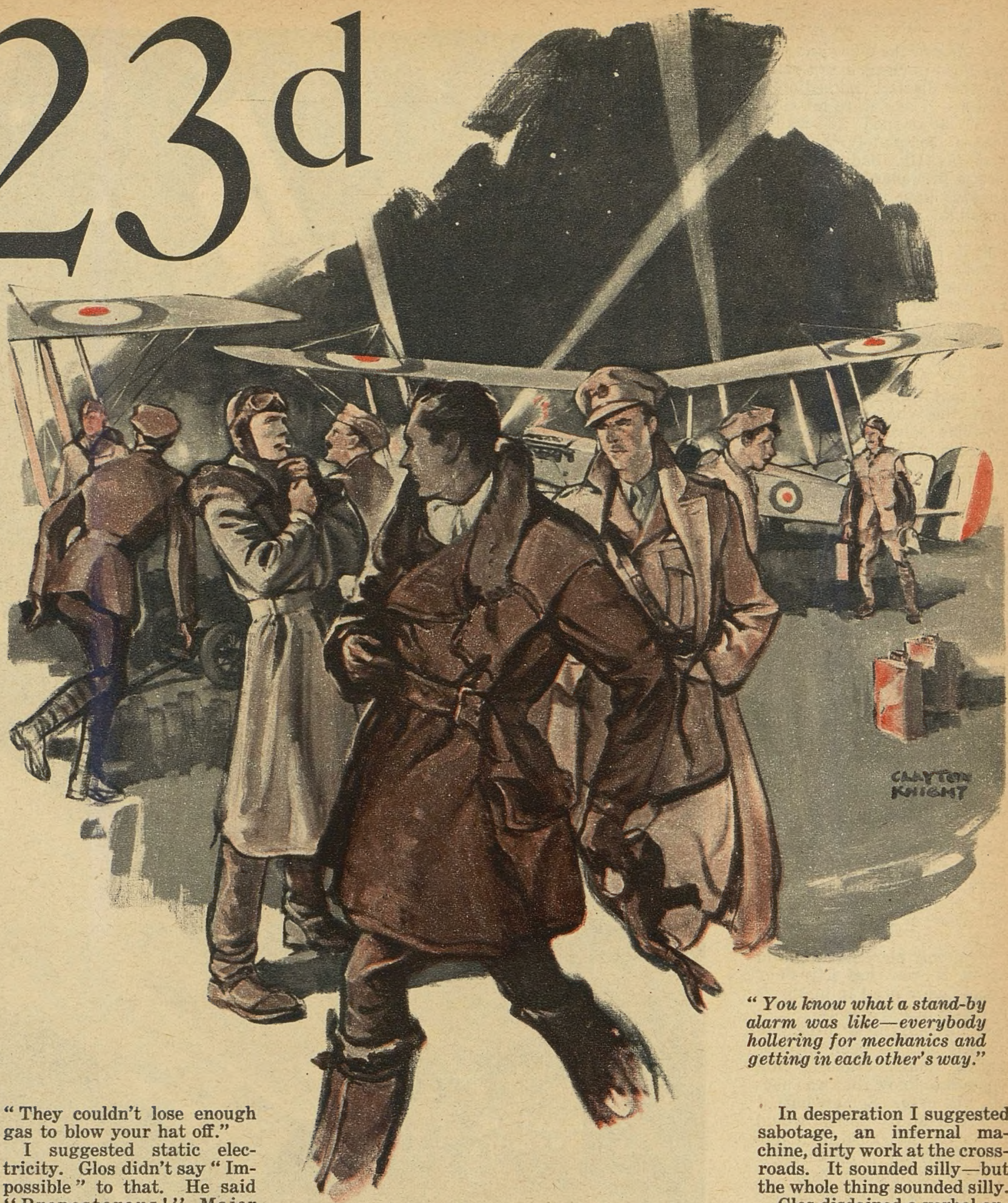
The Lake Constance was hydrogen-filled, and air and hydrogen gas, mixed and ignited, will pop like lyddite.

"Impossible." This from Herr Glos. We could all see he was going to be no good to us at all.

"Why impossible?" I wanted to know.

"Her ballonets were leakproof," explained Jones.

23d



"You know what a stand-by alarm was like—everybody hollering for mechanics and getting in each other's way."

"They couldn't lose enough gas to blow your hat off."

I suggested static electricity. Glos didn't say "Impossible" to that. He said "Preposterous!" Major Strong and Dr. Harrington agreed with him and gave fifty reasons why that couldn't have been the cause.

I accused a motor of blowing up or catching on fire.

Glos went back to "Impossible" and seemed greatly annoyed that I should think there had been any cause at all. They agreed with him and proved it to me. The motor gondolas were isolated, fireproofed, couldn't ignite the ship. Jones cited exhaustive and conclusive tests made when the Lake Constance was building at Friedrichshafen. The ship was German-built and manned by a German crew.

We went on like that—discussing every possible cause and getting nowhere. We finally drifted into long, thoughtful silences. Glos was munching his fingernails and washing them down with glass after glass of ice water.

In desperation I suggested sabotage, an infernal machine, dirty work at the crossroads. It sounded silly—but the whole thing sounded silly.

Glos disdained a verbal answer. He simply made a face like he had smelled a very bad smell. Then he convinced us this theory was as impossible as the others.

Captain Billings made a fairly sensible suggestion.

"Every civilian plane in the country was flying around last night," he said. "Do you suppose one of the idiots could have crashed into it?"

We chewed that over. Even Glos admitted it might have happened. All agreed that an airplane diving into the Lake Constance from above or hitting it broadside would have torn through its skin, ripped a ballonet, and set the ship afire—with the resulting explosion. There had been planes in the vicinity—many of them closer than the two-mile minimum ordered by the department.

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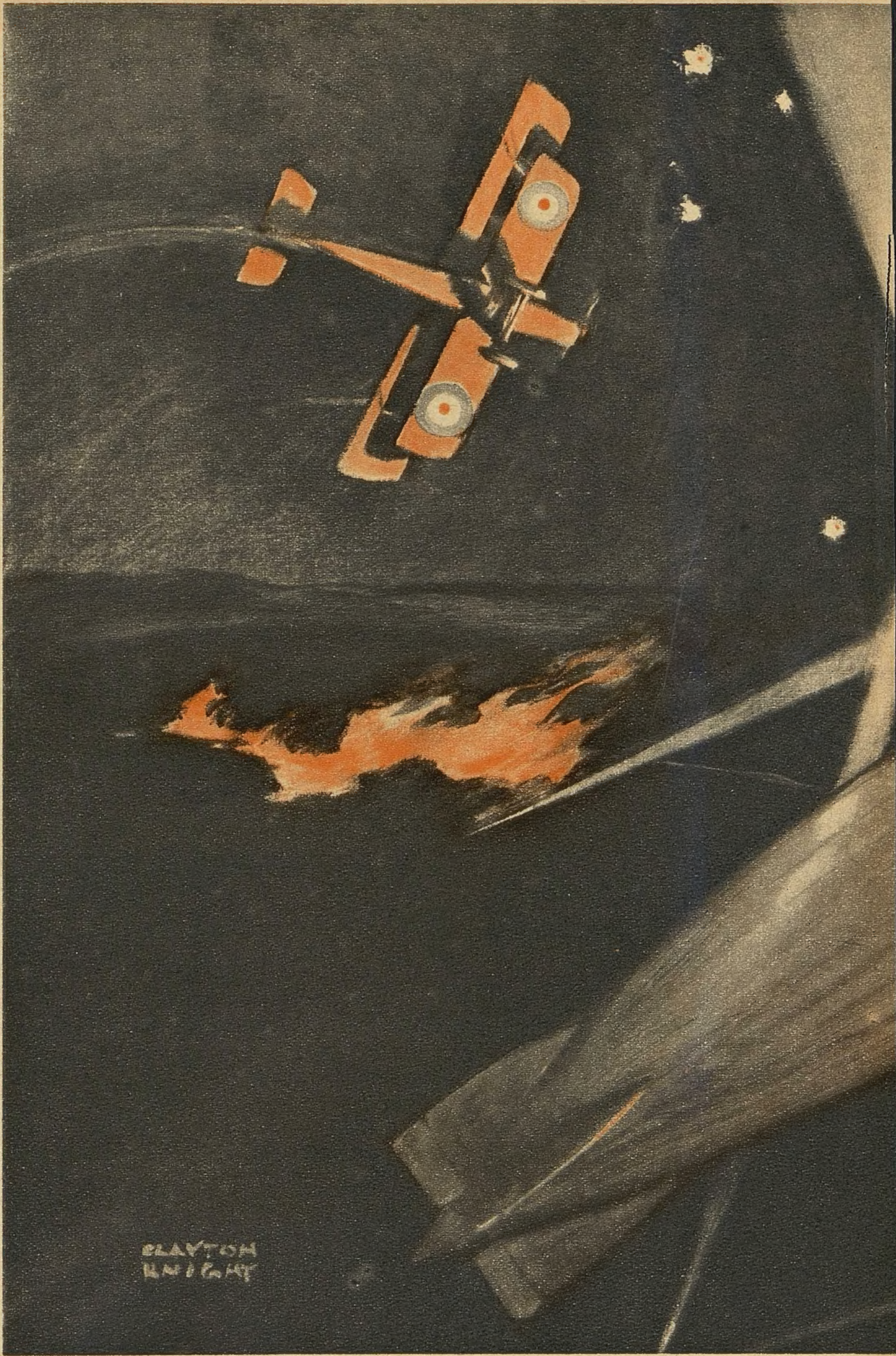
SEPTEMBER 23d
Continued from page seven



" A flame shot out from the front part of it. At first it didn't seem to be

I phoned the office and told the boys to check every plane in the district immediately and see if any were missing.

We adjourned. Everyone looked completely baffled—and was. Glos had been right in the first place. The thing couldn't have happened. Impossible!

They all said they'd phone me if they got any bright ideas.

I went back to the office and ran around in circles. There was no straight line to follow. A midafternoon wire from the chief said Congress had ordered an official inquiry, but that he expected me to have the whole simple little problem solved by now and wire him the details straight telegram.

I threw that one in the wastebasket and let it stay there.

At four o'clock the boys reported in. They had checked every plane from Yuma to Bakersfield—a neat bit of work, by the way. All present and accounted for.

I told Sally I was going home and would be back later.

I WANTED to get off alone and think. It was annoying. Some of the smartest Zeppelin men in the country—the gang I'd had together that morning—couldn't figure out what had happened. In spite of Johann Glos there *must* have been a reason. I'd have given my shirt for Hawkshaw, Philo Vance, or Sherlock Holmes. " Elementary, my dear Watson—elementary."

The only elementary thing about it was that fifty-four people were dead in history's greatest aërial disaster.

Some silly little thing had caused it. I'd been investigating plane crashes long enough to know that was usually the case. Some whatnot too trivial to notice would often be the cause of a terrible crack-up. I didn't know a damn' thing about Zeps. If I had I might have been able to figure out what could have happened.

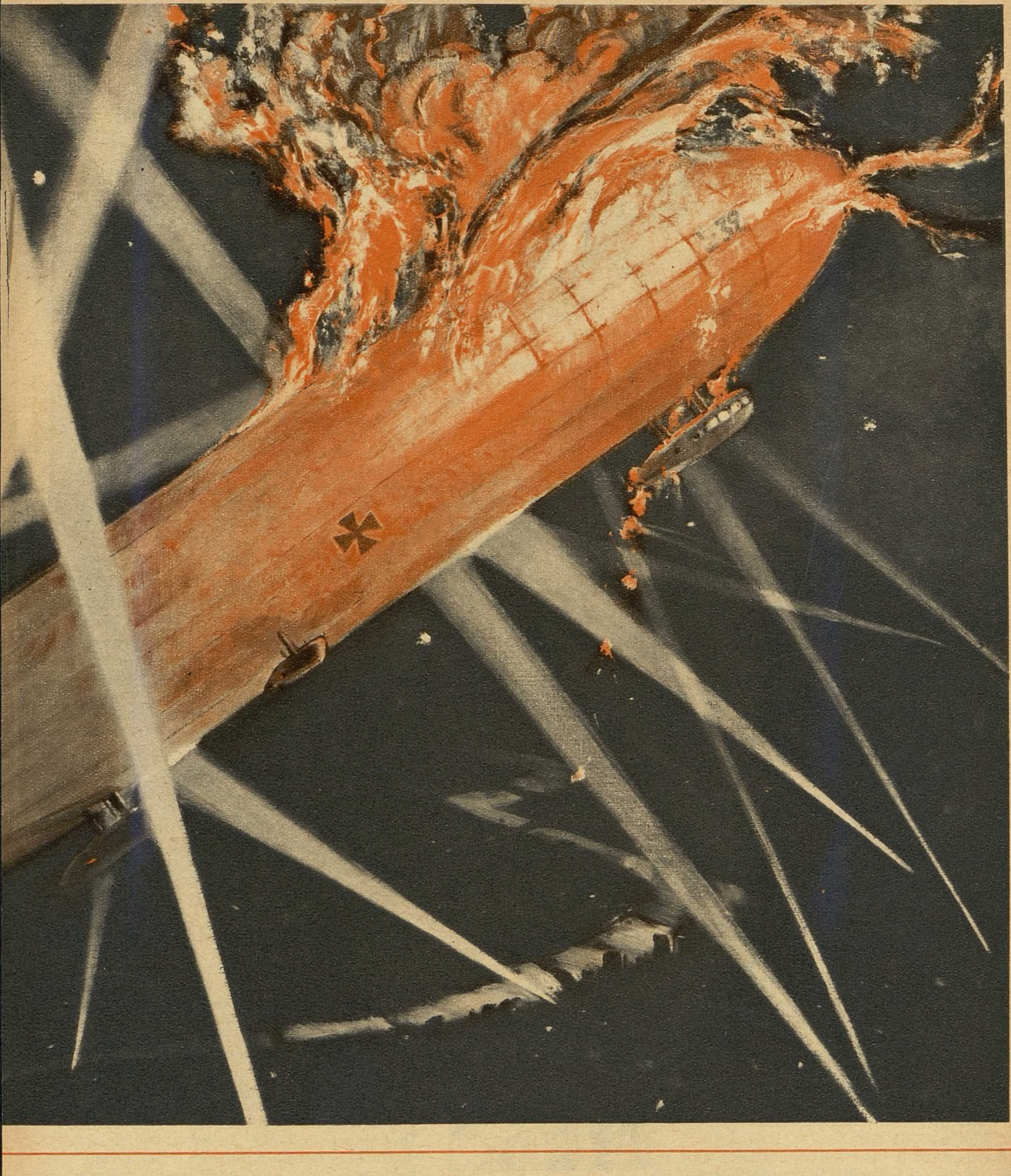
I took a cold bath and kept wishing to myself that I knew more about these dirigibles or could sit down and chew the fat with someone who did. Maybe that way I'd stumble across a clew. I finally drove out to Glendale to the Flying Club for dinner. I thought the gang there might give me an idea or two. They didn't. They were all heavier-than-air men with a sketchy knowledge of balloons. I pulled Vic Clayton off in a corner. Vic ran the club and knew every pilot in the world by his first name.

" Isn't there anyone in this village who knows something about dirigibles? " I asked him.

Vic dived down into his memory and came up with a fellow named " Limey " Leeds.

" You know him," he said. " He's a stunt flyer for the movies—did all those marvelous crack-ups for Offensive Patrol."

" That nut? " I didn't know him but I knew the name. We had grounded him three times for reckless flying. He was a great pilot, though—one of the best I'd ever seen. " What does he know about Zeps? "



falling at all, then it plunged—a fiery comet with a tail of whirling smoke and flame."

"He's got a lot of pictures and books on 'em—a whole houseful," said Vic. "He had something to do with them during the war."

I wasn't very hot about discussing the matter with this harebrained Leeds, but there didn't seem to be anyone else.

Besides, sometimes those crazy onions spout the most profound wisdom.

Vic told me where he lived—on a hillside above Hollywood. I got lost up a dozen blind alleys before I found the place.

He was home.

"Hallo-o-o," he said, recognizing me. "Come up to ground me again?"

He seemed rather startled to see me. I don't blame him. His little house was a regular hermit's roost where an unexpected knock on the door would have made me

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SEPTEMBER 23d
Continued from page nine]

jump out of my skin. There was a big living room with a fireplace at one end and a little bed alcove at the other. A couple of doors led somewhere. There was a piano and a lounge and hundreds of gewgaws scattered all over. I noticed some of his pictures—a funny-looking English girl and a couple of babies on the piano, airplanes—crashed and uncrashed—galore, and some English countrysides.

Leeds himself was a rather slender man with a downtrodden expression and cold, dreamy gray eyes. He didn't look the daredevil he was.

He shooed me into a chair.

"Would the government arrest you for taking a drink?" he suggested.

"Not if it was a big one."

He went for a glass.

I noticed he had already had his first. There was a bottle on the table and a glass. The bottle was a third empty. I didn't know when he had started emptying it. Beside the bottle was a black leather-covered book—open and face down like he had been reading it when I arrived. I peeked. In gold letters it said "Holy Bible." There was a counterirritant for you!—a bottle of booze and a Bible.

With its back to me was a framed picture. I turned it around and jumped a foot. It was a picture of Soapy Watters.

He came back with a glass and filled it.

"This is all I've got," he said. "It's the good red wine of Oporto—an old Spanish custom. Hope you like it."

I tried it and did.

"Where'd you know this Indian?" I indicated Soapy.

"We drank the war together," he said.

Soapy turned out to be our common denominator. Soapy had been my first flight commander in France—a grand guy who feared not God, neither regarded he man. Leeds, I found out, had roomed with him at Central Flying School, Upavon. We discussed Soapy for a while. Then I switched to Zeppelins.

"Hell of a mess that thing last night," I said.

"Wasn't it?" he remarked. "It must have you jumping sideways."

"Plenty. What do you know about Zeps?"

His eyes snapped toward me. I thought they narrowed.

"A little."

"I'm stumped completely," I told him. "Nobody has the least idea of what happened—least of all the experts."

"That's usually the case."

"I don't know a damn' thing about them. Vic Clayton said you did and maybe could help me."

"What do you want to know?"

"What could have caused it. You had something to do with them during the war, didn't you?"

"I shot at a few of them. I was on Home Defense."

"Oh, that's it! What do you suppose could have happened to this one?"

HE filled his glass and mine, too. "Oh, a lot of funny things can happen to Zeppelins," he remarked cryptically.

"As—for instance?"

"They've burned up before."

"I know that. Ever see one?"

"Saw three."

"The hell you did!"

He drained his glass. So did I. I figured a couple more drinks might loosen him up.

"The thing I can't understand," I went on, "is that it doesn't seem possible the thing could have happened. This ship was equipped with every safety device in the world."

"Except hydrogen gas."

"Oh, sure! It will burn. But this Captain Kroll was a first-rate skipper, too."

"If any German can be a first-rate anything," he said sharply.

Oh, oh! Here was a johnny suffering with Germanophobia—still hating the Hun. I never could understand those birds. As far as I was concerned the war was over and all Germans were nice people.

"He's a damn' dead skipper now," said Leeds.

"If we could look at the wreckage—" I suggested. "But it's too deep to even fish out."

Leeds made a face and shook his head.

"Wouldn't help a bit," he said. "Just a mess of burned and tangled dural. Take a look at that." He pointed to a picture on the wall.

I got up and examined it. There wasn't much to see—a huge mountain of scrambled girders in a field.

"It'd be like that," said Leeds. "You couldn't tell a thing."

At the bottom of the picture, in white ink, was printed:

"Remains of Zeppelin L-32, shot down by Captain Sowrey, Royal Flying Corps, at Billericay, Essex, September 23, 1916."

I started to sit down; then returned to the picture.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1916!

That was funny. Last night had been September 23, 1932.

"Can you beat that?" I said. "This L-32 was shot down on September 23, 1916. This is September twenty-third, too. That's a coincidence."

"You think so?" Leeds wasn't a bit surprised.

"Interesting, at least," I said.

There was a silence. He broke it with:

"You and Soapy were pretty good friends, weren't you?"

I twisted my middle around my index finger and held them up. "Like that."

"He and I were that way, too," he said. A pause. "Know him a long time?"

"Five months in France."

"That's long."

"I'd go to hell for him," I said—and meant it. "He pulled me out of two of the worst holes man was ever in."

Leeds was silent again. He reached for the bottle and found, to his apparent surprise, it empty. He dropped his elbows on his knees and twirled the bottle idly.

"Funny how they get empty so quick," he said. "So you and Soapy were pals, eh?"

"I'll never have a better."

He rose and started for the kitchen.

"In a hurry?" he asked, stopping abruptly.

"Nope."

"All right. Make yourself at home and I'll tell you a few of the things that might have happened to that Zeppelin last night."

He came back pulling the cork from a new bottle of port, filled the glasses, and settled back in his chair.

"Did you ever hear Soapy speak of Tom Tapley?" he asked me.

I had, vaguely, and said so while he was emptying his glass.

"He and Soap were thicker'n thieves. He was a kinda funny blighter, but he liked Soap and Soap liked him. A lot of people say he's gone a bit balmy since. I was with him in Thirty-nine Squadron in 'sixteen on London defense at Joyce Green, Dartford. Sure, you know Joyce Green—on the Thames. Jimmy McCudden was there later. There was Tapley and me and Sowrey, the chap who knocked that one over"—he jerked a thumb toward the picture on the wall—"and Tempest, who got one at North Weald Bassett a week later, and Ross—he cracked up—and a couple of others. Brandon was there, too. Leefe Robinson—he was the first one to shoot down a Zeppelin—was up at Sutton's Farm."

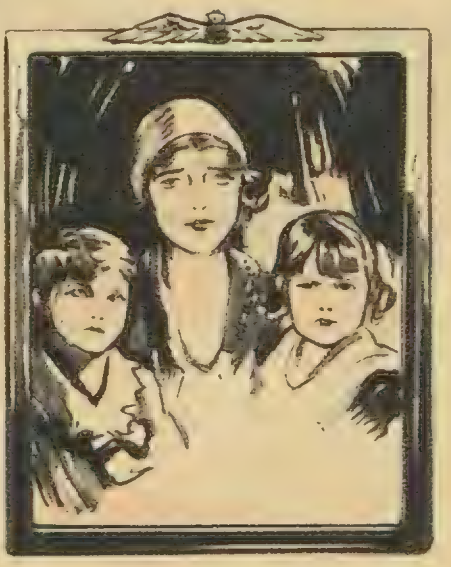
He filled his glass, but didn't touch it.

"This September twenty-third show—I was on it and so was Tom Tapley. I can remember it just as plain as if it happened last night. I remember sitting there in front of the hangars waiting for an alarm. It was dark as the inside of a cow—and cold. My bus and Sowrey's were ticking over on the tarmac—keeping the engines warm.

They were Quirks—old BE-2-cs with ninety-horse Raf engines that would burn out bearings like butter. A dozen thin pencils of light swung lazily across the sky—swung in slow arcs, stopped, swung again. You know how they went—aimlessly like they didn't know what they were doing it for. There were no clouds to stop the rays, which just faded out into the stars like they would on a clear night.

"Sowrey kept damning the bugs and slapping his neck. Somebody wondered if they'd be over tonight. We all agreed it was a fine night for them—black as your hat and calm—just what they liked. There hadn't been a raid for three weeks and one was about due.

"Tempest asked if there were any reports from the coast. The lookout stations always sent out the alarm the instant they picked up the sound of Zeppelin engines. He hadn't closed his mouth when a telephone rang off in the darkness where the squadron office was. 'Oh, oh!' said Sowrey. 'There's the bad news now.' We waited, nervous as hell. You know that old wobbly, weak-in-the-stomach prepatrol feeling. A door slammed. 'Sowrey!' the C. O. called out of the dark. 'Here, sir,' said Sowrey. 'They're coming over,' said the C. O. 'Yarmouth just heard them—two or three, they thought. They'll come in from the north—Epping or Chipping Ongar, probably.' 'When do we take off, sir?' 'Right now,' said the C. O.



"You know what a stand-by alarm was like—everybody hollering for flight sergeants and mechanics and losing their goggles and asking questions and getting in each other's way. It was worse in the dark with the old Quirks popping and clattering like they were going to shed their cylinders. Did I tell you this Tom Tapley had a wife and two babies? No? Well, I'll get to that later.

"Sowrey and I were ready to push off in less than a minute. He was away first—faded into the night and was gone. The C. O. walked over to me. I asked him how high they were. 'Yarmouth thought about ten thousand,' he said. He told me to fly the same old patrol line—Hainhault Farm to Farningham. That was east of London. Fifty-one Squadron was working from Hainhault north. 'Watch the lights and the archie,' he said. 'If there are three of them they may come in from different directions. Get up high and keep your eyes open. Don't let 'em get through tonight, boy. They'll raise hell if you do.'

"I said I'd try my dirty damnedest. I really thought I had a chance to get one. The C. O. said, 'Good luck and cheerio.' He whacked me on the back and stepped away.

"I taxied to the end of the field, kicked her around, gave her the gun, and started to climb like hell for upstairs. Those night take-offs in a Quirk put the wind up me something awful. You never knew when they'd conk out and drop you in the river or on the dike."

He paused.

"WHAT'S the matter? Don't you like my port?" He was muzzily indignant. I hastily drained my glass. He filled them both—and promptly emptied his.

"I'd been on Zep shows before," he went on. "I saw Robinson get his at Cuffley. I was miles away, but I saw it go down. God, what a sight! Like last night. The lights picked it up and Leefe set it afire with a drum of New Brock and Pomeroy. He got a V. C. for that show. He said afterwards he was impressed by the smell of burning pork."

Leeds laughed rather loudly at that little joke—more loudly, I thought, than its merits justified. But I was beginning to feel that way, too. The port had a wallop.

"Burning pork is right," he went on. "I'll bet you could smell it a mile last night. What with big Hun Kroll and all his Heinie crew."

Still fighting the war, I thought to myself. Still believing the Germans made sausage out of Belgian babies. Why couldn't those guys stop hating and forget about it?

"This Tom Tapley—no, I'm ahead of myself. I was over Woolwich at two thousand feet. It was black below but that damn' river was as plain as day from Richmond to Chapman Light. If they aimed at the river they were a cinch to hit something important.

"I reached Farningham at five thousand and turned back. This Tom Tapley used always to swing over toward the East India Docks when he cut back. This wife and two babies of his lived down there in a house off Lea Bridge Road. Ratty part of town, but Tap worked in the Custom House, which was right near. He was saving his money and figured a mansion in Mayfair would come later. Tom used to tell me that from ten thousand feet he could look right down and see—could look right down and see—"

His tongue tangled on that one. He turned on me.

"What's the matter? Aren't you drinking? Hell of an R. F. C. man you are—won't take a drink with a pal of Soapy's!"

I lifted my glass. He was getting pretty tight.

"Cheerio," he said.

We tossed them off together. He took a deep breath and went on.

"TAPLEY used to tell me that from ten thousand feet he could look right down through the roof of that little house and see his wife and those two babies. He used to get real sentimental about it and tell how he could see little Buddy—that was Tap's boy—sleeping with all the covers kicked off and the bed probably pretty damp, and Betty—she was Tap's little girl—with one arm curled up over her head. She always slept like that, he said. Musta been cute.

"Tapley had imagination—too much of it, maybe. He could remember things the longest time and he was simply mad about those kids. His wife never went underground during a raid—said a tube station mob was worse than a raid. Besides, you know bombs'll as likely hit you one place as another.

"It was cold as hell at ten thousand. The stars glittered. The searchlights were concentrated north—sweeping, stopping, swinging back again. I couldn't see a damn' thing. Nobody ever could. I always hoped I'd get close enough to a Zep to see it without lights. You couldn't see them far. Some of them were painted black.

"Suddenly there were a lot of new stars up ahead—red stars that sparkled and disappeared. They were bursting archie shells. It was the barrage."

He was talking quite rapidly and excitedly now.

"They were coming—sneaking in from the north. I shoved the throttle all the way and climbed like the devil. The black pit below was filled with little red stabs—the flashes of the guns. God, how they poured up that barrage! The lights were moving frantically—going crazy over something they knew was there but couldn't find.

"I was going crazy too. They were right up there with me and I couldn't see them. I shoved up my goggles. They blew away. I could see better, though. There were a million red stars now—all over the sky. Then they started to flash to my left. Some lights moved over there, too. I knew what that meant. One of the Zeps had circled and was coming in from the south. He was right over the city. He'd start laying his eggs in a minute. There was a big red flash far below—then another and another—all in a row. There they were! Big stuff. Where the first flash had been there grew a yellow flame.

"I headed for a spot directly above the flashes. The Zep would be up there. The lights were waving around like mad. I checked the bomb bursts with the river. Great God! They were right around Lea Bridge Road!

"I was like a man with hornets after him—wanted to go somewhere but didn't know where. My heart was choking me to death. I wanted to find him—stop him from dropping those damnable bombs. If only the lights would hit him—just for a second—

"Suddenly the lights all went north again. They were

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

SEPTEMBER 23d
Continued from page eleven

building a pyramid—the lights from all London were building a great brilliant pyramid. The wind was tearing my lashes out, but I saw it—right there at the apex of that giant cone. It was tiny—it looked like a little silver cigar. I stuck my nose down and dived full out. The lights held it—it wriggled and turned, but they held it.

"A million red stars flashed around it in a pyrotechnic patchwork. I planned my attack—I'd go down it from above—rake it from stern to stem—set it afire like Robinson had done. I couldn't miss. It wasn't a cigar any longer. It was a Zeppelin, its long gray sides gleaming in the rays of the lights, its control car and engine gondolas plain as day.

"I swung to the left and came down astern. I was right in the barrage now—archie woofing and honking all around. I was fascinated. It was enormous—colossal—a terrible gray monster—"

He paused for a moment and sort of calmed down.

"That was the funniest thing about it. I remember thinking how gray it looked—gray instead of silver—and then, just as I felt for my trigger bar, it began to change color. The center turned a slow pink like an electric heater when you first turn it on. Then it went red like an enormous Chinese lantern—red as blood. Then a flame shot out of the front part of it—squirted right out of its nose. Then it was all ablaze. At first it didn't seem to be falling at all, then it plunged—a fiery comet with a tail of whirling smoke and flame. I damn' near broke my neck getting out of the way. The heat was like the blast from an oven door."

He turned to the bottle.

"How about a little snort?" he asked.

I passed my glass.

"Sowrey was there ahead of you—was that it?" I asked.

"Your powers of deduction are amazing," he said thickly. He was having trouble finding the opening to the glass.

"What happened to the other one?"

"There were two other ones. We found out later Sowrey's was the L-32—fellow named Peterson. The other Zep was the L-31—Hun named Mathey. Tempest made roast pork out of him a week later over North Weald Bassett. Didn't I tell you that?"

I could see I wasn't going to solve the Lake Constance mystery here. He was getting incoherent. First he said there were three Zeppelins—then he said there were only two.

"I THOUGHT you said there were three."

"There were."

"What happened to the third one?"

"The third one?" A perfectly horrible expression came into his eyes. His voice went tense, strained, eventually very loud.

"The third one was yellow. He didn't have any guts. He was a cowardly, mangy murderer, who was afraid to take it like a man. Brandon and archie opened him up like a sieve. He ran for it and got out to sea. He was leaking so badly he couldn't even get to Holland.

"What did he do? What did the"— Leeds poured out a stream of that filthy, vile East-End-of-London profanity—"do? Did he die like a soldier? Did he come down at sea and drown like a decent rat should? No, he didn't! You bet he didn't! He ran back and landed—he landed in England—he landed on the same soil where not an hour before he'd murdered Tom Tapley's wife and babies—murdered them, damn his soul!—blown them to bits with a bomb—so there wasn't even enough left of them for Tom Tapley to bury—murdered them when they were helpless and didn't have a chance! And what did they do to him? Did they slit his cowardly throat? Did they stick pins in his eyes? Did they put red ants in his ears to eat his brains out like he deserved? Like hell they did! They put him in a nice comfortable prison camp and fed him off the fat of the land!"

He finished in almost a scream and then sank back in his chair and started to cry. I was hypnotized.

Finally I asked: "What was *his* name?"

Leeds flicked his fingers across his eyes, turned on me, and smiled quite pleasantly.

"Forgive me for making such an ass of myself," he said. "His name was Hermann Kroll."

I had been fairly tight the instant before he said that. I was sober as a deacon the instant after. I didn't know what to say. I eventually said, "Well, what else?"

"I cracked up the night Tempest shot down Mathey. I tried my damnedest to get him first, but Tempest was closer. I was out of my mind anyway—have been for sixteen years, I guess. I didn't care what happened except that I wanted to burn up a Zeppelin—watch it writhing down on fire. The mist at Joyce Green was awful. I hit the dike landing. I didn't fly again for two years—busted me all up. The Zeps were gone then."

"And what happened to this Tom Tapley?" I just wanted to be sure.

"Oh, now, please don't kid me." He smiled nicely.

HE glanced around like he was looking for something. He found it on the table—the Bible—opened it to the fly-leaf and handed it to me.

"That's mine," he said.

In a very English script was written:

"To Daddy, who we love. Buddy and Betty. Christmas, 1915." And below, in a different hand: "Lieut. Thomas R. Tapley, R. F. C."

We didn't say a word for minutes.

"What they'll do to me will be plenty," he said quite calmly. "But what do I care? I've been dead for sixteen years anyway. And, after all, you can't let a man get away with a thing like that."

I got up and found my hat.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked.

"You're drunk," I said.

"I was. I'm not so much so now."

"You're drunk," I repeated firmly. "You're as crocked as an owl."

"Oh, I say—"

"I'm going to follow Soapy's advice."

He looked puzzled. "What's that?"

"Never pay any attention to what a man tells you when he's drunk."

I opened the door, but I couldn't go.

"Dynamite or what?" I asked. I had to know.

"Don't be silly," he said. "Fulminate of mercury and nitroglycerin. I was fifteen hundred feet above him when I dropped it, too. It was just like shooting goldfish in a bowl."

"Great God!" I said. "Well, thanks for a pleasant evening. I'll drop in again some time."

"Do," he said. "Cheerio."

The chief arrived two days later. I had to confess to him that while I could ferret out the cause of almost anybody's airplane accident this Zeppelin thing was too deep for me.

A week later Shorty Rausch phoned in:

"That nut Limey Leeds killed himself this morning doing a stunt for the movies."

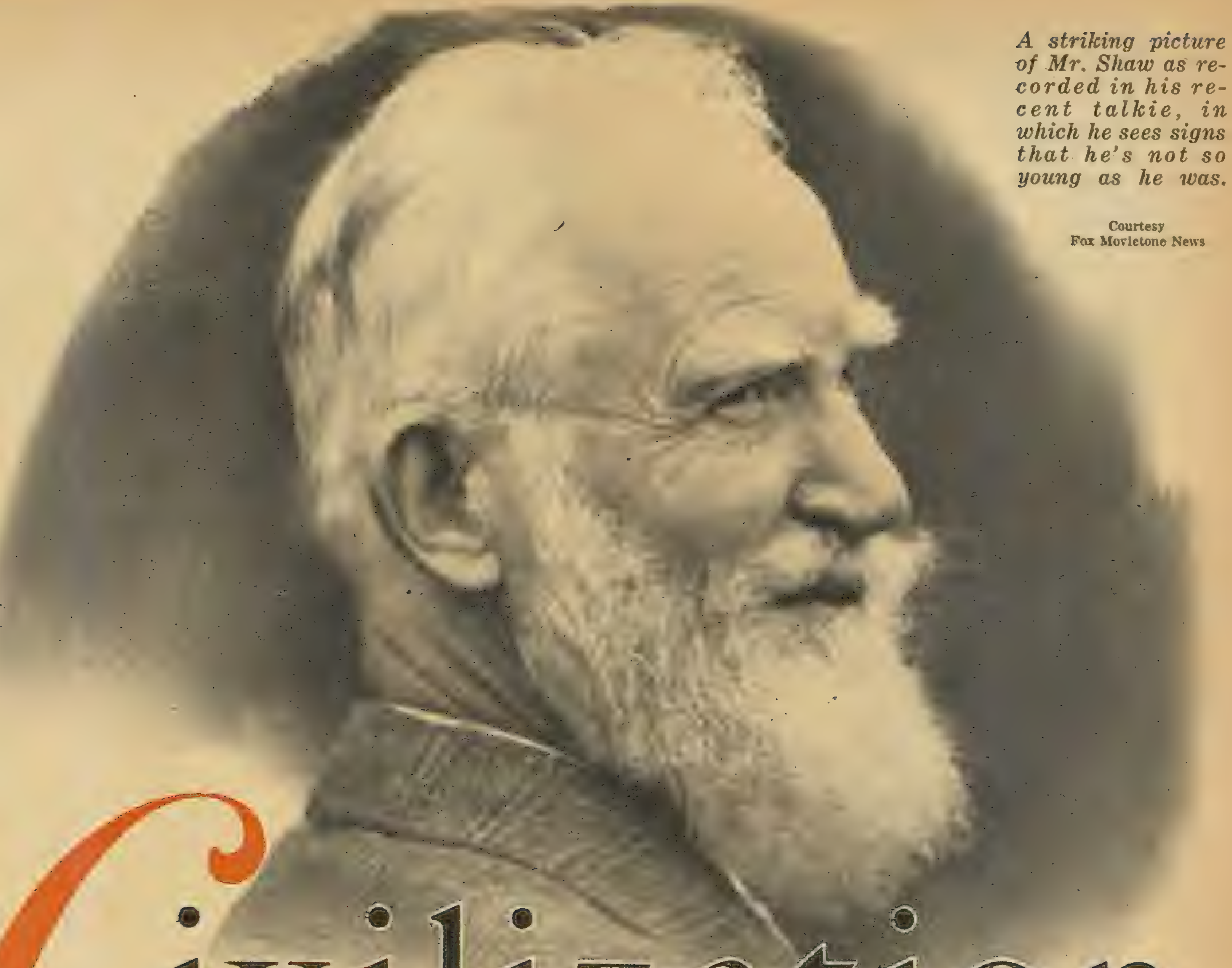
"What happened, Shorty?" I asked.

"He tried to fly under the Cornejo Bridge and hit one of the concrete supports."

"He was a cinch to get it sooner or later," I said.

I let it go at that. I knew the Cornejo Bridge. There was room enough between those supports for Limey Leeds to fly two airplanes abreast—if he'd wanted to.

THE END



A striking picture of Mr. Shaw as recorded in his recent talkie, in which he sees signs that he's not so young as he was.

Courtesy
Fox Movietone News

Civilization, Death, and The Talkies

A Word to the Wise from GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

(Reading time: 10 min. 54 sec.)

In an Interview with

HAYDEN CHURCH

who is one of America's listening posts in Europe. A native of Ogdensburg, New York, he worked on metropolitan newspapers before setting forth at twenty-one as a foreign correspondent. He now makes his home in London. His long friendship with Mr. Shaw has enabled him to record some of the outstanding pronouncements of the famous dramatist.

"IF you were Dictator of England," I said to George Bernard Shaw, "what would you do?"

"Probably go mad, like Nero," he replied. "Why ask silly questions?"

Mr. Shaw rapped out this characteristic comeback in a recent interview, partly obtained during a strenuous walk with him on the Malvern Hills, that was perhaps as remarkable a one as even the world's greatest and wittiest dramatist ever has given.

In the course of it, replying to a question originally posed by Edison, he revealed how he would prefer to die, and denied that he, probably the wealthiest as well as the most renowned of living writers, has made a success of life.

Roving over a wide variety of topics, he expressed typically Shavian views on the recent triumphs of women over men, and while discussing the future of talking pictures gave his opinion, by infer-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CIVILIZATION, DEATH, AND THE TALKIES
Continued from page thirteen

ence, on the much-debated question: Should Charlie Chaplin make talkies?

But it was with big subjects that Shaw was mainly concerned, at the outset, anyway. And one of my opening questions, while discussing world depression, was fortunate in drawing from him as forceful, as incisive, and incidentally as controversial a pronouncement as he has made in recent years.

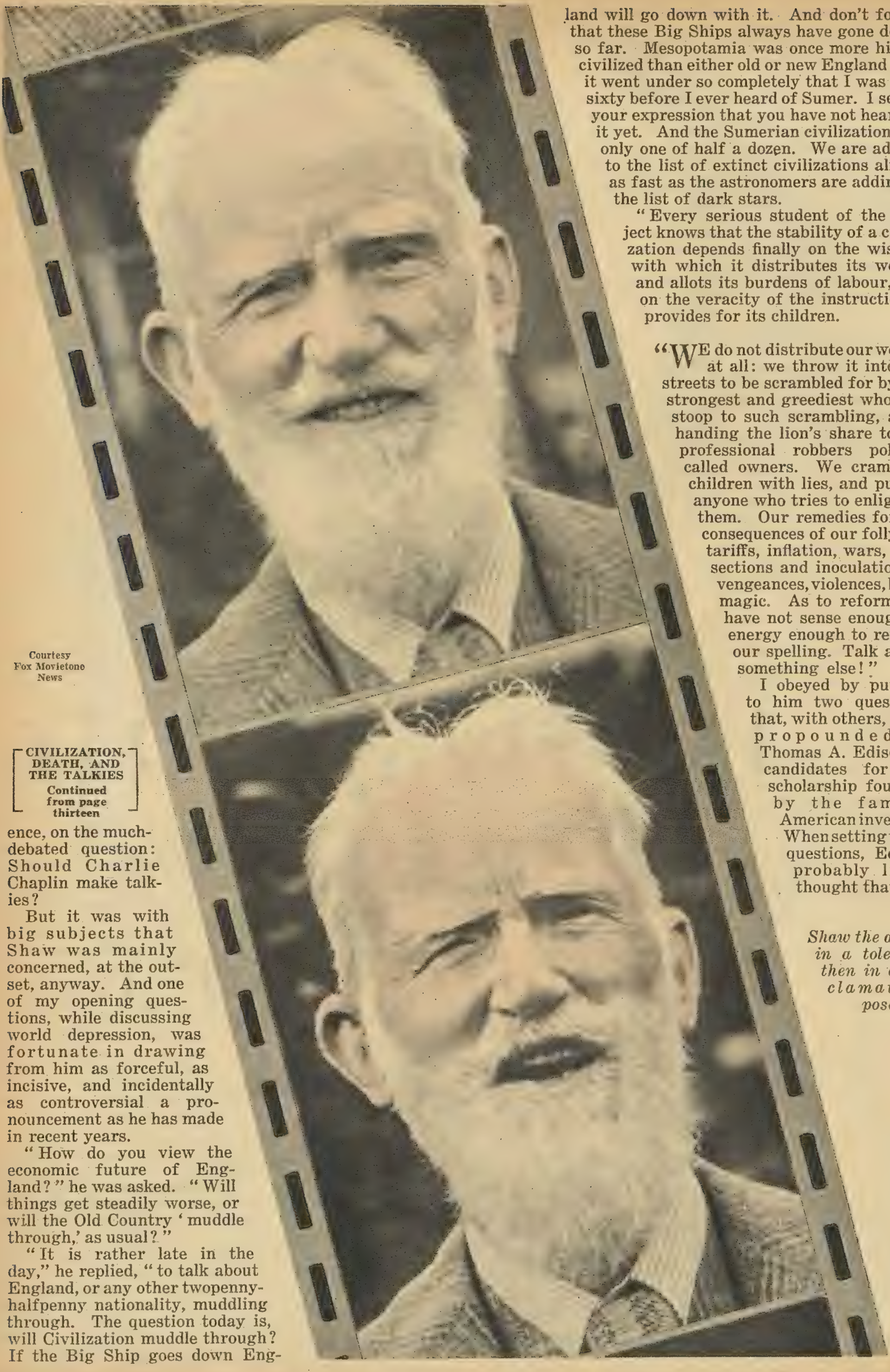
"How do you view the economic future of England?" he was asked. "Will things get steadily worse, or will the Old Country 'muddle through,' as usual?"

"It is rather late in the day," he replied, "to talk about England, or any other twopenny-halfpenny nationality, muddling through. The question today is, will Civilization muddle through? If the Big Ship goes down England will go down with it. And don't forget that these Big Ships always have gone down, so far. Mesopotamia was once more highly civilized than either old or new England; but it went under so completely that I was over sixty before I ever heard of Sumer. I see by your expression that you have not heard of it yet. And the Sumerian civilization was only one of half a dozen. We are adding to the list of extinct civilizations almost as fast as the astronomers are adding to the list of dark stars.

"Every serious student of the subject knows that the stability of a civilization depends finally on the wisdom with which it distributes its wealth and allots its burdens of labour, and on the veracity of the instruction it provides for its children.

"WE do not distribute our wealth at all: we throw it into the streets to be scrambled for by the strongest and greediest who will stoop to such scrambling, after handing the lion's share to the professional robbers politely called owners. We cram our children with lies, and punish anyone who tries to enlighten them. Our remedies for the consequences of our folly are tariffs, inflation, wars, vivisections and inoculations—vengeances, violences, black magic. As to reform, we have not sense enough or energy enough to reform our spelling. Talk about something else!"

I obeyed by putting to him two questions that, with others, were propounded by Thomas A. Edison to candidates for the scholarship founded by the famous American inventor. When setting these questions, Edison probably little thought that any



Courtesy Fox Movietone News

Shaw the actor, in a tolerant, then in a declamatory pose.

of them would draw replies from George Bernard Shaw, but I asked Mr. Shaw to answer the most important ones, pointing out that his answers would be of immense interest. And so unquestionably they prove, particularly that to the first question.

This query of Edison's was, "When you look back on your life from your death bed, by what facts will you determine whether you succeeded or failed?" In propounding it I remarked that any fool knows that Shaw has succeeded as few men do, but in his reply, as will be seen, he brushed this comment aside.

"I am not on my death bed," he said, "except in so far as we are all on our death beds. Personally I should prefer to die in a reasonably dry ditch under the stars. I have not succeeded: people have agreed to rank me as successful: that is all. Have I not written somewhere that life levels all men: death reveals the eminent. Well, I am not quite dead yet: only seven eighths dead."

The second of Edison's questions was: "If you could prescribe and enforce a system of education for the world's whole population, on what essentials would you place the greatest emphasis?"

Mr. Shaw dictated his reply to this, as follows:

"Reading (including music), writing, arithmetic, and manners, primarily and compulsorily; elementary law, economics, and physics (including astrophysics), as qualifications for employments other than the performance of manual operations under tutelage; and for the rest, what the learner is capable of."

MR. SHAW is fully alive to the possibilities of talking pictures. He made a new talkie of himself not so long ago and also has agreed, for the first time, to two of his plays being turned into talkies.

"Is there any particular phase of the talkies that is interesting you at present?" I asked him. "What do you consider is the best film yet made?"

"The best films I have seen are Russian ones," he replied. "We in England are doing our best to prevent them from being shown because they are too moral for us. I am not interested in any particular phase of the talkies: I am interested in the enormous fact that a method of projecting drama and acting has been discovered which reduces our cheap, shabby, half-visible, half-audible old stage methods to absurdity. And our theater people are still blinking at it and saying it will not last because the public likes the real thing.

"As if Charlie Chaplin were not ten times more real to us than any stage actor in the world! If this is true of Charlie Silent what will Charlie Talking be? It is pitiable to hear our old theater managers prophesying nonsense on their way to oblivion through the bankruptcy court."

As these replies of his make evi-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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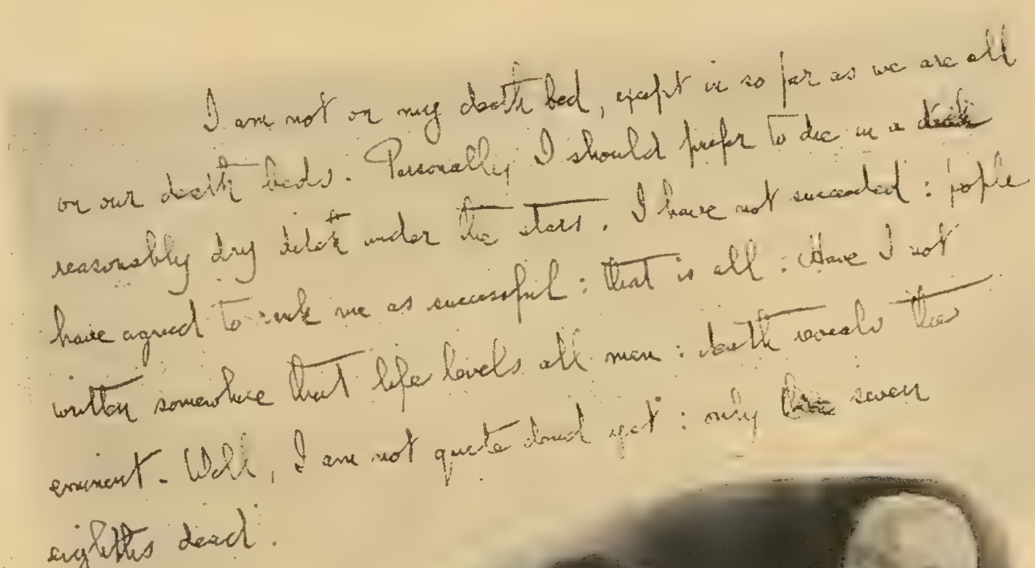
CIVILIZATION, DEATH, AND THE TALKIES
Continued from page fifteen

dent, Mr. Shaw is as dynamic as ever, in spite of his seventy-four years. If he is "seven-eighths" dead, as he asserts, he certainly contrives to make the fact imperceptible. His hair and his beard (which in the talkie he made recently he jestingly expressed his intention of dyeing) and his famous Mephistophelean eyebrows have, it is true, become snowy white, but he is as straight as a pine tree and brimful of "pep." A famous European scientist recently described him as "the only old man living with a young man's brain." More often than not, when in London, he walks across from his flat in Whitehall Court, on the Thames Embankment, to the Royal Automobile Club in Pall Mall and has a swim before breakfast!

My interview with him took place at Malvern, in Worcestershire, where, following the recent Festival of his plays there, he indulged in a holiday. Up to this point he talked while striding about his workroom in the suite that he and Mrs. Shaw were occupying in a small but well run hotel. But then, declaring that he needed some physical exercise, he took me for what he called a "walk" up the Worcestershire Beacon, the loftiest of the neighboring near-mountains that are known misleadingly as the Malvern Hills.



I am not on my death bed, except in so far as we are all on our death beds. Personally I should prefer to die in a ~~ditch~~ reasonably dry ditch under the stars. I have not succeeded: people have agreed to rank me as successful: that is all. Have I not written somewhere that life levels all men: death reveals the eminent. Well, I am not quite dead yet: only [illegible] seven eighths dead.

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Above, the script of Shaw's reply to the Edison question. The paper would be a prize to an autograph hunter and also, perhaps, to a student of slips of the pen. At the right Mr. Shaw speaks to players about to make a talkie of his one-act How He Lied to Her Husband.

Wide World photo

Several times, to the astonishment of Malvernites—most of whom prefer to ascend it on the backs of reluctant donkeys—G. B. S. legged it right up to the summit of the Beacon, 1,440 feet above sea level. On this particular occasion, mercifully, he couldn't spare the time to repeat this performance, but contented himself with a lesser, but to his companion sufficiently strenuous, climb around the north side of the great "hill"—scrambling up rocky declivities and striding around tricky bends in the winding and often nonexistent pathway, with fearsome depths yawning beneath, as jauntily as if he were still in the Malvern streets. By the end of an hour we were several hundred feet up, and had a glorious view of the other Malvern Hills, of the picturesque town, with its ancient Priory, and of the river Avon, winding its way towards Stratford.

DURING this man-size hike the talk ran from Emil Jannings' first talkie, which Shaw seemingly did not care for overmuch, to the play Journey's End (on which it appears the verdict of G. B. S. was asked while it was going the rounds of theatrical managers), and on to prize fighting, in which, as everyone knows, the author of Cashel Byron's Profession maintains a lively and expert interest.

I asked him why he considered it is that England does not seem able to produce a heavyweight champion.

"There are dozens of men in every parish in England," he replied, "who could walk over all the champions in the ring as easily as Tunney walked over the apparently unconquerable Carpentier and his conqueror, Dempsey, if they gave their minds to it as he did. They prefer other careers, that is all."

Inevitably the conversation turned to Shaw's plays and I mentioned that he had been quoted as saying, when asked if he had any personal favorite among them, that he rather liked Heartbreak House, a picture, in the words of the preface thereto, "of leisured, cultured Europe" before and during the war.

"I may have said something like that," G. B. S. admitted. "But plays like Heartbreak House are expensive."

I looked at him inquiringly, imagining he meant that they call for expensive casts.

"Yes," he added, "it took half a century of international dry rot and a war on top of it to bring that one to birth."

"THERE are always any number of subjects," he remarked a moment later, "crying for treatment on the stage, if only playwrights could see the possibilities in them. Housing conditions in the London slums had been a national scandal for a century before I dramatized them in Widowers' Houses."

We talked of Macbeth apropos of Sybil Thorndike's production of that play, which Mr. Shaw largely directed, and he remarked that he has always wished to see a performance of it given entirely in the Scotch dialect.

"I believe it would be tremendously impressive," he declared.

Coming back to the subject of the pictures, I asked Shaw if seeing himself as others see him by means of his recent talkie and the one he made some months previous had resulted in his making any new discoveries about himself.

"Only that I am getting very old," he replied, "and that my mouth is growing very crooked. But I made a small discovery about myself when first I saw myself on the screen in a picture I helped to make nearly twenty years ago. I had often noticed that my father bore a strong resemblance to Sir Horace Plunkett, the Irish agriculturist, and when I saw the first movie of myself I realized for the first time that I also looked like Plunkett.

"That film was an extraordinary affair that Barrie got up in pre-war days," Shaw went on. "It was intended to raise funds for some charity, I believe, and any number of celebrities of one kind and another took part in it. It began, I remember, with a dinner party at the Savoy, one of the diners being the then Mr. Asquith.

"Afterwards Granville Barker and I and two or three other writers were taken out to Elstree and dressed up as cowboys. As such we did all sorts of insane things, such as chasing horses and riding motorcycles. At one time I had five people behind me on a motorcycle and I rode over several precipices. True, the precipices were only about seven feet high, but I don't greatly enjoy falling even seven feet at my age.

"The public, however, was denied the pleasure of witnessing these antics, as Barrie eventually decided to scrap the film. I believe he afterwards utilized part of it in a piece he wrote for Gaby Deslys."

I wish I could reproduce the delicious Irish accent with which Shaw said all this. Listening to it is one of the joys of talking to him.

No interview with G. B. S., most ardent of feminists, would be complete without some commentary on women. So, as a final query, I asked:

"How comes it, do you consider, that women recently have been beating men in all directions? Amy Johnson, for instance, and the other Englishwomen who won the King's Cup air race and the King's Prize at the Bisley rifle championship meet."

"What is there surprising about them?" demanded Shaw. "Miss Johnson did not fly to Australia: a machine did; and she hung on to it and steered it. The King's Prize was won by a rifle: is there any mortal reason why a woman's eyes should not align the sights of a rifle, and a woman's wits allow for the wind, and a woman's finger pull the trigger as well as a man's? If you look in the day's paper you will learn that several women had babies yesterday without any help from machines.

"Prove to me that a man has achieved that amazing and arduous feat, and I will sit up and discuss the significance of his triumph very seriously."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—On what island of the Philippine group is Manila located?

2—What is the antonym of homogeneous?

3—What is sometimes called the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street?

4—To whom is the Spanish title hidalgo applied?

5—What does diurnal mean?

6—What was Julius Cæsar's full name?

7—From what nation did the United States acquire the Virgin Islands?

8—Who was Vice President in Lincoln's first administration?

9—What is the minimum age at which one may become a United States senator?

10—Which amendment to the Constitution forbids slavery?

11—Helvetia is the poetic name for what country?

12—What is a legatee?

13—Who invented the cotton gin?

14—What does Argus-eyed mean?

15—In what ocean is the tract known as the Sargasso Sea?

16—Who was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency whom Calvin Coolidge defeated?

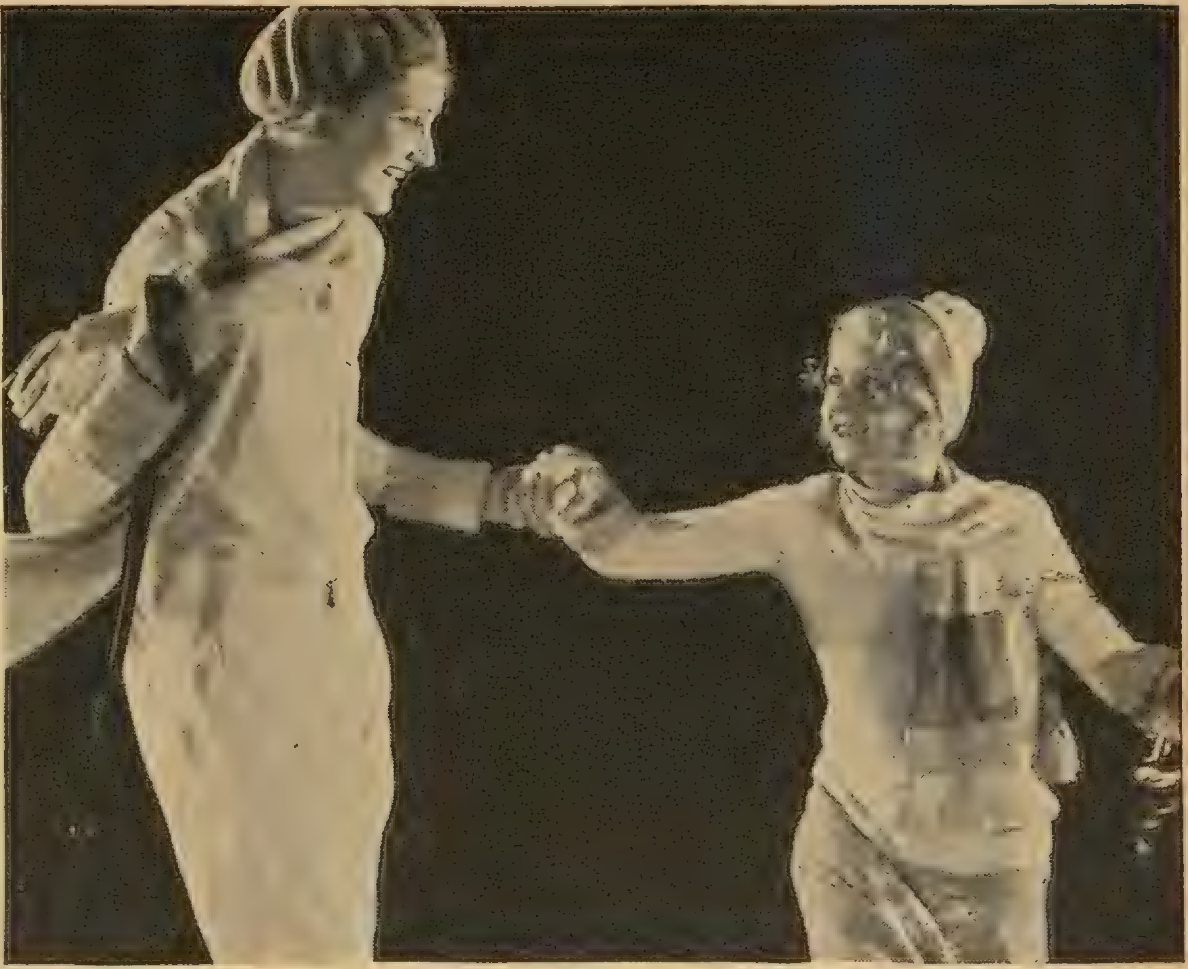
17—What is the gunwale of a ship?

18—What is phthisis?

19—What is the period between childhood and adult life called?

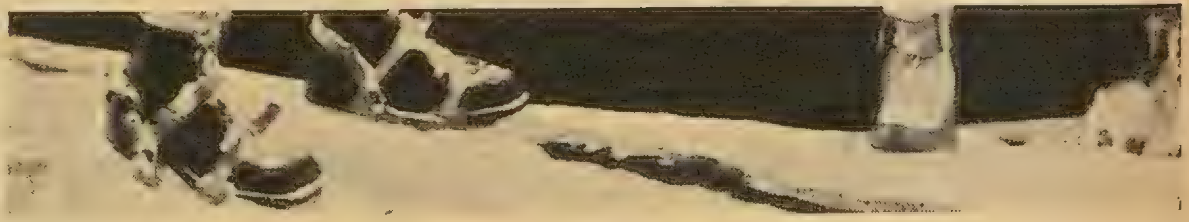
20—What distinguishes that group of flyers known as the Caterpillar Club?

(Answers will be found on page 31)



Kotex protects longer

that's why millions of women prefer it



You'll appreciate the *lasting* softness of Kotex . . . the security and safety . . . the fact that it deodorizes.

BUSY days. Hours of active sports, out-of-doors; hours in the theatre, at a tea or dinner. Then is when you learn to appreciate Kotex. Then you realize fully the comfort of its skilfully rounded shaping. For it not only feels better, but it permits a delightful freedom from self-consciousness. Gowns fit smoothly, perfectly. Because Kotex protection is inconspicuous.

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To women who recognize the connection between sanitary protectives and good health this assurance is important: 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made . . . Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding.

This is not cotton, you know, but a delicately soft, marvelously absorbent substance that has — by actual test — five times the absorbency of surgical cotton. That is why hospitals choose it in preference to cotton . . . why you, too, should prefer it.

Kotex is soft and yielding, yes. Moreover — it stays soft. Indeed, Kotex is guaranteed to stay soft longer, to protect longer, than any other sanitary pad.

And — first of all its advantages — Kotex is disposable! In that fact, alone, lies one of its greatest contributions to woman's sanitary comfort. Next time you buy sanitary pads, specify Kotex.

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2 *Safe, secure* . . . keeps your mind at ease.

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Regular Kotex—45c for 12

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Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

(U. S. Patent No. 1,770,741)

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Drink 'Em Down

The Story of a Girl Who Got Her Man

By

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

who, as the picture at the left shows, is really a dual personality. The two spent a number of years, before and after their marriage, in newspaper work in Texas before going to New York. The nom de plume is made up of their mothers' maiden names.

Pictures by GRANT REYNARD

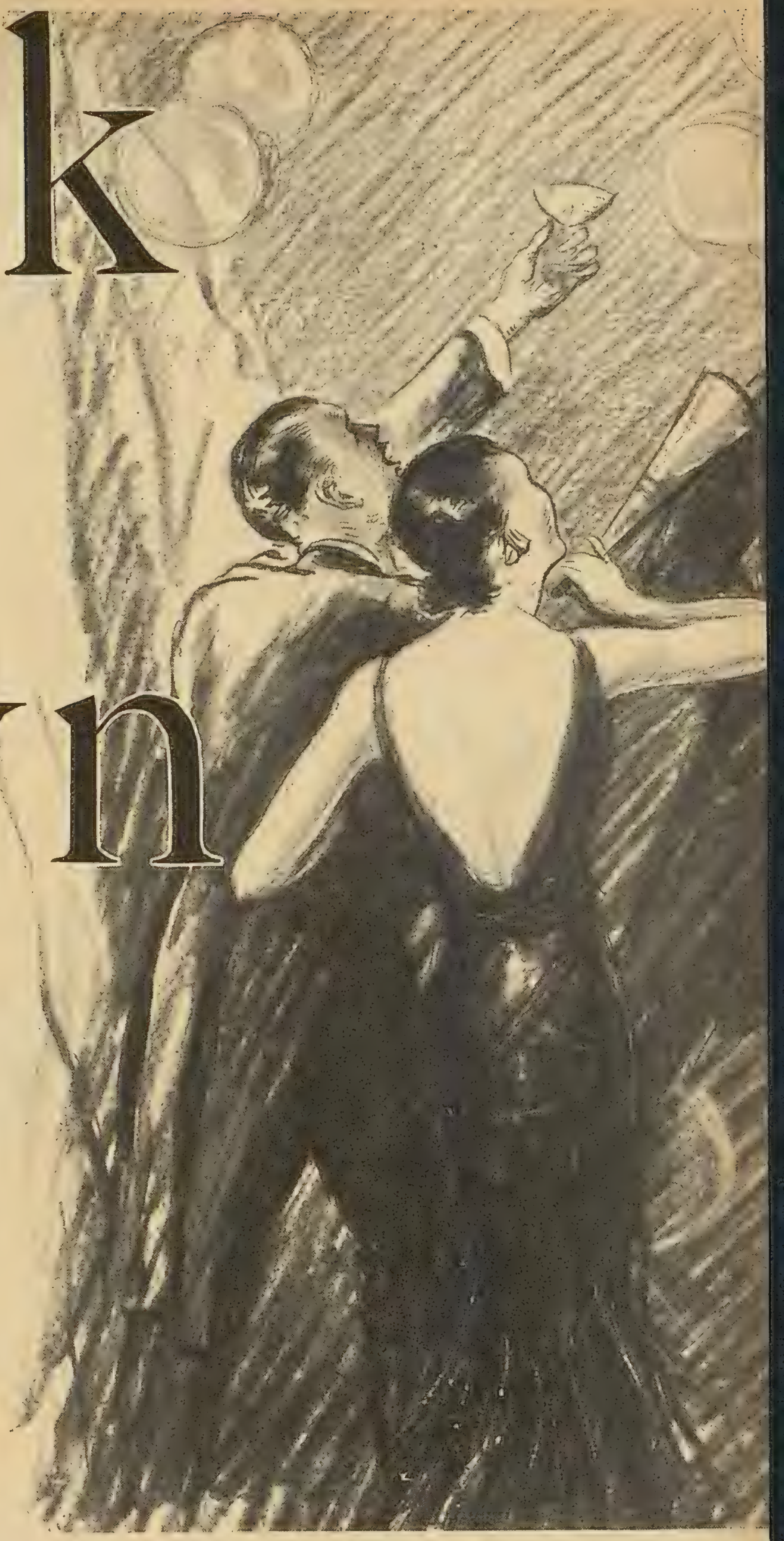
(Reading time: 27 minutes 19 seconds.)

OPTIMISTS thought Bill Braddon ought to marry Major Wayne and reform him.

The pessimist party thought of the children. With alcoholism on both sides of the house, they argued, the little Waynes probably would be pink-toed sots right from their cradle days. The poor lambs would stagger before they learned to walk.

The practical, farsighted faction pointed out that the question of what Miss Braddon should do about Jim Wayne's drinking was merely academic and should be disregarded, because shortly the new Prohibition Amendment was to go into effect, abolish the saloon and all fermentation of fruits and grains, and remove temptation entirely from the path of *homo sapiens Americanus*. Even children whose family tree had alcohol for sap would grow up without knowing what ailed them. This was in the winter of 1919-20, when the world, having just been saved for democracy, was being saved next from dipsomania; America first.

Nobody, not even her mother, knew which attitude Bill was going to take.

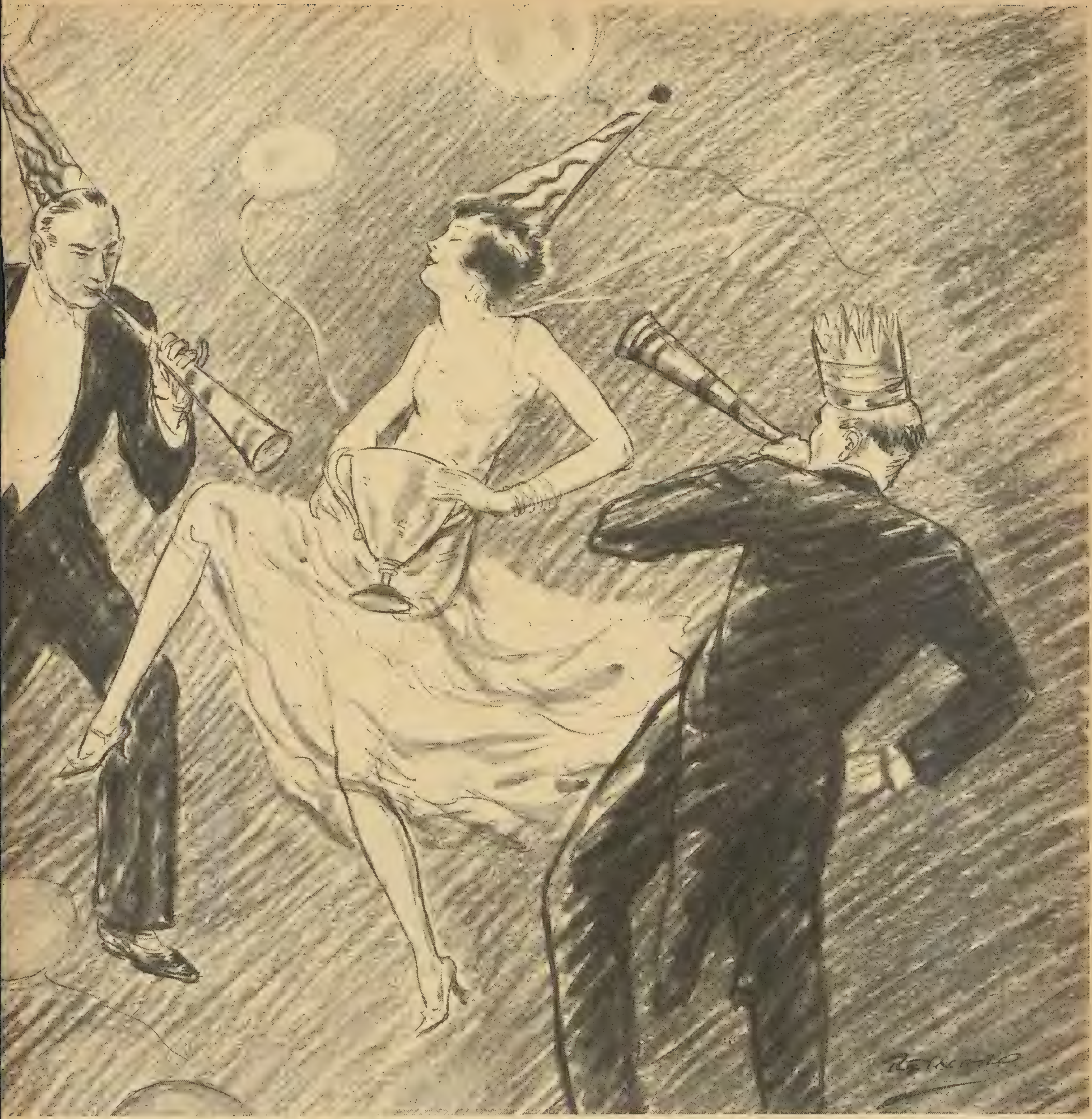


Bill never did anything halfway

Bill's baptismal name was Geraldine, because the late Gerald Braddon, Esq., had wanted a son. Having two Jerrys in the family would have been confusing, so her mother called her Baby and her father called her Bill.

That gallant gentleman, profanely known as Tom-and-Jerry Braddon, bred horses and was a fine judge of liquor if not of ladies. After a final session with all three at Saratoga in the summer of 1912, he died untimely, leaving an injured widow, a stubbornly devoted daughter, and a neat if not gaudy estate. Mrs. Braddon put Bill into a good school, sold off the stock and the pastures, moved into a smart commuting suburb of Philadelphia, and went in for club work. An early and earnest advocate of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth amendments, she threw her weight notably behind that experiment, noble in motive, which abolished alcoholic beverages.

At college—one of those hardy monasteries for maidens



At five o'clock she was going around drinking something out of the Eastern Pennsylvania amateur cup.

to the manor born—Jerry Braddon's little girl continued to call herself Bill. Her fine wrists and ankles must have been thewed with piano wire, for she played hockey like any two forwards and covered a tennis court like a fox terrier. She rode, too, like her father's daughter.

A bachelor of arts in June of 1919, at twenty-two Bill made an arresting picture: blue-gray eyes, hot or cool with her mood; unruly brown hair that curled every which way over her square little skull; a short, tipped-up nose bridged even in winter by a span of tiny freckles; the skin of a Spartan maid, and the pointed ears of a faun. Perhaps there was nothing remarkable about her—most women said there wasn't—but to men of a wide variety of tastes the whole sixty-two inches and one hundred and two pounds of her seemed remarkable. Perhaps the secret lay in the faun's ears, which she had got from her father.

Bill came out with half a dozen other buds who had burst prematurely during the two war years, but who thought the return to normalcy required a formal début. "A job lot of military relics," Bill called them. In the summer vacations of 1917 and 1918 Bill had done her part to inspire the army and the navy, but she was in no danger of becoming a relic.

At her début dance on the third of November, 1919, Miss Braddon met Major James Lowell Wayne, just back from the Army of Occupation. Their meeting was commonplace enough, but something clicked between little Bill and the lean, quiet man with the war cloud in his gray eyes.

The next day Bill and her cousin, Prudence Chamberlain, held the usual post mortem on the party, and Bill extracted everything Prue knew about Major Wayne,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DRINK 'EM DOWN
Continued from page nineteen

which was plenty. The major had been the week-end guest of Prue and her husband, Tommy Chamberlain, and so had been bid to the party. Prue told Bill that although Jim Wayne looked to be anything up to forty, he was really only thirty-three, and already a junior partner in a complicated law firm in Philadelphia. He was a widower; his wife had died in the 1918 flu epidemic while the major was overseas.

"And a good riddance," Prue added tartly.

"Why?" inquired Bill.

"I don't like to damn the dead," said Prue. "Take my word for it, will you? Jim and Tommy were in the same outfit, and that woman used me for a wailing wall all through the war. For five years that poor man suffered with her without letting out a peep—except, of course, he did go on terrible drunks. Jim's one of those grand men that marry the wrong woman and then just suffer along like a gentleman until the dam busts—or doesn't bust. I couldn't blame him for drinking."

"Does he still drink?" Bill wanted to know.

"Tommy swears he wasn't drunk once while he was in the service. You see, he got hipped on the machine gun at training camp, and had a very happy war handling the deadly things. He finally commanded the divisional battalion, you know, and got kissed by Marshal Somebody. But he came back the first of October from Germany and fell off the wagon the next week. Tommy thinks it was because he went back to that haunted house of his in Philadelphia. His drunks only come three or four times a year, but they last ten days, two weeks, sometimes longer."

"Doesn't it play hob with his law practice?" the practical Bill asked.

"Not much. He never drinks while he's working on a brief or in a trial. It's when he finishes a hard job that he cuts loose. He's so keen that his partners pretend not to notice the jags. They give him a 'vacation' after a big case."

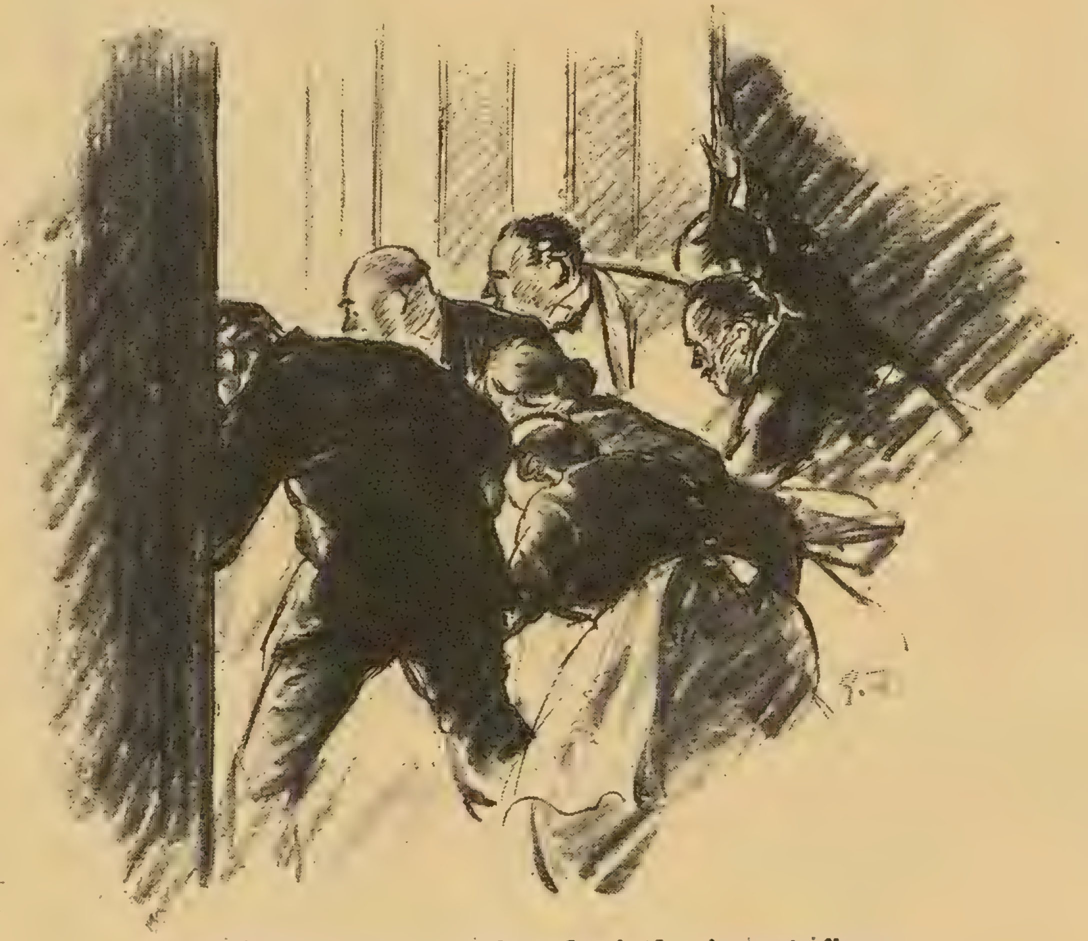
BEFORE prohibition you spoke of "a drinking man" in a furtive whisper. The imprudent Prue had blurted it all out to Bill. But she softened the blow now.

"Understand me: he's one of our favorite men, for all that. I'd like to see you take him on, Bill. I'm afraid he'll marry the first woman who crooks a finger at him, and likely she'll be worse than the first one."

"So you want me to tame this Mad Anthony Wayne?" said Bill.

"That was his nickname in the army!" Prue was amazed. "Did he tell you?"

"No, but it would be the obvious one," Bill replied, and got up to go.



A dozen of the crowd and of the inn staff were milling around a door.

From the third of November until the last week-end in January, Major Wayne was certainly sober. He had become practically a commuter, rushing Bill. The field of previous starters lagged into also-rans. By taking her seriously, he won over Bill's mother. Then, just before Christmas, some helpful soul told Mrs. Braddon about his drinking. The dowager went off the deep end, fully clothed, and came up spluttering. In view of her experience with good old Gerald, perhaps she couldn't be expected to take the news calmly. Admitting that she had "no influence whatever over Geraldine," she begged Prue to "break it up, somehow; she simply must not marry a man with an alcoholic weakness." She didn't mention Uncle Gerald, except to say Bill was as stubborn as her father had always been.

"What can I do?" Prue demanded of her husband. "If I moralize about Jim's drinking, she'll elope with him next week. Aunt Anne makes me tired! She married Gerald Braddon knowing he was a horsy young swell. He was a charming zany, and she didn't rate as much of his company as she got."

"Well," he said judicially, "if I were Bill and had to confine my choice to the present entries, I'd take Jim Wayne, periodic jags and all. He drinks only when he's too unhappy. And I don't see how any man could be unhappy with Bill."

"So! You, too!" said Prue, and after that the conversation wasn't very intelligent.

By New Year's Eve the Wayne-Braddon problem was all over the place, thanks to Mrs. Braddon's habit of putting every question to a vote. Bill and the major went quietly on enjoying their courtship.

THE last week-end in January about a dozen of the unmarried and unworried set, duly if not dutifully chaperoned by the Chamberlains, went up to Lake Serene in the Adirondacks for the winter sports. Ralph Tait squired Bill, since the major was arguing a case in Washington. It was agreed that if Jim finished in time he was to join the crowd at the lake. He came in during supper at the inn Saturday night, without any outdoor clothes, boots, or skates, and only the luggage he had taken to Washington. He said he didn't intend to be strenuous; after that session before the commission, he needed a rest. The sort of rest he was likely to take, unfortunately, was apparent six feet away. Prue will always believe that he had made up his mind to call on Bill for a showdown, and had taken on a little Dutch courage en route. Certainly he wouldn't have made the mistake of coming where Bill was to get drunk.

Everyone was tired out. After half an hour before the fire in the lounge, there was a general migration upstairs. Tom Chamberlain was the last to go up. In the third-floor hall he met Bill in a Hudson Bay blanket coat and a woolly tam.

"I'm going for a walk in the snow with Jim," she explained. "He's putting on Ralph's boots."

"How about a coat? He can have my sheepskin."

"Thanks. His overcoat's heavy and it's not so cold tonight. We won't be out long. Ralph's lending him his new chamois vest, anyway. Isn't that touching!"

"The perfect, gentle knight! Be a nice girl now." She grinned and made a face at him.

The party straggled down to breakfast late next morning by ones and twos. Around ten o'clock they all trooped up to get dressed for skating. Ralph passed Prue and Tommy on the stairs, taking three at a stride.

"Where's the fire?" Prue called after him.

"Got to get my boots or walk down to the lake on my skates."

"Who's got your boots?" But Ralph was out of hearing.

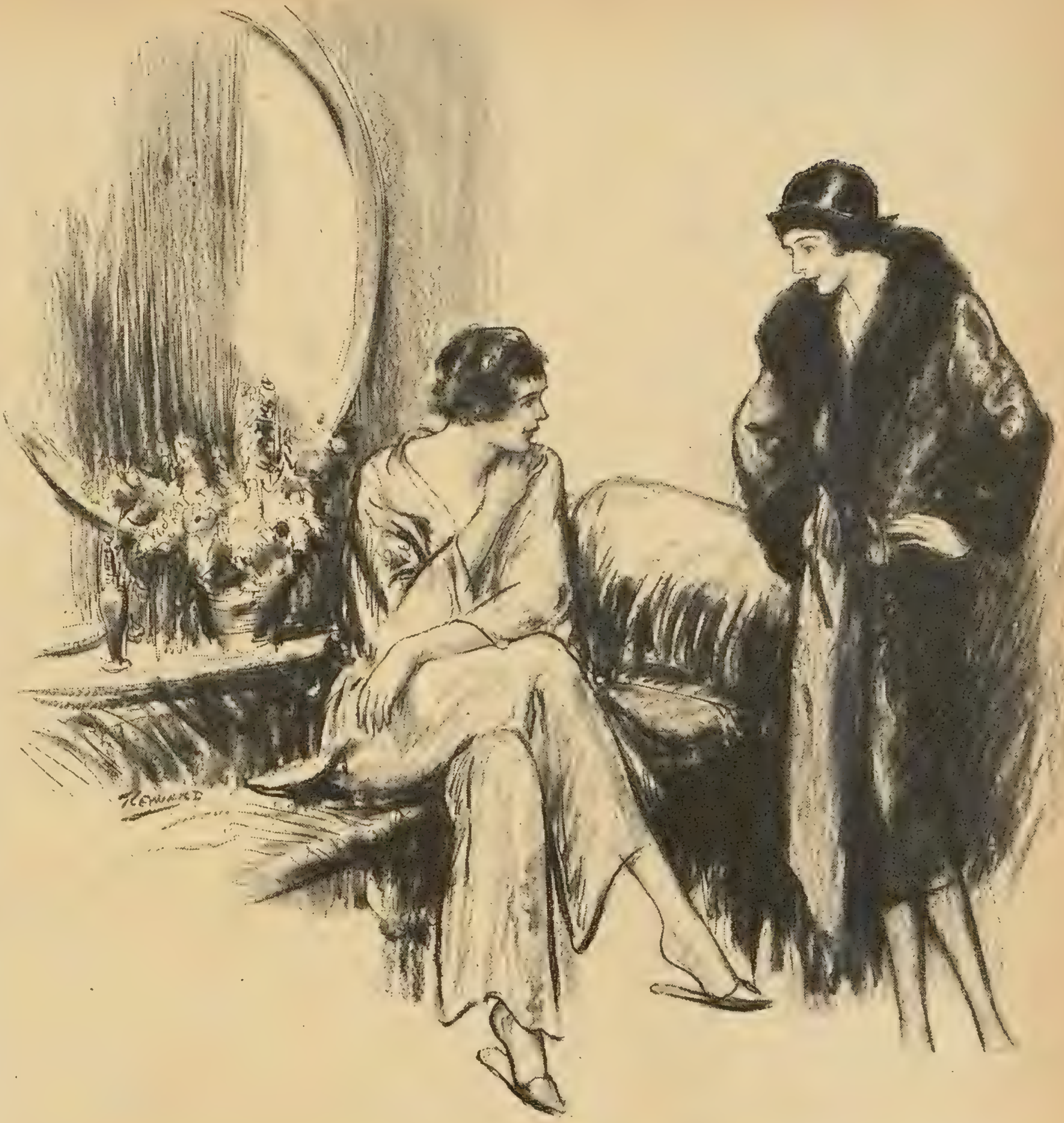
"The Honorable James Lowell Wayne," Tom replied for him. "I suppose he's still asleep. And Bill, too. By the way, I forgot to tell you. They went for a walk last night, and probably stayed up late. Why don't you go wake her?"

Prue went on up the hall.

Tom was buttoning a windbreaker when his wife came bursting in. All she could say was "Jim—Jim Wayne!" before she threw herself down on her bed in frozen hysteria.

"Go do something!" she wailed. "Don't stand there! I'm all right!"

Around the corner of the corridor Chamberlain could hear voices. A dozen of the crowd and of the inn staff were milling around a door at the end of the wing. He pushed in. Jim Wayne, someone said, had fallen out of the window.



"So you want me to tame this Mad Anthony Wayne?" said Bill, and got up to go.

THE low-silled casement at the end of the bedroom was wide open. It looked down on a rear court, not used in winter, for snow had drifted high in it. There was a maze of footprints around a hole in the drift. Squeezing out past the bed, Tommy knocked over an empty quart bottle with his boot. There was another, unopened, under the bed. The bed had been lain on, but the covers hadn't been turned back. Tommy stowed the whisky bottles inside his coat.

The house physician had already put poor Wayne into a light truck and started for the nearest hospital. Both legs were broken above the ankles. No one knew just how long he had lain in the snowdrift before Ralph and a chambermaid had discovered the tragedy.

Chamberlain went back to his room to get rid of the evidence.

"One dead soldier," he announced glumly, showing the empty bottle. Prue sat up.

"Don't say that!" she said. "I'm glad you got the bottles; there'll be scandal enough."

"Where's Bill?" he demanded. "Has anybody told her?"

"Heavens, I forgot her!" Prue said blankly. "Let's go see."

There was no answer to their knocking. They found a maid to open the door. Bill wasn't in the room, nor was her luggage. The bed hadn't been disturbed. Warm embers of a fire in the fireplace, two armchairs, drawn close together before it, and a tray with cigarettes and a dozen butts of an uncommon Turkish brand—Jim Wayne's cigarettes. Undoubtedly they had sat before a fire in Bill's room and talked late. But where had Bill gone? And why?

The Chamberlains conferred privately with the manager. Miss Braddon had checked out and left in the station wagon for the early morning train to New York. She had left a note for Mrs. Chamberlain; he was sorry it hadn't been sent to her at breakfast. The note said simply that Bill had caught a heavy cold, and had decided to go home to fight it out.

The manager was most discreet and didn't want a scandal, either. His story was that Wayne had come in from a walk, all bundled up, had found his room stuffy, had pushed too hard on an ice-locked casement window, and had fallen out. The local correspondent for the New York papers had filed it that way, as a freak story.

TOMMY went over to the hospital to stand by; and Prue and the rest went home on the evening train. Prue was to break the news to Bill. Monday noon she telephoned her husband to say Bill would arrive that night at eight forty. "How did she take it?" he asked.

"Standing up. She simply packed a bag and took the first train that made connections. As usual, she left me to clean up camp, after she had sprung to the saddle, and believe me, there's plenty of dirty work. Can you picture Aunt Anne? And the town's buzzing. How's Jim?"

"He'll do. We had a specialist up from Albany and he put the legs in casts to stay on at least six weeks. The lucky fool's caught a heavy cold, but apparently nothing worse. His ears and his hands are frostbitten some. Luckily he hadn't taken off anything but his cap and gloves before he settled down to serious drinking. Anyway, he swears he didn't jump, but he doesn't remember anything until he hit the hard crust on the snow, and nothing much after that until he woke up in the hospital."

"Well, it's a pretty how-de-do here with these scavenging souls."

"Better fight fire with fire," her husband advised. "He proposed to her and she turned him down because of his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Gastrogen
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Indigestion
decisively
.. quickly

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Gastrogen gives quick relief without the embarrassment of gas that follows the use of soda. Nor can it alkalize the stomach because, unlike "bi-carb", it contains only insoluble antacids.

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1. *Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)*

2. *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.*

3. *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*

Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly without retarding or hampering normal digestion.

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Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

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[DRINK 'EM DOWN
Continued from page twenty-one]

drinking, and he drowned his sorrows. He got to feeling stuffy, and tried to open the window, and fell out. We pieced the story together. He's quite rational. But, oh, what a moral hangover! He thinks he's disgraced Bill for life; doesn't think about his own ridiculous position. Thank heaven Bill's coming!" . . .

The head nurse having been persuaded to break the rules for the good of the patient, Mr. Chamberlain preceded Miss Braddon up to Mr. Wayne's room at nine o'clock that Monday night. The patient was in a beastly temper, the nurse warned.

"Well, major," the chubby Mr. Chamberlain announced, "you're taken in the flank. The enemy's at the gates! Bill's here!"

THE patient tried to sit up, and sank back. There stood Bill in the doorway, cheeks glowing, eyes dancing.

"So this is your idea of good, clean fun!" she challenged him, grinning. She gave him both barrels of that look women use on grown-up boys who have been naughty.

Jim burst out laughing.

"Ow!" he said presently. "I thought I'd never be able to look you in the eye! It was a terrible thing to do to you. I want—"

"That's enough of that, Jim," she said. She was sitting on the side of the bed with one of his hands in both of her own. "You tend to your knitting; you've got two legs to knit."

"When I can walk up the aisle, will you marry me, Bill?"

She came back instantly.

"You're not playing fair. I'm sorry about this, but it hasn't changed my mind. I don't mind telling you again, before Tommy, that I love you, if that helps. But I'm not marrying this year." She blushed and got up. "We've got to get out or be thrown out. I'll see you in the morning and I'll be here as long as you need me. But if you wheedle, or get sentimental, I'll go home. Now you go to sleep and don't be a baby."

She bent over and kissed him on the mouth, in what Tommy thought was not at all a maternal way. The next morning she insisted that Tommy should go along with her when she went to the hospital. If she thought that would halt Jim's proposals, she learned better at once. The patient was in fine spirits.

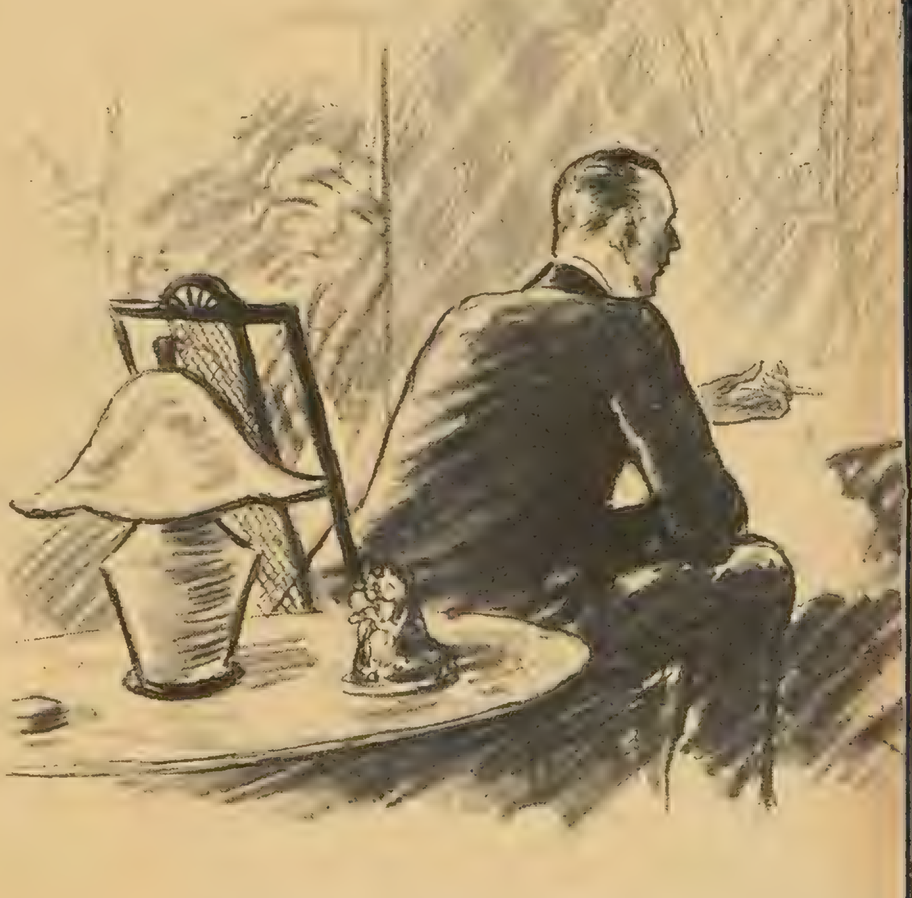
"Bill," he began, when the usual hygienic questions had been asked and answered, "I've been thinking it over and I want to make a sporting proposition to you. If I stay on the wagon six months, will you reconsider?"

Bill smiled, but shook her head in a firm negative.

"A year, then? I can do it for the rest of my life, but I don't want to wait that long for the reward."

"Listen, Mad Anthony," said Bill, regarding him as though he were hopeless but not altogether responsible. "I have never been the sort who regards herself as a prize for good behavior. Why do men insist on making moral prigs of all women, anyway?" she appealed to Chamberlain, who could only grin and bear it.

"By staying sober one year, Jim," she resumed, "we will consider that you have earned a rehearing of the case. But I make no wagers payable in weddings, not even with you. Now let's drop it for a year."



Major Wayne was rushing Bill. The field of

"I CAN see you during the year?" Jim asked anxiously.

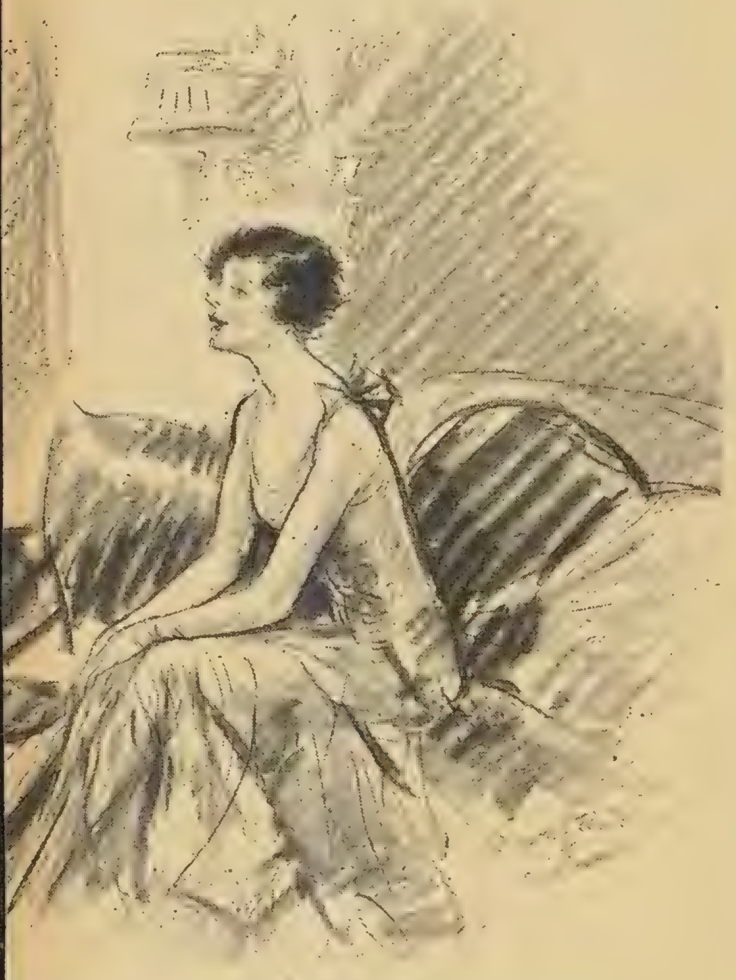
"Until I sail—the first of March—you'll see a lot of me. But, please, Jim, don't talk as though I were bestowing any royal favors. I'm not."

"Sailing?" he broke in.

"Uncle Arthur promised me a trip around the world as a graduation present, payable when I got ready. He's in the steamship business, you know. I'm going the first week in March, and I expect to be gone nearly a year." She flashed a look at Uncle Arthur's son-in-law which beseeched him not to show his surprise. Chamberlain knew the offer existed, but he was sure the decision to start in March had been made within the past two minutes.

"That's great!" said Wayne, putting out his hand. "Of course, I'm green with wanting to go with you, Bill, but I'm glad, anyway. I suppose your mother––"

"Dr. and Mrs. Tait are going on the same trip, so I'll be chaperoned part way, at least," said Bill. "Mother couldn't possibly leave her club work and politics. Great things are at stake—they always are for mother. Now, Jim, Tommy is going home on the noon train if you think you can carry on with just me here."



previous starters lagged into also-rans.

With all due gratitude to Tommy, Jim thought he could. He expected to be up and about the minute the sawbones would take that damned mummy case off his legs. He even joked about the fact that his feet couldn't lead him astray for six weeks, at least. The pudgy Mr. Chamberlain went away greatly heartened by the change in the patient's whole attitude toward life.

HE got home to find his wife rather at her nerves' ends. It had been a dull winter, thanks to a belated recurrence of the influenza in town, and the Wayne-Braddon mystery had been a godsend to the gossipy. Prue had been imperiling her social future by tracking down some of the spicier stories and calling up women and demanding to know where they had heard such tripe and what they meant by repeating it. She had a list made up of men whose noses her amiable husband must punch. Redheads can be like that.

Bill came home on Saturday to start assembling her globe-girdling wardrobe. Sunday morning she went to church, as a display of nonchalance perhaps. The rector had to preach on the text: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." As one of the Hartley girls said after the service: "How he managed to ignore the Wayne and Braddon affair and not give *his* version of it, I don't know!"

Bill sailed the first Saturday in March. Three months later, while she was in Egypt, the United States of America went dry, and an obscure, earnest Congressman named Volstead joined the Academy of Immortals. Presently, people didn't talk about much but home-brew recipes, how to eliminate sediment in the bottom of the bottle, comparative prices on case lots, and bootleggers' telephone numbers. The celebrated Wayne-Braddon scandal was washed away.

Bill came home the Sunday before Christmas. The Chamberlains met her at the train, Mrs. Braddon being sick abed after a Public Health Week. On the way home Prue got around to the topic of interest quite adroitly.

"Bill, the whole town's taken to drink since we've got prohibition. There are only two of the gentry that I'm perfectly sure haven't a hangover this minute. One is your esteemed mother and the other is Jim Wayne."

"You don't mean it! Well, if it's fashionable to drink now, mother will end up in a drunkard's grave."

Prue wouldn't change the subject. She went ahead.

"Aren't you amazed at Jim? He doesn't brag about it, but his friends all do. He's bone dry, and has been ever since he swore off."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Here's *the yeast for me!*"

"SURE, I'm sold on yeast; I guess by this time *everyone* knows it's good for you. But the ordinary baking yeast is sure tough to get down. So now I've switched to Yeast Foam Tablets—and what a difference! That's the yeast for me."

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Due to the purity, uniformity and high vitamin content of this yeast, it is used for vitamin studies by the United States Government and leading American Universities. Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for skin and complexion disorders, digestive and bowel disturbances, underweight and rundown conditions. The large 10 day bottle costs but 50 cents at your drugstore. Northwestern Yeast Company, Chicago, Illinois: World's Largest Makers of Dry Yeast.

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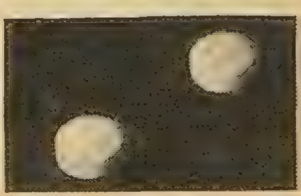


DRINK 'EM DOWN
Continued from page twenty-three

"How is he?" Bill inquired serenely. "We agreed not to write, you know."

"He's almost over his limp. He's been slaving for four months on a case, and got a huge fee. He went to Florida just last week to get his golf game back."

"Is Florida dry, too?" Bill was smiling.

"Why are you cynical about Jim?" Prue taxed her.

"I'm cynical about reform in any addict to alcohol," said Bill. "Recall my background, if you must. And I've had the chance to study several at first hand in the past nine months."

"You'll have a chance to study plenty more around this town," Tommy assured her grimly. "The most unexpected people! We've had this prohibition six months and the very babes in their cradles are crying for home brew."

"What's home brew?" Bill wasn't joking. She hadn't even been reading American newspapers.

Since it was holiday time, the lid was farther off than usual. Bill didn't have a word to say on the spectacle a good many of her once sober fellow citizens were making of themselves. At the New Year's party at the country club, however, she came over to the punch bowl at three o'clock and got Prue's husband out of the mob. In undisguised disgust, she said:

"Tommy, I'm fed up with this show. Are you sober enough to drive me home? The gentleman I came with isn't."

He was sober enough and she was not to be dissuaded from leaving. When they got to her house, she said:

"Come in a minute. I want to make a telephone call. If mother wakes up, I'll tell her you're here and she'll think I'm talking to you. I don't want to argue with her—not until later, anyway. She's going to New Orleans on the noon train for some conference. We'll fight it out when she comes back."

They went into the little study downstairs. Bill instructed the toll operator: "Please put me through to the Royal Palm Hotel at Palm Beach and get Major James L. Wayne." She repeated the names. "All right, I don't care if it takes two hours. Thank you."

"You'd better go back to the party, Tommy," she told that startled gentleman. "The lines are jammed up with sentimental idiots—like me."

"I'd rather stay, if you'd like me to," he said. "I'm all ears and no tongue."

"Good egg," said Bill. "Do you know how to play Russian bank?"

HE built up the fire in the library, and she fetched two decks of cards. The call came through at four ten, when she had won sixteen dollars at a cent a point. She didn't close the door of the study. After the usual banalities and Happy New Years, she said, as Tommy reported it to Prue:

"I hear you're practically the only sober man in the United States. . . . I'm not kidding; I'm proud of you, Jim. . . . Now listen carefully, because this is costing me a lot of dollars a minute. About our little argument last year. . . . All right, I believe you, darling. . . . Well, why wait for the first of February? . . . But you have a month off for good behavior. . . . I'm a little tight, darling, but I'll love you when I'm sober, just the same. . . . I'll tell you all about it when you get here. . . . Wire me when and I'll meet you in Philadelphia. . . . Good-by. . . . Of course I do! Good-by!"

"For heaven's sake, Bill." The astounded Mr. Chamberlain was standing in the doorway. "Why did you pretend you were tight?"

NEXT WEEK—

Sheba's Love-Pearls

A tale of eery mystery
such as only

Sax Rohmer

could tell

Bill checked the charges, and came over to the door.

"Listen, innocent. My trip around the world introduced me to drink in its most attractive forms. When I got back and found liquor in every kitchen sink, I went rapidly from bad to worse. Can you memorize that? Because that's the story you and Prue are going to tell Jim."

"But nobody has seen you tight," he protested. "The story won't hold."

"I don't get tight in public; I just take a bottle to bed with me every night. But you should have seen me New Year's Eve! Come on, Ananias, you and I are going back to that party and put on a show for the home folks."

Bill never did anything halfway. At five o'clock she was going around drinking something out of the Eastern Pennsylvania amateur foursome cup that she'd filched out of the trophy case, and singing French songs that, luckily, nobody could understand. About six o'clock she got to tussling with Hoppy Harwood in the lounge and threw him into the big fireplace. He cut his scalp on an andiron. They took her home, whether drunk or sober, not even Tommy could tell. She was asleep, or pretending to be. Her best Paris gown was hanging by pins and faith.

BILL didn't meet her young man in Philadelphia on the morning of January 3. The faithful Mr. Chamberlain was on hand at the train gate.

"I suppose Bill asked you to meet me," said Wayne, puzzled. "Where is she?"

Chamberlain didn't have to try to look embarrassed.

"The fact of the matter is," he began, "Prue and I were going to come with her to be witnesses at your wedding—or so Bill told us. She stayed at our house last night so we could all catch the early train together, and I'm sorry to say she got drunk."

"What!" Tommy thought the man was going to sock him.

"Much too drunk to catch the train this morning," he went on in a low, miserable voice that didn't require any faking. "She didn't get the stuff from us, Jim. She had a bottle in her bag, and got tight after we went to bed. I'm sorry to tell you this, but Bill seems to be turning into a solitary drinker—and that's the worst kind, I've always heard. Her father went that way, of course."

"When's the next train?" Wayne demanded.

"We just missed it," said the distressed envoy. "There's one at nine thirty, but let's breakfast at the club and take the ten twenty. Bill won't want you around until she's had a chance to pull herself together."

Wayne wouldn't eat any breakfast, but he drank two cups of coffee and two double orders of orange juice while Tommy was trifling with muffins and marmalade, and telling the sad story of the sea change Bill had suffered. Wayne looked so black, so outraged, so grim, that his host almost broke it up in a laugh a dozen times, particularly when he started to say: "Old man, you certainly need a drink," and held his tongue just in time.

"We think you ought to take her in hand," Tommy summed it up hopefully. "You've conquered the same weakness so completely, if you don't mind my saying so, and you'll know how to pull her out of it. And she's crazy about you, Jim."

For a young woman who was supposed to have a horrible hangover, Bill was certainly starry-eyed when the bridegroom was delivered into her arms just before noon. She was sitting up in bed in something she'd brought back from the Far East that made her look like a Persian princess. She surprised Tommy again by springing an entirely new yarn.

"I would pick out this time to be ill, wouldn't I? Me who's never had a pain in her life!" She seemed about to weep with chagrin. "I think it was a touch of ptomaine; something I ate at the club yesterday for lunch." She conveyed perfectly the impression of an old soak pretending on the morning after that he hadn't been soused at all. Bill thought of everything.

Jim gathered her up, bedclothes and all, and sat down in the big wing chair with her in his arms. Their hosts left them there for a while, until Prue put Bill back to bed and sent the men out for a walk in the snow. Though they tramped for two hours, Wayne had very little to say. He thanked Tommy, however, for his frankness about Bill.

"She won't admit it, you notice," he said. "That's a very bad sign."

When they returned, the ptomained lady, wrapped in a pink down comfort, was curled up on the divan before the fire in the living room. She felt much better.

"When are you going to feel like standing up to the preacher?" Jim asked.

Bill thought she'd be quite all right by next day noon.

"I suppose I ought to wait until mother returns," she reflected. "But that'll be two weeks, and you know she wouldn't desert her public duties for a mere wedding. Anyway, when she hears about the New Year's party, she'll wash her hands of me. So we'll just send her a nice telegram. Did you hear about the New Year's party, Jim?"

"I gave him the high spots of it," Tommy put in hastily.

Jim changed the subject. He suggested Bermuda for the wedding trip, although he had some qualms about a sea voyage immediately following a ptomaine attack. They compromised on Pinehurst. . . .

WITH the Waynes on the train, well seeded with rice, the Chamberlains gave way to hilarity and fright. A house built on lies—even white lies—surely could not stand.

Mrs. Braddon's reaction was their first pleasant surprise. She day-lettered Prue:

> PLEASE CONVEY MY BLESSING TO THE CHILDREN WHEREVER THEY HAVE GONE GERALDINE NEGLECTED TO SAY WHERE I HOPE IT IS FOR THE BEST CERTAINLY SHE WOULD NOT HAVE LISTENED TO ME IF I HAD BEEN THERE SO AM RATHER GLAD I WAS NOT PERHAPS IT IS FOR THE BEST LOVE AUNT ANNE

Mrs. Braddon is still hoping for the best. After two cocktails or one highball, she is prone to tell a sympathetic stranger all about Mr. Braddon's weakness, for the mere smell of alcohol, these days, seems to remind her of poor Gerald.

"Now, my daughter and I," she will assure the listener, "are different. Even with all this mad drinking going on everywhere, we can still take it or leave it alone. We are for temperance and proper government regulation. My daughter is becoming very prominent, you know, in the cause for which, I may say without boasting, I have worked these twenty years. They call it modification now, but the principle is the same. The liquor traffic must be curbed, somehow. . . . Dear me! Women these days are much more sensible about drinking than we were. My daughter always has it in the house—the very best, of course—and yet no one in the family ever uses it to excess. If I had known enough to do that, Mr. Braddon would have been able to drink at home. I'm sure I could have helped him conquer his weakness if I had fought with him instead of against him, and he might have been alive today. . . . Well, we haven't even begun to fight, I always say. If we could make the women of this country use their votes—"

But you, probably, have heard Mrs. Braddon's platform. She keeps abreast of the times.

Looking back on it after ten years, Bill's substitute for prohibition appears to have three things in its favor. First and foremost, it has worked. Second, it has kept Mad Anthony Wayne from feeling that his wife reformed him or saved him from himself, which would be a festering thorn in the pride of a proper male. Instead, he secretly considers himself the savior and guardian of little Bill, the drunkard's daughter. Third, neither of their sons, now aged eight and six, has ever been intoxicated.

THE END

A DISCOVERY *most women make*

G. Washington's INSTANT COFFEE

Between BED and BREAKFAST

"EVEN if my husband oversleeps now and then, and even if there are children to send off to school, getting breakfast is easier now than it was before I discovered G. Washington's! No fussing with coffee pots or percolators now and no worry over results! My coffee is made in the cup, at the table, the instant I want it."

Like most women you've probably discovered that making coffee the old-fashioned way is about the hardest early-morning job there is. And that the new G. Washington's ends that job once and for all!

You put a teaspoonful of G. Washington's in a cup, add hot water, and your coffee is done! No waiting before meals, no clearing up afterward. No risk of bitterness or flavor boiled away. Every cup is perfect because every cup is fresh-made in exactly the same way.

The new G. Washington's is pure coffee that has been scientifically and painstakingly brewed for you. It contains no grounds, and dissolves instantly in hot or cold water.

Try this modern cup-made coffee for breakfast tomorrow. Order now from your grocer. The small can makes as many cups as a large can of ordinary coffee. For FREE SAMPLE, write to G. Washington Coffee Refining Company, 211 Hanover Avenue, Morris Plains, N. J.

G Washington's
COFFEE
the coffee *part of the coffee bean*

STARS IN THEIR

The Screen Pays Its Respects to Some Luminaries of the Stage

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 8 min. 15 sec.)

★ ★ ★ THE ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY

CAST

Julie Cavendish	Ina Claire
Tony Cavendish	Frederic March
Gwen Cavendish	Mary Brian
Fanny Cavendish	Henrietta Crosman
Perry Stewart	Charles Starrett
Oscar Wolfe	Arnold Korff
Gilbert Marshall	Frank Conroy

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner.

THE long-awaited screen version of The Royal Family has triumphantly emerged from the studio and is adding laurels to the reputations of the well-known players who are taking such an expert part in it.

The play, by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman, is a clever satire based on the lives of the members of a well-known theatrical family. It is witty, sentimental, and thoroughly entertaining.

Frederic March gives an amusing characterization, but he is a little too absorbed in trying to imitate John Barrymore to get the most out of the part as written. Ina Claire is lovely as Julie, the first actress in America, who sacrifices her own chances of a happy normal life for the glamour of the stage and the traditions of her family. Henrietta Crosman plays the part that Haidée Wright made famous on the stage and she manages to dominate most of the scenes.

There are a few slight changes made from the play. Gwen's baby never appears. I missed the baby, for I like to think of the Royal Family reproducing itself indefinitely.

★ ★ THE LASH

CAST

Francisco Delfino (El Puma)	Richard Barthelmess
David Howard	James Rennie
Rosita Garcia	Mary Astor
Dolores Delfino	Marian Nixon
Peter Harkness	Fred Kohler
Lupe	Barbara Bedford
Mariano Delfino	Robert Edeson
Juan	Arthur Stone

Produced by First National.
Directed by Frank Lloyd.

A novel by the Bartletts, Lanier and Virginia, entitled Adios, is the story used for the picturization of The Lash. It is about the old settlers in California whose land grants from the King of Spain were in jeopardy after California joined the Union and how one hot-headed young Californian turned outlaw and preyed on the United States officials who came to represent the government. He was known and feared throughout California as El Puma and carried a price on his head.

The Royal Family of Broadway provides rare opportunities for Ina Claire, Frederic March, and Henrietta Crosman.

The piquantly titled film, See America Thirst, puts Bessie Love and Harry Langdon before you.

Barthelmess' El Puma is daring, but he takes his job too seriously. A romantic love story runs through the picture with Mary Astor in the rôle of El Puma's sweetheart.

The acting is good throughout and there are some lovely pictures of the California hills and a beautiful Spanish hacienda, but the story and dialogue lack originality.

★ ★ HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER

CAST

Wilbur Boswell	Bert Wheeler
Addington Ganzy	Robert Woolsey
Mary Marsh	Dorothy Lee
Mrs. Marsh	Jobyna Howland
John Blackwell	Ralf Harolde
Duke of Winchester	Bill Davidson
Duchess Vanessie	Natalie Moorhead
Bell Boy	George Marion, Sr.
House Detective	Hugh Herbert
McKay	Stanley Fields

Produced by Radio.
Directed by Edward Cline.

Hook, Line, and Sinker is another Wheeler and Woolsey laugh producer, but the laughs don't come in as quick succession as they did in Half Shot at Sunrise, Dixiana, and Rio Rita, nor are they quite such hearty laughs.

Perhaps the pictures of these two comics are being turned out too fast. Wheeler and Woolsey are something more than grist for the Radio mill.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

COURSES

Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in Hook, Line, and Sinker.

Romance once again: witness Mary Astor and Richard Barthelmess in The Lash.

They are too good to have the fun ground out of them.

If you have never seen this pair perform you are sure to find Hook, Line, and Sinker hearty entertainment, but I want you to know that they have been better than this.

Dorothy Lee is cute as the ingénue.

Every time Hugh Herbert came forward with his watch to name the hour and report all's well in the midst of battle, attempted murder, and almost sudden death, I wanted to scream.

A scene from The Widow from Chicago. Neil Hamilton is the personable waiter.

★ ★ THE WIDOW FROM CHICAGO

CAST

Dorgan	Neil Hamilton
Dominic	Edward G. Robinson
Polly	Alice White
Slug	Frank McHugh
Johnston	Lee Schumway
Mullins	Brooks Benedict

Produced by First National.
Directed by Edward Cline.

If Alice White is through with the movies, it isn't because she hasn't made good in this last picture of hers. She does very well by the pseudo-widow who goes to New York and gets herself a job in a gang leader's cabaret, in order to track down the murderer of her brother and avenge his death.

Alice is a good type for this sort of rôle. She is pert and alert of movement.

This is the first time I've seen Neil Hamilton in a crook part. He handles it well. Edward G. Robinson is almost always to be depended on to give a good performance—his one fall from grace was in Outside the Law. He is good as Dominic, the gang leader.

The dialogue is well done and the action moves along speedily.

★ SEE AMERICA THIRST

CAST

Wally	Harry Langdon
Slim	Slim Summerville
Ellen	Bessie Love
Screwy O'Toole	Mitchell Lewis
Insect McGann	Matthew Betz
Spumoni	Stanley Fields
Shivering Smith	Tom Kennedy

Produced by Universal.
Directed by William James Craft.

All the elements of a grand burlesque, including the title, are here, but in some way it misses fire and it is not as funny as it was intended to be nor as it should be.

Two tramps find themselves, without any intention on their part, mixed up in a bootleggers' war. They're scared to death, but they are so completely involved that they can't get out. The tramps are Langdon and Summerville and they do as much as they can with the material at hand.

Do you know that—

Although Virginia Cherrill has spent two and a half years as Charlie Chaplin's leading lady, she has yet to appear on the screen? However, it won't be long, now, before she will be seen in City Lights, which is about to be released.

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—Danger Lights, Tom Sawyer, Paid, The Devil to Pay, The Blue Angel, One Heavenly Night, Viennese Nights, The Princess and the Plumber.

WAR Is Another Coming Soon?

II—Clouds Above the Adriatic

(Reading time: 18 min. 45 sec.)

By

E. ALEXANDER POWELL

IN last week's article, the first of four dealing with war-danger spots of Europe, Colonel Powell described the threat involved in Polish seizure of Upper Silesia and in the division of Germany by the Corridor to Danzig. This time he looks south.

FOR some inscrutable reason the word "war" is anathema in well regulated chancelleries and state departments, embassies and legations, and the person who ventures to use it—to speak right out in meeting, as it were—is either politely ridiculed or scathingly scored as an alarmist. The nearest your professional diplomat ever comes to acknowledging the possibility of war is the guarded admission that "relations are strained" or "considerable tension exists" between certain governments. That is the way the diplomatic mind works. It is trained to deny or ignore or minimize unpalatable facts.

Diplomats are supposed to be to nations what doctors are to individuals. It is their job to cure disease or at least to prevent its spread. But what would you think of a doctor who, though aware that a patient was suffering from a highly infectious disease, sought to ignore or minimize the gravity of the man's condition for fear that it might alarm the neighborhood? Good doctors, of course, do not do that. Realizing the danger, they quarantine the patient, acquaint his family with the facts, and set about eradicating the disease by treatment or an operation. If diplomats had the candor and courage of doctors the world would be in a healthier condition today.

In discussing the Franco-Italian situation, and the Italo-Yugoslav situation, which is in great measure an outgrowth from it, I shall talk to you as candidly as a doctor talks to the family of a patient. Instead of employing euphemisms I shall lay before you the facts as they appear to me. For the gravest potential danger to the peace of the world is the ill-concealed suspicion and animosity which exists between Italy and France, and the sooner this is recognized the greater likelihood there is of a remedy being found before it is too late.

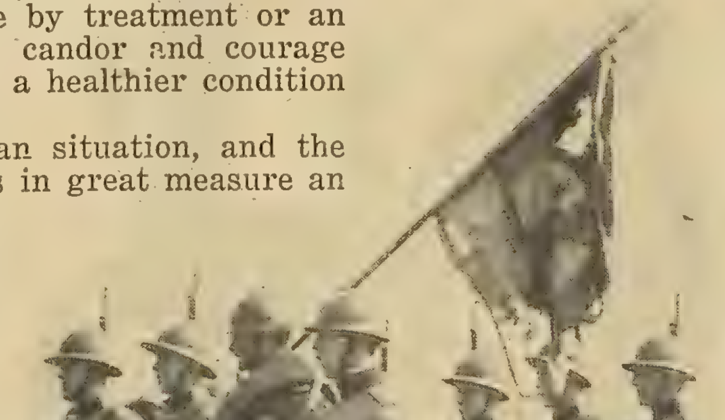
Italy feels, and perhaps not without justification, that in the division of the war spoils she was badly treated by her former allies, and this illtreatment she attributes, justly or unjustly, to France.

Despite all attempts to minimize them, Italy's contributions to the war effort of the Allies were enormous. From 1915 on she held a battle line longer than the French, British, and Belgian fronts combined. She made it impossible for Austria to lend Germany any substantial aid. Her sacrifices included 600,000 dead and 570,000 permanently disabled.

But, when the war was won, Italy was treated like a poor relation. She was denied Fiume (which was thereupon seized by d'Annunzio) and Dalmatia. She did not receive the mandate in Asia Minor which had been promised her. She was given no share in the loot of the German colonies. And France even refused to adjust the status of the 85,000 Italians who form the greater part of the European colony in Tunisia.

ITALY saw vast slices of the Austro-Hungarian Empire which she had conquered awarded, at the behest of France, to nations which had played no conspicuous or important parts in the war. She saw Croats and Slovenes, who had remained to the end loyal adherents of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, treated as allies instead of as enemies. She saw the entire eastern coast of the Adriatic, from Fiume to Albania, handed over to Yugoslavia. In Asia she saw the tricolor hoisted over Syria and the Union Jack over Iraq. In Africa she saw all the German colonies, with a total area more than one-third that of the United States, divided between England and France as a pair of hungry boys would divide a stolen pie. Is it to be wondered at that Italy is resentful; is she unjustified in asserting that her late allies have not given her a square deal?

Nevertheless, her grievances over the distribution of the war spoils would doubtless have been forgotten had France adopted a different attitude. Ever since the war France's foreign policy has been double-barreled: to keep Germany in subjection and to prevent Italian political domination in the Balkans and western Asia, two regions which Italy regards as within her own sphere of influence. To effect this, France organized the Little Entente—Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Yugoslavia—the last-named nation lying squarely athwart Italy's road to the East. Despite the unconcealed animosity which the Yugoslavs have displayed toward Italy, France has encouraged them with moral support, money, and munitions. Hence, whenever an anti-Italian incident



Underwood & Underwood

Trained Yugoslavian fighting men on parade.

Volunteer soldiers of Albania being reviewed by their king, Zog I, saluting at the right.

Underwood & Underwood

© Keystone

The dapper but iron-willed King Zog, who sits on the Adriatic powder keg.

occurs in Yugoslavia—and there have been many of them—Italy attributes it, rightly or wrongly, to the Quai d'Orsay.

Thirdly, there is the question of naval armaments. To put this complicated question into a nutshell, Italy demands naval parity with France, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say Italy demands that France shall assent in principle to parity. This France refuses to do on the ground that for the protection of her vast colonial empire she requires a stronger navy than does Italy. In other words, she regards Italy as a second-class power, an attitude which has wounded the pride and aroused the obstinacy of the Italians.

In justification of their claim to naval parity, the Italians remind the world that the population of Italy exceeds by upward of a million the population of France. They compare the geographical features of the two countries: France with 1,760 miles of coast line, Italy with 4,968. They point to the fact that, whereas France has within easy reach ample supplies of coal, oil, and iron ore, Italy must obtain all three by sea, so that her national existence depends upon the safety of her sea communications.

IT is frequently asserted that in their demand for naval parity with France the Italians are only bluffing. To subscribe to that opinion betrays an abysmal ignorance of the Italian temperament. Far from bluffing, Italy is in deadly earnest. Mind you, I do not think that she has the slightest intention of building up to French strength once her right to do so is acknowledged, if for no other reason than that her resources do not permit of her entering into such competition with the richest nation in Europe. But—and make no mistake about this—if Italy is denied naval parity, then the elaborate plans for disarmament on which the diplomats and admirals have been working at Geneva are but worthless paper.

A fourth reason for Italy's animus toward France is the latter's attitude over the question of Tunisia, which, as you know, is separated from Sicily by only a few score miles of sea. The quarrel over Tunisia is of long standing. In 1869, when the country went bankrupt, a triple control was established over Tunisian finances by England, France, and Italy. During the succeeding decade, however, Italian emigrants and money poured into the country in such quantities that the French became alarmed.

In 1881 a French force crossed the frontier from Algeria on the pretext of punishing marauding tribes, and, quickly dropping the mask, advanced on the capital and compelled the bey to accept a French protectorate. This action the Italians have never forgiven. Today there are 71,000 French in the country as against about 20,000 more Italians. France has determined that these Italian residents must accept French citizenship or get out. It is a delicate, though not an acute, situation.

I have now outlined for you the four outstanding causes of Italy's animus toward France: (1) France's refusal to allot Italy a share in the German colonies or a mandate in western Asia; (2) France's anti-Italian policy in the Balkans; (3) France's refusal to grant naval parity to Italy; and (4) France's treatment of Italians in Tunisia.

Underlying all these, however, the real reason for Italy's demand for colonies, for her insistence on naval parity, the primary cause of all the uncertainty and uneasiness and unrest, is the babies, the Italian babies, the chubby, lusty, crowing Giuseppes and Giovannas who are coming into the world so fast that Italy is at her wit's end to know what to do with them. Already there are more than 41,000,000 Italians cooped up in a narrow peninsula smaller than the state of New Mexico. And the babies are arriving at the rate of nearly half a million a year.

Now open up the atlas and glance at the map of Italy. You will note that, with the exception of Milan and Turin, virtually every Italian city of importance—Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Palermo, Syracuse, Brindisi, Bari, Rimini, Venice, Trieste, Fiume—is either

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IS ANOTHER WAR COMING SOON?
Continued from page twenty-nine

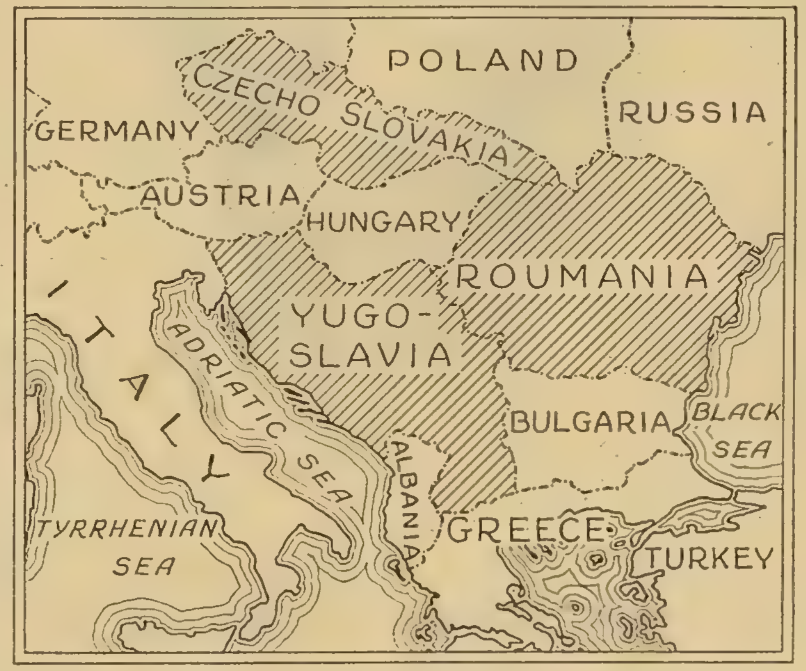
on the sea or so near the sea that it lies at the mercy of long-range naval guns or seaplanes. That and the fact that the coal, oil, and iron vital to Italy's industries must be brought to her by sea, explain her determination to secure naval parity.

Now do not misunderstand me. I am not suggesting that war between Italy and France will come as a result of colonies being denied to Italy, or her failure to obtain naval parity, or because she cannot obtain redress for her nationals in Tunisia. All those will prove to be contributory factors. If war comes it will be as a result of France's Balkan policy and she will be dragged into it by her ally, Yugoslavia. Not in the Alps or on the Mediterranean, but along the Adriatic, where Slav and Latin glare and snarl at each other like angry dogs, is the real danger point.

Italian-Yugoslav animosity goes back to the days of the peace conference, when both nations laid passionate claim to the entire eastern shore of the Adriatic as far as Albania. When President Wilson refused to award Fiume to Italy, that city was seized by a force of filibusters and has been held by Italy ever since. The remainder of the coastline, however, with the exception of the ancient Venetian town of Zara, was awarded to the Yugoslavs despite Italy's contention that this region was Italian by tradition, culture, and conquest.

Ever since the peace settlements the relations between Italy and Yugoslavia have steadily grown worse. Italian subjects have been murdered, Italian consulates mobbed, Italian flags burned, and the Italians, in turn, have made reprisals. During the last year, however, Mussolini has abandoned his bellicose attitude toward Yugoslavia. The reason for this astonishing *volte-face* is, I believe, because he has rather tardily come to the realization that continued Italian hostility would only serve to unite the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, all of whom hate Italy with equal intensity. Whereas, if he holds aloof, the hatred of the Croats for the Serbs will eventually bring about the break-up of the Yugoslav kingdom.

MY own opinion is that there is no point of dispute between Italy and Yugoslavia which could not be amicably adjusted if the leaders of the two nations would sit down before an open fire and over their cigars sensibly talk things over. But such an understanding is impossible as long as France persists in her present policy of using Yugoslavia as a pawn in the perilous game which she is playing to thwart Italian designs in the Balkans. Nothing is more certain than that the attitude of the Yugoslavs would change overnight were they convinced that in a war with Italy they could not count on French support.



The map shows the Adriatic, sea of troubles and, shaded, the countries forming the Little Entente, backed by France.

If France has a pawn in Yugoslavia, however, Italy has one in Albania, the little mountain kingdom which lies on the eastern shore of the Adriatic directly opposite the heel of the Italian boot. Here, indeed, is the spot of most imminent danger in all Europe. At any moment Albania may be the scene of an incident which will give this obscure mountain kingdom the same tragic importance that was thrust upon the Bosnian town of Serajevo in June, 1914.

Let me see if I can explain the complicated and exceedingly delicate situation. In theory Albania is an independent kingdom, but as a matter of fact it is an Italian protectorate in pretty much everything save name. There are 800 Italian military instructors in the country and the army is being trained along Italian lines. The Bank of Albania is an Italian institution. Italy recently loaned Albania $10,000,000 with the stipulation that it should be used under Italian supervision for the construction of harbor works, bridges, and roads. The harbor works will facilitate the disembarkation of Italian troops; the bridges are being built to support tanks and heavy artillery; the roads lead toward the Yugoslav frontier.

It is not at all surprising that Yugoslavia regards an Albania under Italian control as a pistol pointed straight at her head and has taken measures accordingly. Based on Scutari and Monastir are Yugoslav divisions, on a war footing, ready to invade Albania at a moment's notice. Across the Adriatic, with Brindisi and Bari for its bases, an Italian expeditionary force is waiting, prepared to occupy Albania at the first sign of trouble. It will be seen, therefore, that the pistol is set on a hair trigger and that the slightest pressure may cause its discharge. And, take my word for it, the discharge of that pistol will echo round the world.

ALBANIA is a wild country and anything may happen there at any moment. Suppose that the Italian minister was assassinated by a Yugoslav sympathizer. For there are many Albanians who bitterly resent the Italian domination. In such an event it is extremely probable that the country would be plunged into chaos. Italy would make demands which the Yugoslavs would refuse to comply with, just as the Serbs refused to comply with the Austrian demands in 1914. Within twenty-four hours Italian troops in war kit would be piling aboard the waiting transports at Brindisi and Bari. Simultaneously long columns of Yugoslav soldiery would be hastening by forced marches down the roads which lead from Scutari and Monastir to the Albanian frontier. Another world war would have begun.

For surely no one acquainted with the facts will contend that such a conflict could be localized. France would be bound in honor to come to the aid of her Yugoslav allies. Hungary, whose relations with Italy have become very close, would almost certainly seize the opportunity to regain the territory she was forced to cede to Yugoslavia. That would be the signal for Czechoslovakia to set her armies in motion with Budapest as her objective. If Roumania joined her partners of the Little Entente nothing could restrain the Bulgarians from attempting to recover the Dobrudja.

Under such circumstances do you think that Germany, sullen and resentful, would remain aloof? I don't. Then the Polish legions would be hurled against Germany's eastern border. Whereupon Lithuania would attempt to retake Vilna, which was filched from her by Poland. The attitude of Greece and Turkey remains problematical, but there is no doubt that their sympathies would be with Italy rather than with France. And, once all western Europe was fighting for existence, is it to be assumed that Russia, smarting under the loss of part of the Ukraine and of Bessarabia, would look on benevolently? On the contrary, every Muscovite, whether sympathetic to the Soviet régime or not, would shoulder a rifle with a determination to recover the territories wrested from Russia when she was torn by internal dissensions. The truth is that the whole European structure is as delicately poised as a house of cards. Let a single card be touched and the whole imposing structure will collapse.

I have already stated that Albania constitutes the danger spot of Europe. If the independence of this little country is menaced, either by Italian intervention or

Yugoslav invasion, war will almost certainly result. If, on the other hand, Albania can maintain her independence, or if it could be guaranteed by the powers, one of the gravest dangers to European peace would cease to exist.

The man who is sitting on the safety valve is, curiously enough, almost unknown to the outside world. Yet he is one of the most remarkable and picturesque figures of our times. I refer, of course, to the ruler of Albania, Zog I, who was proclaimed king on September 1, 1928.

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Representatives of the anti-Italian Little Entente with their heads together. Left to right: Mironescu of Roumania, Benes of Czechoslovakia, and Marinkovich of Yugoslavia.

You will picture him as a tall, slender, rather delicate-appearing young man—he is only five-and-thirty—who looks more like an artist than the ruler of the most turbulent country in Europe. His hands and feet are as small and delicately formed as those of a woman; his voice is soft and low; his manner is retiring, but that mild exterior masks chilled-steel courage and ruthless determination.

Zog is the hereditary ruler of the Mali clan. When the second Balkan war broke out in 1910 he was a lad of fifteen, at school in Constantinople. Turkey called upon her Albanian subjects for aid against the Balkan confederation. The Mali clansmen refused to fight, however, save under the leadership of their young chieftain, so Zog was taken from school, rushed across the peninsula, and led his people in battle. He completed his education in Vienna.

When, after the Great War, Albania achieved its independence, he was chosen successively minister of the interior, president, and king. As a ruler he has displayed great firmness, ability, and tact, though by his ruthlessness in executing those who have opposed him he has made numerous enemies and his life is constantly in danger, for the institution of the blood feud still flourishes in Albania. If King Zog escapes assassination, however, and if he can so stabilize his turbulent country as to give no pretext for Italian or Yugoslav intervention, Europe will owe him an incalculable debt of gratitude.

IT is frequently asserted that the Italian dictator, Benito Mussolini, constitutes the gravest danger to the peace of Europe. With this view I do not concur, and I have had the advantage of a long and very candid discussion of the subject with him. It must be realized, in the first place, that Mussolini's bellicose speeches and saber-rattlings should not be taken at their face value. They are largely for home consumption. The fact should never be lost sight of, in the second place, that the Italian dictator, far from being as impetuous and hotheaded as he lets himself appear, is an exceedingly astute and able statesman. No one realizes better than he that Italy has everything to lose by a war and comparatively little to gain. A successful war would ruin an already impoverished country. An unsuccessful one would replace Fascism by Communism. Unless I misread Mussolini's character and intentions, he plans to gain his ends in the field of diplomacy rather than on the field of battle.

And Italian diplomacy is of the very highest order. Consider what it has accomplished in half a decade. Once he had welded and forged and tempered his own people into a fighting blade, Mussolini, finding himself confronted at every turn by the opposition of the French bloc, set about the business of forming a bloc of his own. He found materials ready to hand in the discontented and resentful nations—Germany, Russia, Lithuania, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, Greece, and Turkey—which form a cordon across the breadth of Europe.

WITH Hungary Italy has established close diplomatic ties. The new Queen of Bulgaria is an Italian princess. Italy's relations with Austria are greatly improved and with certain Austrian factions are cordial. It is generally believed that she has succeeded in weakening Roumania's loyalty to the Little Entente. She has triumphed over French diplomacy in both Greece and Turkey and has recently concluded treaties of friendship with each. She has openly offered her support to Germany and within the last few weeks has come to an understanding with Russia. Of course it is highly problematical how far these nations are prepared to go should it come to a showdown—Germany, for one, has thus far manifested reluctance to enter any combination with Italy—but it is highly significant that at the last meeting of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission in Geneva, Italy, Germany, Russia, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey constantly voted together.

It is a gloomy picture I have painted, but, barring some unforeseen incident, such as trouble in Albania, I am predicting no immediate outbreak of hostilities, for France and her allies are still strong, whereas Italy, Germany, and Russia are all involved in economic difficulties which would make the conduct of a prolonged war almost impossible.

It must be evident to every thoughtful person, however, that the present situation cannot continue indefinitely. Europe cannot remain divided into two armed camps forever. Today, despite the enforced disarmament of the Central Powers and the promises of disarmament made by the others, the standing armies of Europe total 500,000 more men than they did in 1914. In its present state Europe is as loaded with danger as a tin of nitroglycerin.

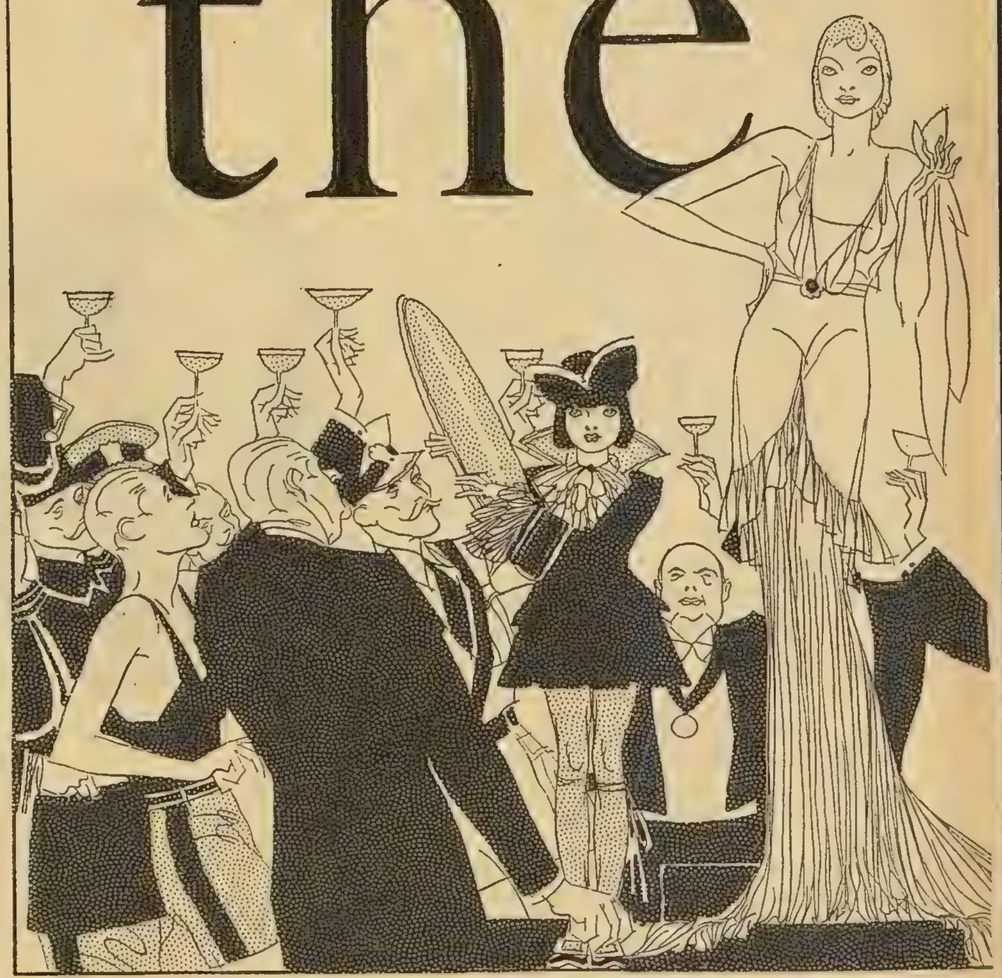
The capitalists, the bankers, and the bondholders, the professional diplomats and treaty makers, the pacifists, propagandists, and politicians, all profess to believe that this perilous situation can be perpetuated, that the conquerors can remain in power and that the conquered can be kept in subjection by threats of economic reprisals or of force. Such a policy is selfish, shortsighted, and will prove suicidal in the long run. So long as it is persisted in, so long as there is no sincere attempt to redress injustices or right wrongs, so long will Europe be the prey of fear, suspicion, jealousy, and hatred. And from these it is only a short step to war.

In his article next week Colonel Powell will picture the perilous situation about the valley of the Danube.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 17

1—Luzon.
2—Heterogeneous.
3—The Bank of England.
4—A nobleman of the lower class.
5—Daily.
6—Caius Julius Cæsar.
7—Denmark.
8—Hannibal Hamlin.
9—Thirty years.
10—The thirteenth.
11—Switzerland.
12—One to whom a legacy is bequeathed.
13—Eli Whitney.
14—Vigilant and sharp-sighted.
15—The North Atlantic Ocean.
16—John W. Davis.
17—The upper edge of its side.
18—Tuberculosis of the lungs.
19—Adolescence.
20—Each member, by a parachute leap, has saved himself from death.

To the



By

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Born a princess, reared a cosmopolite, and an American woman by choice.

(Reading time: 7 minutes 58 seconds.)

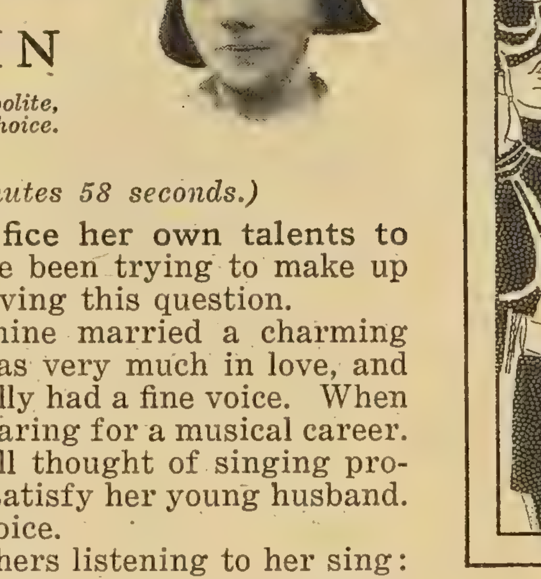
SHOULD a woman sacrifice her own talents to please her husband? I've been trying to make up my mind on a point involving this question.

At eighteen a friend of mine married a charming young man with whom she was very much in love, and still is after fifteen years. Molly had a fine voice. When she married Jack she was preparing for a musical career. With marriage she gave up all thought of singing professionally. But that did not satisfy her young husband. Jack was *jealous* of Molly's voice.

Not only did he object to others listening to her sing: he hated the very fact that she could forget everything and derive pleasure from music. He even hated the sight of her piano. So Molly—being young, very much in love, and anxious to make Jack happy—gave up music. She never sings. There is no piano in her home.

Life has not dealt very kindly with Molly and Jack. He lost his fortune years ago. Providence did not endow him with those qualities which enable a man to earn money. And there are children. Three. The needs of the family are many, so Molly has gone to work. Her work, though financially successful, is tiring and endlessly exacting. On top of that she has the care of the children. Some days ago Molly went with me to see a film featuring very fine singing. I noticed that she was extremely nervous. I was amazed to see her weep, since there was nothing in the film to weep over. Not till later in the evening did I learn why Molly cried.

“I hate to hear singing,” she told me. “I never go to concerts. I can't stand them.”



Three Yale professors march once a week into a ladies' beauty parlor.

Since then I've been thinking what a wonderful relaxation Molly's own singing and playing would be to her today. For the sake of pleasing Jack, should she have abandoned her music? It seems to me that too much suppression of individuality can be just as unfortunate as too much assertion of individuality.

THE other day some friends of mine had an argument about the correct form of a sentence. Their question was this: Is it grammatical to say *She is prettier than me*, or must it be *She is prettier than I*, and if so why so? As so frequently happens, my friends knew perfectly well which form was right and which was wrong, but they were not altogether clear about the reason. To settle the dispute they hunted up a standard book on English usage, turned to the part dealing with pronouns, and there found a neat common-sense explanation.

In the first place, *She is prettier than I* is an incomplete sentence. The complete sentence would be *She is prettier than I am*. Now who would ever think of saying *She is prettier than me am?* Not even the famous Mrs. Malaprop. Or who would say *She has as many hats as me have?* When in doubt about forms of this kind you can test them easily by finishing the sentence in your mind. *She loved him as much as I* means *She loved him as much as I loved him;* whereas *She loved him as much as me* means *She loved him as much as she loved me.* In one sentence the pronoun after *as* is nominative and in the other objective. Both are correctly used, but with different meanings. The same thing applies to pronouns after *than.*

SOMEONE was strong-minded enough to write to the press the other day and enter a complaint against the institution known as the “vegetable plate.” And indeed there is nothing more detestable or stupid than the mess of wet vegetables often presented as such a “plate.” In the first place, too many different vegetables are usually served and too little of each. No man likes to dab at half a dozen vegetables at the same time. That is a female idea of plenty. Three different kinds—but enough of each—are ample. And why boil everything? Tomatoes scalloped in the oven with bread crumbs, butter, and minced onion; a plain green vegetable; and either potatoes or some other root vegetable, buttered and parslied—these make a really good main course. My own favorite vegetable dinner consists of cauliflower served with drawn butter and powdered corn flakes, green peas (plenty of them), and halved tomatoes sprinkled with brown sugar and grilled.

I forgot to mention the atrocious dead-looking egg which frequently sits on top of the wet vegetable “plate.” Don't serve this egg at all—that's my advice. But if you're obstinate enough to insist on having it, then boil it, roll it in raw egg yolk and bread crumbs, and fry it brown in plenty of very hot fat.

Ladies!

Pictures by RUSSELL PATTERSON

THREE Yale professors march once a week into a ladies' beauty parlor in New Haven. For mutual courage the three always march in together, wait for one another, and depart as they came, in trio formation. All three take the same treatment. They have their scalps electrovibrated, massaged, anointed. They're quite young, you see—too young, they think, to be losing their hair.

It is not very long since bald heads, long white beards, and all the tokens of venerable age seemed essential to the faculty atmosphere on every campus. Erudition always wore spectacles and drab, gloomy clothes.

How the academic scene has changed! Today the young are educated by the young. Professors now wear raccoon coats. They go dancing at road houses. They use the latest college slang. In dress and deportment there is often very little difference between teacher and student. Professors have become regular people. Like regular people, they try not to look old. Staying young is good for their jobs nowadays. More power to them, say I—and more hair.

IT is amusing sometimes to speculate on the future appearance of our cities. Thomas Adams has worked out an interesting regional plan of New York and its environs. He foresees continued crowding, but offers solutions of the light and air distribution problems engendered by dense population. As Mr. Adams sees it, the city of the future will function on more than one level. One level will be on the ground. At the sixth story buildings will recede to make room for a second traffic level. Sixth-story traffic will be as important as ground traffic is. Buildings will rise about 100 feet above the sixth story. According to this plan the general appearance of city sky lines would be lower, on the whole, than they now are. But Mr. Adams adds "towers of unlimited height" at certain points.

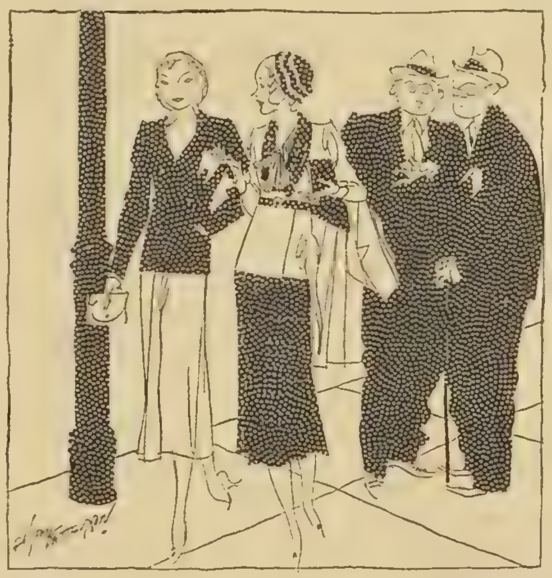
Not an unattractive prospect, this future city envisioned by Mr. Adams. Plenty of light and air for all of us poor town dwellers. But there are many other problems facing the metropolis of our tomorrow.

Noise and smoke must be eliminated before perfect cities are possible. Medical authorities call noise a grave menace to our nerve stability. Yet so far the measures taken to combat city noise are negligible. And by the way, why don't more women take an active interest in this matter? It surely affects us all. Plenty of family squabbles are traceable to noise-racked nerves.

Dirt and dust from city smoke constitute another serious problem. Winnipeg, Canada, is tackling this with great enterprise. Five years hence, the City Council hopes to present Winnipeg to the world as a "smokeless city."

A central heating plant owned and operated by the municipality will replace all private heating. The soot of multitudinous fires will vanish, heat for all being obtained from a city hydroelectric system. This is no Utopian dream. The hydroelectric plant is already heating 200 private buildings in Winnipeg. In addition to its other advantages, this system cuts down the cost of house heating by twenty-five per cent.

THIS summer every dress will have a little coat of some sort to go with it, so the predictions say. Undoubtedly the delightful jackets worn this winter with skiing costumes are about to exert an influence on our summer clothes. Tailored discreetly, trimmed on collar, cuffs, and pockets with a contrasting material, the small coat adds a jaunty look to the simplest frock. I have seen a particularly attractive little coat of bright navy blue wool trimmed with a checked material—small pink and white checks. Three dresses went with this coat: a blue skirt with a top of the pink and white checked stuff; a heavy white silk trimmed with touches of pink embroidery and pink leather belt; and, finally, a pink shantung with blue strappings. A charming summer outfit, and perfectly easy to make at home at very low cost if you are thrifty.



This summer every dress will have a little coat of some sort with it.

THE small child who tried to put out an electric light by blowing on it wasn't quite such a little sap as his elders would have him appear. Dr. E. E. Free of New York has just invented a device which enables the sick, the weak, and the lazy to extinguish their electric lights merely by blowing on them.

A sensitized disk in a little cup like a telephone mouthpiece is attached to the electric-light wire. You blow in the mouthpiece and out goes the lamp. Blow again—on comes the light.

A most useful invention. One which has many possibilities besides the putting out and turning on of lights. It works equally well with electric irons—and don't we all know the bother of disconnecting them when they get too hot? What I really want, however, is some invention by the aid of which I could just breathe gently on blank sheets of paper and behold my story all written. Dr. Free please note.

Back to G

The Story of a Fighting Heart

By

JOHN LEE MAHIN, JR.

who was born in Evanston, Illinois, and has spent two years at Harvard, two years in newspaper work in New York, and two years on the stage. In between times he has written short stories, special articles, and publicity. He is now with an advertising agency and lives in New City, New York.

Picture by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

(Reading time: 8 minutes 40 seconds.)

JOE put down the bar rag and hunched up over the beer taps. "Some dog," he said.

I turned and looked over to where the Stevedore was lying. He was curled up in his regular corner under the nickel machine. "Yes," I said. "He's a good dog."

"Some fighter, huh?" Joe said.

The Stevedore raised his flat white head. He opened one pink eye and thumped his tail against the cuspidor.

"You bet he's a fighter," I said.

Joe kept looking at the Stevedore. "Atty old baby," he said.

I gathered Joe wanted to hear all about it again, so I started in. I told Joe once more about the time the Stevedore killed Crazy Critter in that barn south of Kansas City. My dog was only a year pup then, but he took the famous Critter in little over half an hour. For four years the Critter had been coming out of pits practically unscratched. But that night it needed three of us to get his carcass away from the Stevedore.

"That dog's all right," Joe said. "He's okay."

He suddenly got off his elbows and commenced weaving his shoulders in and out like I often see him do when he is restless. He put his hands up there like he was going to whip in a one-two. He feinted once, and sidestepped. Then he broke off with a sigh and wiped the bar again for no reason at all.

"Some dog, all right," he said, like he couldn't say anything else.

"Yes," I said. "But he's done now. His back legs are gone. They've got to have their back legs with them."

"Maybe," Joe said, "maybe. You never can tell with a fighter though. That dog's a fighter." He gave a short whistle and the Stevedore cocked an ear back at him.

"Geez! Look at his ear. All them scars on his head! He's taken it, huh?"

"Sure he's taken it. He's got guts," I said.

"I'll bet he's got guts," Joe said.

"He always went in there and took it," I said. "That's why they never had him on his back."

"Geez!" Joe's knuckles tightened and got white.

"A guy was through here last week and knew the Stevedore. Pit-dog man from Texas. Offered me two thousand for him."

Joe took my glass. "But you're keepin' him, huh?"

"He's my dog," I said. "Anyway, the Stevedore's done. He don't know it, but I do. He don't realize about his back legs. Used to have me sort of worried in there towards the last. It's a no-good racket today, anyhow. He can die sleeping on the front porch now."

"In the sun some day," Joe said. "Out on the front porch in the sun, huh?"

"Yes, that's the best way."

Joe fixed me another ball and we were quiet a while.

"Listen," I said. "Didn't I see Mac come in here this morning?"

"Yes, you seen him."

"What's Mac want now?"

Joe glanced at the ceiling. "Wants me to come back," he said.

"Mac's nuts," I said. "Just like the rest of these goddam fight managers! Never sees when a guy wants to be through."

"Oh, I don't know," Joe said.

"Why doesn't he dig up somebody else to handle? There're plenty of them need it."

Joe rang up my dollar. "Mac says it'd be a clean-up," he said. "He says there ain't a fighter in the weight. He says this Plasko is just a mug. He showed me where we'd be back in the money in three fights."

"LISTEN, Joe," I said. "Sure Plasko's a palooka. He looks like he's in there fighting wasps. But you're retired, Joe. You're retired champion, see?"

"I tell Mac I have to think it over."

"Listen," I said. "You're retired and you're still champion, see? You've got a nice home and a sweet girl and enough jack. Mac's full of the same old hop."

The

"It gets kind of lonesome sometimes," Joe said. "You know what I mean?"

"Yes," I said. "I know."

"I get sort of jumpy sometimes."

"I know—but you think straight, don't you?"

"Sure," Joe said, "I think straight."

"Listen, Joe," I said. "You know what'll happen. You'll come out walking on your heels."

"Maybe yes, maybe no," Joe said.

"What about your legs?"

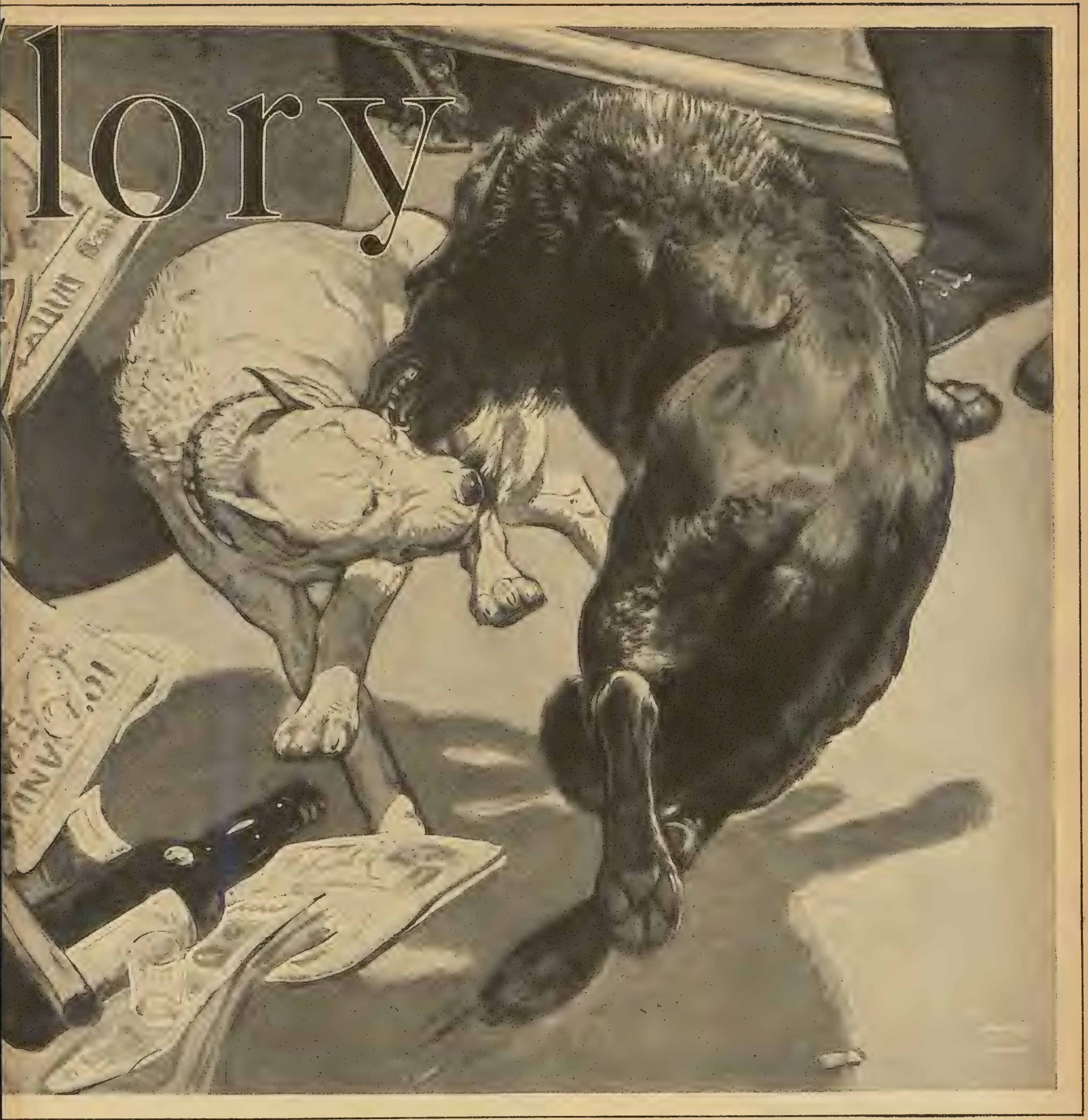
"I got a pair of hands, ain't I? Ain't I?"

"Sure," I said. "Sure, Joe. But Plasko's twenty-five and he's got his legs."

"Well, I ain't decided anything yet."

"Mac still in town?" I said.

lory



herd had wolf in him and fought like it. He rushed the Stevedore under a table and they upset it.

"He'll be in here again tonight," Joe said.

He picked up my glass and poured me another. He shoved ack my money. "On the house," he said.

I no sooner finished telling him how he would never make ny profit that way when it happened. I didn't even hear nybody come in. But the Stevedore tipped me off.

THE Stevedore was suddenly on his feet like a steel spring. He had little shivers all over; bent forward and looking ast me with his neck hairs on end.

"Say! Wait a minute," Joe said.

I turned and saw a guy looking startled at Joe. I recognized im as one of the new hands down at the mill. At his heels as one of the biggest black shepherds I ever saw. The shepherd had stopped stiff and was taking in the Stevedore.

I put down my glass. "Grab hold that dog," I said quietly to the guy, and started easing over to the Stevedore. Then the shepherd let out a low growl.

That's all the Stevedore needed. He passed me in a white flash and his old snake head was in there driving at the shepherd's throat.

The guy danced around and shouted at me to stop it. I told him to shut up. He didn't know he was just making it worse for his dog. A lot of noise and yelling was always just encouragement to the Stevedore.

"Wait'll he gets set," I said. "You can't stop it now till he gets set."

I knew there was nothing to do until the Stevedore got his grip.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

hurried?

when you eat
too fast
chew
for
digestion
BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN
GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION

IF you eat as hard and as fast as you work, no wonder your digestion is upset — is making you grouchy and irritable.

So do something to help your digestion. Chew a stick of Beeman's, the pepsin gum! It was developed by Dr. Beeman over 30 years ago as the most delightful way to aid digestion.

Millions of people favor Beeman's for its delicious flavor and chewing smoothness. Next time you pay your luncheon check, ask for a pack of Beeman's.

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

But the Stevedore wasn't so quick to get set as I've seen him. He was in there under his dog, but he couldn't seem to stay long enough to get hold. He drew back and bored in again. But the black dog outweighed him two to one and kept shaking him off. The Stevedore bored in once more.

"Call that bastard off," the guy said. He let loose a wild kick at the Stevedore.

"Be yourself," I said. "You're liable to get him sore."

The shepherd had wolf in him and fought like it. He kept coming back with lightning slashes on the Stevedore's head and shoulders. I've seen that breed cut an ordinary dog to ribbons this way before they finish him. He rushed the Stevedore under a table and they upset it. The Stevedore was beginning to get a little calmer. He always got that way when he knew he had a job cut out for himself. But there was more pink on him now than I ever remember seeing so early in a fight.

Suddenly Joe started yelling. He jumped up and stood on the bar. "Some dog, old boy, old baby!" he said. "Some dog, huh?"

And then the Stevedore leaped in and I saw the shepherd's head go up and over to one side. There was that rattle coming out from between the Stevedore's jaws and I knew he had his grip. He'd been all this time taking away the shepherd's thick ruff.

"All right," I said. "I can stop it now." I started to circle them.

THERE was no use talking to the Stevedore. When he was in a go he didn't know me from the next man. As I came up he started jerking his head from side to side. He was trying to tear. There was a whimper out of the shepherd. The Stevedore had him. He braced his back legs and jerked harder. He got another brace and you might have thought he had hold of a rat instead of eighty pounds of bone and muscle.

He took another brace. Right then what I'd been afraid of happened. The Stevedore's back legs went out from under him. The nerves stretched tight and gave way a second. He shifted his grip half an inch trying to recover and the thing was over before I could get in.

The shepherd ripped loose with the shift and clamped down like lightning in back of the Stevedore's ear. I never saw a better comeback, even if it was on my own dog. He took the side of the Stevedore's neck and tore a thick slab clean down. Then he was on top of him. The Stevedore was down and hurt terrible, but he didn't make a sound.

I jumped in and grabbed the shepherd's collar. I choked off his wind and hauled him off. The guy came over then and took him from me.

"Take him out of here," I said. "He's a damn' good dog." The guy went out, scared and dumb.

I WENT back and knelt over the Stevedore. He was a splotchy, red old dog. I lifted his head and he tried to lick my hand, but I guess his tongue was numbing up fast. Then I saw the vein was cut and spouting.

"Hey! What—" Joe said. Then he stopped.

I guess he heard me.

After a while I got up. "Listen, Joe," I said. "It was his legs. He didn't have the legs any more."

Joe blinked. "Yes," he said. "I guess that's right. Guess he— Geez, I'm sorry!"

We stood there not saying a word for a long time. Then Mac blew in and breezed right up to Joe.

"All right, Joe," he said. "I'm here. What's the big word, Joey boy?"

"Hello, Mac," Joe said.

"How about it, Joe?" Mac said.

"I'm through. I'm not coming back."

"Now, wait a minute! Look here to me, Joe. You got to realize this is the biggest cinch anybody ever—"

"Go to hell, Mac!"

"All right," Mac said. "All right, then. Just what the hell are you going to do with yourself, I'd like to know?"

Joe had his eyes over where the Stevedore was lying, covered over with my coat.

"I'm going to sit on my front porch," he said. "In the sun."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Otherwise—?

Two youngsters entered a small neighborhood café. Dirty, ragged, yet very cute. They asked for an ice-cream cone. The proprietress took a fancy to the younger, who was two years old. She asked his brother, who was four, if he would sell the little fellow for thirty cents. "No," came the quick answer. Then she raised it to fifty cents. The boy replied, "I can't sell him 'cause he isn't mine. He's my mother's!"—Kirke Jones, 234 Thirty-first Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

Self-Defense

Robert was told to help his sister wash dishes.

"I don't see why I have to wash dishes," he wailed. "I'm no girl. Men are supposed to make a living."

"Why, you'll never be a man," scoffed Ruth.

"Well, if I'm not," flared Robert, "it'll be 'cause you have me worn out doing dishes before I have time to be a man!"

—Elfreda M. Biggin, 1230 French St., Santa Ana, Calif.

I DARE YOU!

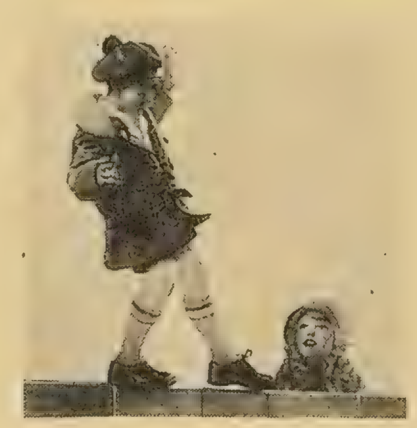
A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

THE street in front of Lil's house was filled with slush. Cars had slashed grooves in the snow and brown water rushed through them ankle-deep. Windows were plastered with snowball scars and children were coasting on the shady side of State Street hill.

"How far can you walk without gettin' your socks wet?" Gwendolyn Smithers asked Red Hancock as they slopped along in the slush. "A mile?"

"A mile?" he laughed, tiptoeing after her. "I could walk to Alaska without gettin' my socks wet."

"Alaska?" she yelled, and a horse drawing a wagon filled with old bed springs semaphored with his ears. "That ain't a lie. By the time you got there, your socks an' shoes an' rubbers would be worn through to your feet an' they'd drop off you—an' Eskimos would stick you in an ice house to laugh atcha." She was delighted with this picture she'd painted and began to laugh at him herself.


This week's cover picture.

"How far could you walk?" Red asked. He stepped up on the curb because his arches ached.

"From here to Swisscheeseland," she told him, airing her geography from the gutter. And then she began to yell: "Swiss cheese for sale! Swiss—"

"I need some for my mousetrap!" Mrs. Groce, one of the neighbors, called from her open window.

"Buy it at the store," Gwen chirped back at her, "but be sure to put on your hat 'cause your leather hair curlers show. You'd stop the traffic."

Gwen and Red made a series of mean faces at Mrs. Groce just before they turned the corner.

"When I grow up," said Gwen, picking up a soggy newspaper and heaving it against somebody's fence, "I'm goin' to buy a cheese factory. I'm goin' to collect mice an' fat rats an'—"

"What color?" asked Red.

"White mostly," she giggled. "I'll train 'em to eat the holes an' I'll hire you to curl their tails."

Red was so mad that he grunted. Marcelling rat tails wasn't his idea of a career. He picked up a handful of brown snow and rushed at her.

"No, you don't!" she yelled, darting away before he stuffed the snow down her neck. "Stick it down your own neck so you won't have to wash tonight."

He threw away the snow and sped after her. The slush flew against their bare knees. Stiff adults stepped aside.

"Hey!" Red shouted as Gwen's heels vanished around a corner. "Wait for me. I won't throw snow down your neck. I promise!"

He found her giggling on a dented, dumped-over ashcan which rolled like a buoy as she laughed. "You promised," she told him, "an' I stopped runnin' so you could rest your legs. An old lady with a cane and ten umbrellas can run faster than you. A baby in a long nightgown—"

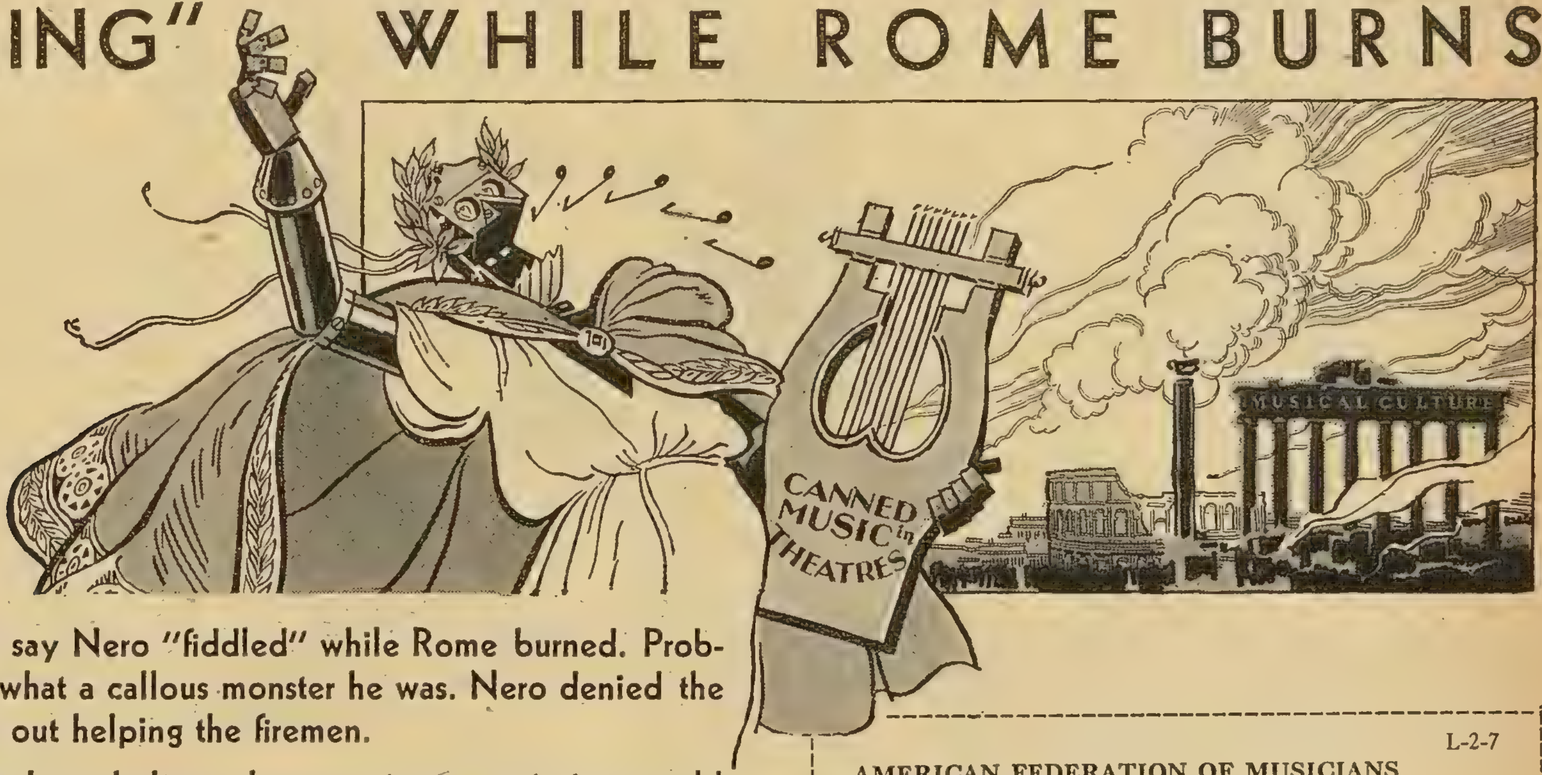
Red stepped on the ashcan and lifted himself to the swaying top of a wooden fence. "Watch me," he said, trying the tight-rope stunt. "I bet you can't do this."

"Ho-ho!" she giggled, hoping he would slip. "I bet I can do it with my eyes shut."

"I dare you," he said bravely, as his ankles shook on the wabbling fence. "I dare you!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Double Dare)

"FIDDLING" WHILE ROME BURNS



THEY say Nero "fiddled" while Rome burned. Probably just to show what a callous monster he was. Nero denied the story. Said he was out helping the firemen.

Really, it is difficult to believe that any *human being* could view such a frightful tragedy without emotion.

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Good-by to

The World's Champion Tells of His Career from 1927 to 1930, and Why He Is Quitting the Tournament Game

By BOBBY JONES

as Told to O. B. KEELER

(Reading time: 17 minutes 53 seconds.)

LIBERTY readers have followed, in Bobby Jones' three previous articles, his ups and downs in the big-time golf tournaments of three years. They have seen not only how he has brought back trophies from both sides of the Atlantic, but also how he has been forced to confess defeat. But now comes a year when there is no defeat in the contests for the biggest prizes of golf. Into 1930, when he set a high-water mark in golfing history, Bobby Jones now carries his story.

PART FOUR—THE CONQUEST OF BRITAIN

THE year 1930 offered a substantial program in golf—the biennial Walker Cup match, to be played in England; the British amateur at St. Andrews; the British open at Hoylake; the United States open at Interlachen; and the United States amateur at Merion. This was the most prolific year since 1926 and I hadn't been playing much golf through the winter, so I thought I'd better get into a couple of the early spring open tournaments and try to tune up my game for the long campaign. I entered the Savannah open, and soon after that the Southeastern open at Augusta; it was the first time I had played in a winter or spring tournament since the Southern open in 1927. I acquired plenty of practice in both events.

The Savannah affair, late in February, was an extremely lively and, in a way, amusing competition. Horton Smith, finishing out a great spin in the winter tournaments around the Big Loop, and I had a sort of personal duel, in which I came off second best; the old established firm of Smith & Jones managed to keep in the lead all the way, but it was Horton who had the lead at the seventy-second green, and that, of course, is where they pay off.

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No, Mr. Jones is not studying the flora of Scotland; he is merely searching for his ball in the whins, gorse, or furze of St. Andrews.

The Savannah Golf Club showed us a very pretty novelty course; not so difficult, with a lot of short holes, and with greens in excellent condition; and in the first round I came in with a card of 67, a course record for medal competition, while Horton did a 71.

The record did not stand long. Horton produced a beautiful 66 in the second round, in which, at the second hole, I ran straight into a crape-myrtle bush and a devastating 7, after which I worked hard for a 75. Horton thus took the lead, 71-66—137, five strokes ahead of my 67-75—142.

In Round Three, the record took another on the chin. I holed some long putts and at least one chip shot in doing a 65; Horton had a 70; and we were tied. As I recall it, we were level the first six holes of the final round, Horton playing thirty minutes back of me, after which he pulled ahead in the score, and a long putt for a birdie 3 at the finishing green left me a stroke behind him. Horton's last round was 71 and mine 72. His total was 278—a good score on any golf course; mine was 279; and Bobby Cruickshank, closing with a brilliant round of 69, was next, with 285.

Horton thus had drawn first blood for the year, and the next time we met was at Augusta, where he was at a considerable disadvantage. Conflicting engagements made it necessary for him to drive nearly all night to reach the scene of the tournament, without any chance to practice on strange courses, while I had been there a couple of days.

This tournament, I believe, is the best I ever played. Two courses were used—the Hill Course of the Augusta Country Club, and the course at the Forrest Hills-Ricker Hotel; and certainly there are none better in the South, in the condition they were for this competition.

It was at Augusta that I finally gained control of the useful right-to-left iron shot, a problem on which I had expended a lot of time and grief, and not a few costly strokes, for several years.

THE solution, for me, was a slight forward shift of the hips just as the club started downward in the stroke, enabling me to hit more from the inside toward the outside of the line of the shot. In this tournament I also got the pitching clubs working, a department in which I had been woefully slack for a good many years. The same little hip shift helped there, along with a more pronounced wrist action and a mental concept of the club head "floating" into the ball at impact, instead of hitting hard and cutting the feet from under the ball, as I had been doing, with a deplorable lack of control.

In other words, I began allowing the club head to do the work normally, in place of trying to do it myself. This is a pretty sound attitude in all shots.

Par for the Hill Course of the Augusta Country Club is 72, and for the Forrest Hills-Ricker 71. Beginning at the former, my four rounds for the tournament were 72-72-69-71—284, which included a colossal explosion on the last three holes of the final round at the latter course,

GOLF

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It was an eager cross-country gallery that followed Jones and Voigt at St. Andrews, as this picture shows.

where I lost five strokes to par when it looked as if I were about to do a 66 for a new record. Still, I was leading the field by eighteen strokes when the collapse began, and the eventual margin of thirteen strokes seemed sufficient. Horton Smith was second, with 297, and Ed Dudley third, with 298.

So I started out with the Walker Cup team and quite a party of American supporters on the Mauretania, late in April, feeling really comfortable about the state of my game. And somewhere on the voyage I lost the greater part of that little right-to-left knack with the irons, and the same defect crept into my driving.

I know what the trouble was now. I was letting the ball get too far back. Instead of playing it on a line opposite my left heel, or perhaps ahead of it, the line of the ball was back of the left heel. And the eccentric play resulting from that apparently simple alteration puzzled me all through the British championships and was as near as possible to costing me both of them.

As a matter of fact, I did not get this fault fully corrected until the last round I played in Great Britain; an exhibition match at Oxhey, with my old friends, Harry Vardon, Ted Ray, and James Braid. Suddenly I got to hitting the ball there, and scored a 66.

The discrepancies in my previous play must have been fairly obvious. Cyril Tolley, who came back with our party, asked me on the boat train:

"How long have you been over, Bobby?"

I said about six weeks.

"Well," said Cyril, "do you think you ever played quite so badly for so long a period before?"

I was startled by the directness of the question, and before I thought I said no.

But I think now it was the truth, at that. It sounds paradoxical and a bit conceited, I know, since I won the two major championships over there. But if I could make it plain how terribly hard I worked, and how the breaks favored me, it would excuse the conceit, and as for the paradox—well, I've come to believe that if you're going to win a championship, you're going to win it; and if you aren't, you aren't.

Anyway, I was struggling with the irons and the pitching tools in the preliminary practice at Sandwich before the Walker Cup match; and the American team played as I never had seen a team play before, and we won handily enough, 10 points to 2, losing one match in the foursomes and one in the singles.

All our boys played well. Francis Ouimet, losing to Tony Torrance, ran into a round of 70, good enough to beat anybody—Torrance, by the way, was the only Briton to win a singles match at the Chicago Golf Club in the Walker Cup event of 1928. And Voigt and Von Elm, our No. 1 team, found Tolley's chipping and putting too much for them, while Roger Wethered supported his big partner ably.

Don Moe, the baby of our team, played what undoubtedly was the greatest match in the history of the event, in winning at the last green from Stout. Don was 4 down at the end of the morning round and Stout started against him 3-3-3 in the afternoon, and was 7 up. After which Moe, doing a round of 67, beat him at the home green with a birdie 3.

THE British amateur championship at St. Andrews had, as I recall it, 270 entrants; a curious contrast to our own system of reducing the field by a qualifying competition of thirty-six holes to thirty-two contestants for the match play. And in the British event you never know when you will run up against a hot one.

There was this chap Sid Roper from Nottinghamshire, with whom I was drawn for the first round. I'd never heard of him, and of course I made inquiries. They told me he was a fair sort of golfer who would shoot a lot of 5s at me. According to my account, Mr. Roper discharged fifteen 4s and one 5 in the sixteen holes our match lasted. And if the fates had not decreed me a freak start, I'd have been knocked off in Round One.

Par for the first five holes of the Old Course at St. Andrews is a good tough 4-4-4-4-5. Roper did them 4-4-4-4-4. And he was 3 down. I just had one of those crazy stretches you get once in a while. And I couldn't have had it in a better spot.

I started 3-4-3-2-4, and that 2 at the fourth hole was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GOOD-BY TO GOLF
Continued from page thirty-nine

a funny one. The fourth hole is a matter of 427 yards and I had a very long drive, with the wind, the ball rolling into the Cottage Bunker, nearly 300 yards from the tee. It lay well on the sand and I played a rather steep pitch, designed to carry a slight rise at the front of the green, with plenty of spin to hold and stop it on the glassy putting surface. The clean lie on the sand made the spin easier to apply than if the ball had been on the fairway. It just cleared the little rise and pitched at the front of the green; the spin took hold promptly, and the ball, instead of bounding, rolled and slid, slower and slower, and finally trickled into the hole without touching the flagstaff—so the spectators at the green assured me.

© Acme-P. & A.
One of a great golfing family, Roger Wethered.

This made Roper 3 down in the first four holes, on which he had played par. In place of folding up, he came back with a birdie 4 at the long fifth, followed with some of the stiffest golf I ever encountered, and made a great match of it, finally losing at the sixteenth.

That hot start saved me. As I said, you can't tell when you're going to collide with somebody who is going at top speed in the British amateur, with its seven eighteen-hole matches and one thirty-six-hole bout. There are always a lot of fine golfers whose names are not in the stud book, you might say. The rank and file of British amateurs are, I believe, distinctly better than in our country.

I had three more extremely tough matches before reaching the finals—with Cyril Tolley, 1929 British champion; Harrison Johnston, 1929 American champion; and George Voigt, who was unlucky at St. Andrews in much the same way as he had been in our own championship the year before, at Pebble Beach.

Tolley and I had a great match. I got him 1 down six times in the round, and six times he squared—one of those dingdong affairs in which neither side can apply sufficient pressure to get a working lead.

At the long seventeenth, the Road Hole, Tolley played the finest shot I ever saw. We were square at the time. After drives about alike, I had a bit of luck, my iron second striking a spectator on the first bound, the ball stopping just at the rear edge of the green. Tolley's iron was short, and the ball was below the putting surface, the green very narrow at that point, with a bunker between him and the flag, the hole close to the bunker, and the famous Road beyond. As I studied my next shot, for I was away, I felt certain that no golfer in the world could pitch over that bunker and stop the ball anywhere near the hole. It was most likely to go into the Road.

Perhaps this attitude made me a bit careless with my long approach putt. At any rate, I failed to calculate and allow for the slope of the green, and I was short and to the left, a good eight feet from the hole.

Then Tolley, with a niblick, executed the most exquisite wee pitch imaginable, dropping the ball precisely on top of the bunker, whence it trickled down to within two feet of the hole.

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Cyril Tolley, British amateur star, driving.

THIS turned the tables upside down. I had to hole that putt, or Tolley would be dormy. I holed it. But I could feel the perspiration popping out as we turned to the last tee. We halved the eighteenth in par 4, and at the first extra hole, after good drives, Tolley let his left elbow fly up on his pitch and the ball was far off to the left, back of a mound, while I was comfortably on the green.

Queer game, golf. Some days before, in a practice round, Tolley had been pitching badly and had asked me if I could suggest a remedy. I thought I could, and prescribed greater firmness of the left arm at impact. He acted on this suggestion and began pitching very well. And then, at this critical juncture, he forgot.

He had to roll his approach over the mound and was seven feet from the pin. I putted from the same side, was a foot short, and stymied him. He tried to chip-and-bounce the ball over, and missed.

With Johnston next day I seemed to have the match in hand, aided by a stymie at the twelfth hole, and through the thirteenth I was 4 up, with 5 to play.

Then Johnston, one of the gamest golfers who ever lived, started after me with a fine birdie 4 at the long fourteenth; won the fifteenth when I hooked my second to a bunker and finished with three putts; halved the sixteenth by holing a twelve-foot putt; and won the Road Hole with a great second shot and a fine approach putt, while I played safely for a par 5. I was then dormy 1.

After good drives from the eighteenth tee, we both pitched loosely and were sixty feet from the pin. He rolled his approach putt up dead, and I miscalculated the speed and the slope and was seven feet short. It was a gruesome situation for me. I felt, down in my heart, that if he won that hole and squared, he'd surely beat me on the extra holes. He's a great finisher, and the morale would be all with him.

Fortunately, I holed the putt. And I was extremely relieved as we shook hands.

IN the semifinal match with George Voigt, we halved the first hole with a birdie 3 and he outplayed me to the thirteenth, which I messed up to become 2 down, with 5 to play.

History then repeated itself from the American amateur of the year before, when George was playing Harrison Johnston in the semifinal round. At the long fourteenth hole, Johnston's third, fired wildly over the green, struck the foliage of a tree beyond and dropped well on the putting surface, after which George pitched into a bunker and so lost a match that went to the thirty-ninth hole.

At the long fourteenth at St. Andrews, George cut his drive ever so slightly, and a strong cross-wind, which he apparently forgot, carried the ball out of bounds.

I won that hole, missed a chance to square the match at the fifteenth by blowing a six-foot putt, and evened things at the sixteenth, where George drove plump into the tiny bunker known as the Principal's Nose.

George outplayed me at the long Road Hole, his great iron second reaching the front of the green, while I had to chip, and was twelve feet short. George sent his long approach putt up stone dead for a birdie 4, and I had another of those nerve-stretching putts to hole for my life. On this one I had a curiously comforting feeling I never had before. I felt that all through the tournament something had been taking care of me; that it was taking care of me now; and that, however I struck that putt, it was going down.

It did. George was short with his drive and pitch at the eighteenth, and I went into the finals through one of the hardest matches I ever played.

It was tough luck for George. I am quite sure that had he got by Johnston at Pebble Beach he would have won the championship; and I think he'd have won at St. Andrews, except for the breaks. And I want to say for George that he never complained in either case, or offered an excuse.

In the finals next day with Roger Wethered, I was playing very well and managed to keep the pressure on. We were level for the first nine and then I began to pull away, and the match ended at the twelfth green of the afternoon round. I had won my first and only British amateur golf championship, in the tournament which George Duncan insists is the hardest sporting competition in the world to win.

I took a little vacation in Paris. Then came the British open at Hoylake, near Liverpool.

I am sure I never worked so hard or suffered so much in any other tournament. At least five other contestants were playing better golf than I—Macdonald Smith, Horton Smith, and Leo Diegel, American entries, and Fred Robson and Archie Compston, Britons. The course was the best on which I had ever played an open championship, and there was no excuse for my eccentric driving, or for the fact that on the first three holes I lost five strokes to par in the first three rounds. I never could get away to a good start until the final round, when Compston, with a miraculous 68 in the third round, had taken the lead from me by one stroke. And I wasn't holing any long putts to speak of. It was drudgery of the worst type all the way. Yet when I came to the eighth hole of the last round I knew I was well in the lead.

The eighth hole is 485 yards and I had been getting home with a drive and spoon. I knew that Compston, playing behind me, had blown up, and that a 4 or even a 5 here would close the door.

My spoon second was just short of the green, down a smooth little slope. As somebody said afterward, an old lady with a croquet mallet could have saved me two strokes from that point. I should have been able to kick the ball out from there with a 5.

What I did was to hit a run-up too tenderly and stop on the slope; chip ten feet short; go for the putt—overrunning two feet—and miss coming back. And that 7 left the door wide open.

I PLAYED pretty well from there in, but the shot that saved the championship was out of a bunker by the sixteenth green, at the seventieth hole of the competition. As it turned out, Leo Diegel, an hour later, stood on the same tee, tied with me after sixty-nine holes. And he was bunkered from the tee and needed a 6.

For my part, I went for the green with a spoon second—it is a hole of 532 yards, the longest on the course—and the ball was bunkered, lying so near the front wall that I had to stand with my right foot on the sand and my left upon the bank. I used the now somewhat celebrated "sand-wedge" niblick Horton Smith had given me after the Savannah open—an odd club with a concave face and a flange sole, weighing twenty-five ounces, or nearly twice as much as an ordinary club. All you have to do is take a slow backswing and hit the ball. I did this, and the ball was within four inches of holing out.

My caddy, Jack McIntyre, at this point became incoherent when he tried to express his feelings concerning this stroke. I was not much better myself, but I didn't try to talk.

That birdie 4 saved me, as I thus finished 4-4-4 while Diegel was 6-4-4, two strokes behind—the two strokes he lost at the long sixteenth. Mac Smith drew level with him in a great finish—Mac's 71 was the best card of the last round. My total score was 291, with a last round of 75.

Keystone photo

Home again after foreign triumphs. Bobby and Mrs. Jones riding up Broadway.

It was in that hour in the secretary's room of the old Hoylake clubhouse, while I was waiting for the jury to come in—Diegel and Mac Smith being the jury—that I began to decide that the game was too much for me. I was sick, mentally, from the strain. I felt that I never wanted to play in another championship. And I began to believe that this was my last year in competitive golf. It seemed that nothing in the world could be worth the agony of the last three days.

When they called for me to go out and get the cup, I hardly knew what it was all about.

So that was the last invasion of Great Britain for me.

I had managed to win my third British open and at last to capture the British amateur, and by doing this in the same season I had equaled the record of John Ball, who had done the same thing in 1890, just forty years before.

THE American championships still were ahead. I couldn't get them out of my mind, all the way home on the Europa, or even in that beautiful welcome at New York, when a hundred of the home folks came up to meet me, and the Macom came out to take us off at quarantine, and we steamed in with the fire boats spraying the sky, and rode up Broadway with the ticker tape flying. It's a wonderful experience, coming home.

But always there were those two tournaments ahead. And the memory of the two I had played was somehow heavier than the cups I was bringing back.

In his concluding article next week Bobby Jones will describe the tournaments that won him the four-ply crown of golf, and will tell why he's out of the championship fray.

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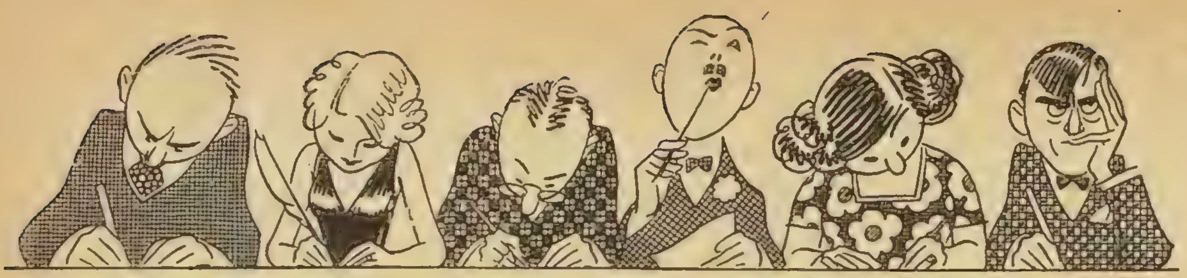


Vox

'Mid Pleasures and Palaces Though We May Walk, Be It Ever So Goofy, There's No Place Like N'Yawk

NEW YORK, N. Y.—After reading your editorial entitled "Columbia," in which you say that the city of New York has a broadening influence on everybody except New Yorkers, I just want to add a hearty "An' how!"

I was born and brought up in a small town in Connecticut. Several years ago I bade my American friends a fond and tearful farewell, left the United States, and went to New York City to live—or, rather, to exist. Like most "hicks" I had a suppressed desire to learn how to appear like a New Yorker.

Well, I have "loined"—and how! My formula is this:

First. Learn to speak with a foreign accent. Always say "foist," "Stan'ard Erl," and "Oh, yeah?" And eat garlic.

Second. Wear spats, a bright green or purple suit, and a derby.

Third. Forget all you have ever learned about courtesy (look at the subways!), grammar, and geography.

Fourth. Remember that Detroit, Denver, and St. Louis are tank towns somewhere "da udder side a' Joisey," and New Yorkers are the only men in the whole United States who have any brains, and who do not wear chin whiskers and wide-brimmed straw hats.

Follow this formula and nobody will ever suspect that you are only an ignorant hayshaker from the sticks.—*W. J. Dowd.*

DETROIT, MICH. — Your editorial, "Columbia," was very much New York-like. You guys there along Wall Street imagine that you're all the works of this great U. S. A. Have been in New York 1876, 1891, 1906, 1908, 1912, 1928, and so help me Moses I was always glad to get away and every time broke by heck! In other words, I am certain your old burg is a good place to stay away from. If you want to see real Americans I advise you to come West, since there are no real Americans in that back yard of Europe, New York.—*Henry Rohr.*

The Situation Seems a Little Difficult

MONTREAL, CAN.—Just a few lines to let you know that the more I read some of Liberty's stories, the more I believe I could be a genius at writing. Why, I'd have the editor at my feet, begging me to write more and more.

But I'll tell you, Ed., you'll have to print better stuff if you want to rouse my competitive instincts. The only time I shall write for you is when I get some real competition.—*Georgie C. Saul.*

We Told Her

KINGSTON, PA.—Well, it happened again. Grace Robinson came across with another stupid article. She asks, "Are Women Stupid?" I will say, yes. How can any sensible woman make a statement like this: "After all, which helps society more—to produce strong, intelligent boys and girls to do the world's work, as your mother and mine did, or to lead thousands of fine men to their deaths, as General Pershing did?"

How can the two be compared? Why the tone in which she makes the statement about Pershing? It seems that she believes that he intentionally took the brave American soldiers on the field of battle just to have them shot down.

She did not realize that this was a necessity. But populating the earth for society, during a war period, is not a necessity. It is far nobler to die for your country than to think of raising children for society, at a time like that.

So, why must this woman make so many foolish statements, just to take credit away from the male sex? Tell her, men shall still maintain the pinnacle.—*Harold Lefkowitz.*

And Furthermore—

KIRKLAND LAKE, ONT., CAN.—After reading Grace Robinson's article, "Are Women Stupid?" there is no doubt. The answer is in the affirmative.—*D. S.*

KINGSTON, R. I.—I read with a good deal of interest Grace Robinson's article entitled "Are Women Stupid?" I do not think they are any more so than men, but their intellects are much more inclined toward the social and away from the mechanical. Where men were the great inventors and the leaders in bringing on the machine age, women have a field, and a very important field, in readjusting society to that machine age.

Woman's handicap is that, for her, a recognized normal sex life tends away from professional success and not toward it. Our present standards come down from an age when just the bearing and raising of children and the upkeep of the home left woman little time for outside activities. All work outside the home was done by men, and it is such work that leads to conspicuous personal success.

I have seen girls start out in careers, full of brilliant promise. Up to the age of about thirty all went well. Then something happened. The desire for normal sex life began to overshadow purely intellectual interests, and, if not satisfied, to bring on mental complexes that soon ruined all hope of any very real success. A man would know what to do. He would marry, and go on with his career. Or, like one Grace Robinson mentioned, he would have mistresses.

Marriage offers the best solution, but marriage as it is today is planned for the man's career. To replan it for the woman's career, or for two careers, will need a lot of experimenting.

A girl who wants a career should marry a man who is in sympathy with her ideals. Perhaps her biggest problem is that man has been accustomed through the ages to feel himself superior to woman. He resents that reversal of the old arrangement that is very apt to come with a woman genius, and will instinctively try to pull her down.—*James R. Randolph.*

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.—That article by Grace Robinson, "Are Women Stupid?" brought to my mind the fact that, in the university I attended, I observed that women usually had the higher averages. I was surprised. Upon further investigating this strange fact I discovered that women have the ability to pass examinations on any subject and know absolutely nothing about it, really.

They lack the ability to relate a given subject to something practical, or to some other subject.—*A. L. H.*

Old Fogy!

FRESNO, CALIF.—My sixteen-year-old boy likes Liberty, but I find that—unfortunately, perhaps—I am seldom in childish enough mood to appreciate its slant at life.—*A. E. Kinkade.*

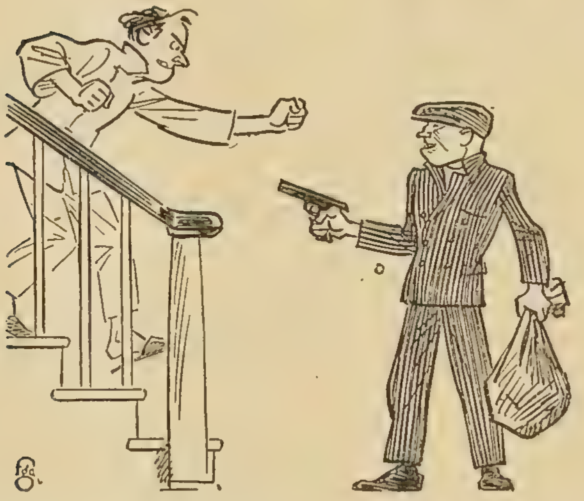
After All What?

ATLANTA, GA.—Problems of Conduct is the best contest ever published in any magazine. Keep it up, and show the world you're worth a nickel, after all. —*W. L. D.*

Pop

In Which It Appears that One Mr. Doherty Is, By and Large, All Wet

New York, N. Y.—Mr. Edward Doherty, in his recent article, "Guns," makes plain his theory that ownership of hand guns today is confined to crooks, demented persons, or unthinking ones.



Perhaps this radical view arises from Mr. Doherty's natural distaste for the present situation in which criminals arm themselves at will.

Let us not forget that there is another side to the story. There are probably some millions of citizens who insist upon possessing hand guns as well as sporting arms at their discretion—citizens of soundest financial and moral responsibility who have, through their ancestors, inherited the American tradition of self-reliance. Most of these comply with their state laws in possessing hand guns.

Attempts by local or federal governments to abrogate this basic right of the people implies one thing: that the people have so degenerated that they can no longer be trusted to provide for their personal defense.

In areas where hand guns are prohibited the police have signally failed to control criminal ownership of weapons and their use. The public alone is disarmed and a man's fists are a pretty poor weapon against a crook's gun.

It would be illuminating to know those forces which are striving to disarm the American public and to understand their ultimate motive.—*R. K. P.*

St. Petersburg, Pa.—There seems to be little logic in Mr. Doherty's argument that law-abiding citizens should be classed as morons and unwise for possessing the same means of protection that he admits every criminal has. —*Oscar D. Lewis.*

Chicago, Ill.—I should like to make a few comments on Edward Doherty's article, "Guns." Some of his reasoning is fallacious, putting it mildly.

He quotes an assistant district attorney in New York as to the lack of wisdom of those citizens who keep guns in their homes or offices for protection, saying they have no chance against the criminal.

Figures for Chicago, given in the Chicago Tribune of December 27, 1930, show that, in 1930, citizens killed sixteen robbers and thirteen burglars, while police killed twenty-seven robbers, but only seven burglars, all of which shows the citizen *does* have a chance—and uses it.

There would have been more robbers killed by citizens if it were not for laws which disarm the honest man, but have no effect on the crook.—*Leroy H. Anderson.*

Needles, Calif.—Honestly, I think Edward Doherty is trying to make it easy for the crooks. It is a proven fact that the police cannot cope with the crime situation, so why not arm the citizen, and give him a chance?—*James L. Butler.*

They Don't Hunt Animals with Pistols or Machine Guns

Brooklyn, N. Y.—After reading your article entitled "Guns," I wonder if this editor was so narrow-minded to believe that our noted doctors, our greatest professors, our most learned engineers, and last, but not least, our educated editors sometimes take it upon themselves to go hunting and at that time carry a firearm.

And I ask, does this editor place these men in a category of being "murderers" or "potential murderers"? —*Victor Mucher.*

Our Calendar Cover Gets a Great, Big Hand

Fort Collins, Colo.—Can't resist thanking you for the front cover of your January 3 Liberty. For fifty-one weeks of each year since Liberty appeared, I've read Vox Pop slams on Thrasher, said amen, and let it go at that. Likewise Barton asininities, Alicia Patterson, Grace Robinson, Robert Benchley, Bert Green, Elliott White Springs, moron puzzles, funny faces, and what not, ad infinitum, ad nauseam. Yet, once a year comes a *good* cover, and, surprisingly, once a week there is always something worth a nickel, regardless of the trash.—*F. E. B.*

Scotch Joke

Calgary, Can.—Well, sir—if Liberty was printed each week on gilt-edged India paper and bound in handsomely stamped morocco or calf, I'd still continue to buy it every week—providing I could still get it for five cents.—*Jock McGregor.*

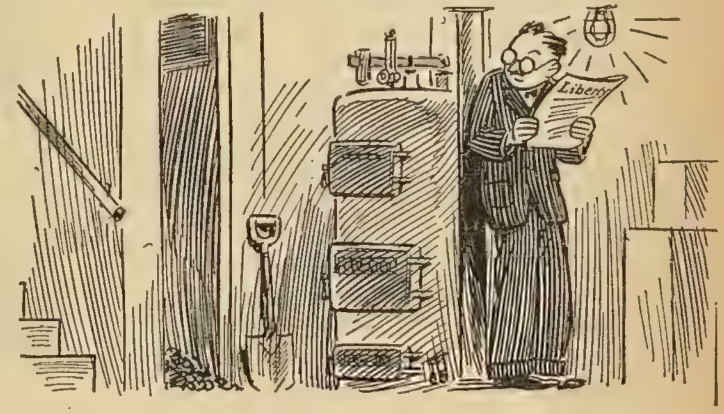
You Certainly Will Be Shot At

Louisville, Ky.—Now that Bogart Rogers and the Vox Popping Clarence B. Stagemyer have had the courage to inject a little heresy into the Lindbergh cult, I think I'll come out from behind my zareba and venture the remark that I don't think Our Lindy deserved more than 1700 of those 1800 tons of confetti the New Yorkers showered on him.

Personally, I never could see that Lindy's nerve rated any higher than that of any other pioneer airman. Just going alone doesn't mean supercourage. I think the men who undertook the responsibility of commanding crews showed twice Lindy's daring. And, besides, our hero didn't really blaze the ocean trail, you know. The NC-4 did that in 1919, Alcock and Brown following the same year with the first non-stop flight. Doubtless I will now be shot at every time I step outside for daring to mention my irreverent opinions, but that's how I feel. I don't want to dim any of Lindy's glory, but he cannot, in justice, be exalted over scores of his brother airmen.—*Jamie F. Hess.*

These Lucas Men Just Won't Behave

Boston, Mass.—In the year 1880 grandfather had to go into the cellar to smoke his corncob pipe. In the year 1905 father had to go into the cellar to drink his beer. In the year 1931 I have to go into the cellar to read Liberty, so that my children won't learn that it is in the house.—*J. Loring Lucas.*



Must Have Been a Couple of Other Fellows

Gloucester, Mass.—In your January 10 editorial "The Rough Road," where did Liberty's editor get the idea that we were licked in our second war with England—namely, the War of 1812?

When I went to school I was taught that we won the War of 1812, and, in fact, all the wars we have ever fought.

This is the first time I ever heard that England whipped us. Who got the decision? The best man, of course, and his name was Uncle Samuel.

Don't ever make a break like that again. My great-granddaddy fought in the War of 1812, and we licked 'em!—*William W. Stanwood.*

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question

$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to
B. J. SANDIFER
318 West Henry Street, Staunton, Illinois

Suppose you were the father of three children and were forced by circumstances to serve on a jury trying a noted gangster for murder. You have received a letter threatening your family if you do not vote for acquittal, and one of the main witnesses has already been shot down on the street. Testimony at the trial has convinced you that the gangster is guilty.

Which of the following would you do—

1. Think of your dear ones and vote for acquittal, regardless of the testimony,
2. Vote so as to cause a "hung" jury, thus evading the issue but giving the mob a chance to work on other witnesses and jurors, or
3. Vote for the death penalty and trust to what you believe to be an inadequate police force to protect your children and yourself from the gangsters?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, February 14. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only —typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing four answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for January 3, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

If you were a woman and had the privilege of choosing a husband, which one of the three following types would you select:

1. Kind, affectionate, and generous, though unfaithful,
2. Faithful, but given to nagging, or
3. Lovable and famous in the eyes of the world, but moody and quick-tempered despite his faithfulness?

The Winning Answers

By GRACE GADDIS
141 East Beauregard Street, San Angelo, Texas

LOVING a woman and being faithful to her are two entirely separate things. This I know now, and I have learned it only after breaking my heart and forever alienating the only man I ever loved.

If I were to choose a lover again, I would deliberately choose one of whose faithfulness I could not be assured. For I have found that constancy in a man all too often goes with dullness and stodgy stubbornness and a conventional outlook that would do credit to a member of the Ladies' Aid Society. In a man I want mental alertness, physical attractiveness, stimulating and clever charm. I want gravity when the situation demands it, a well-poised, sure-of-being-able-to-please attitude towards life in general. I want sympathy, understanding —oh, abused words! I want as little temperament as possible. And so does every other woman want these things in a lover. That is why a man with these qualities is not allowed to be faithful to one woman. There are so few of him.

I think I should know better now how to cope with unfaithfulness in a man I loved. I should ignore it. If he married me because of love for me—which is the only way any man will marry me—then I should believe that no matter where or how often his fancy might go wandering, he would belong in fact and in spirit to me and even if my marriage to a handsome, lovable, though unfaithful, man should end in tragedy and heartbreak, I would not exchange the few wonderful years for a dull lifetime with any other man that I might have who could be depended on to be faithful.

By ELAINE M. JOHNSON

3102 Bryant Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minnesota

I THINK I would choose the faithful man who is given to nagging.

The first man has bad morals, and any love I might have for him would not continue for any length of time. The third man has a bad disposition, which is very probably inherited. I would always be remembering the terrible things he'd say and do in his fits of temper, and the good opinion others have of him would make it harder for me to bear his faults. The second man, the one I'd choose, has a bad habit. If he has any good qualities, a likely fact, this one bad habit should not be so very hard to change. It is easier to change a man's habits than his morals or inherited characteristics. So give me the second man, and wish me luck. I'll need it.

By AILEEN L. GRAPENSTETER

43 Phelps Avenue, Rochester, New York

LOVABLE and famous and faithful—what paragon is this? Would I choose such a man? Will someone kindly point out the gentleman in question to me and make way for a football tackle? Add a little quick temper for spice and moodiness to taste, pour in a bottle and label "Rara Avis." This in short is the man for whom I have started a lifelong search. O Fate, be kind!

The idea of faithfulness in such a personage is a little heady. But the characteristic "lovableness" is worth the price of quick temper and moodiness a hundred times over. For woman down the ages has cherished this virtue and counted the world well lost if her man had this priceless possession to give to her.

By MRS. NELLIE DEACON

800 Virginia Street, Gary, Indiana

GIVE me a man who is generous, affectionate, and kind. If he be unfaithful, the kindness of his nature will hide it from me and my friends to save me shame and remorse.

An affectionate nature is more prone to be weak, especially in regard to the emotions, than one of the sterner, harsher types, and is therefore more to be excused for its failings.

A generous man will keep me clothed, fed, and sheltered to the best of his ability, and will furnish me with the attention and entertainment that every normal woman craves.

An affectionate man will give me the love and consideration which is every woman's birthright.

A kind man will be good to me, to my children, to my friends, and relatives. What more could a woman ask?

Give me the generous, affectionate, kind man, even though he be unfaithful. But O boy, just don't let me catch him!

Answers to the question in Liberty for January 10 will be published next week.

. . . . break the

LOCKSTEP

of home routine!

●

Week in, week out, this one task takes its toll . . . until you discover how easily it can be handled

●

DRUDGE, drudge, drudge . . . the same wearying, wearing household tasks over and over and over again . . . it's this monotony that turns marriage into misery, that steals away youth and beauty and charm.

Step off the treadmill now! Washday in the home is the cruelest tyrant of all. Share the freedom and happiness of eight million American home managers who now "Let the Laundry Do It."

This new, improved service is surprisingly thrifty! For just a few cents a pound, the present-day laundry in your community will handle all of your washing. Don't let prejudice or hearsay keep you chained in the lockstep of home washday! *Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.*

Now mother can be a real pal to her growing children—giving them that needed companionship—thanks to the leisure and freedom afforded by present-day laundry service.

Let the

LAUNDRY

do it!

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The Influenz

Did It Undermine Germany Twelve Years Ago in Her Hour of Despair?

(Reading time: 20 min. 48 sec.)

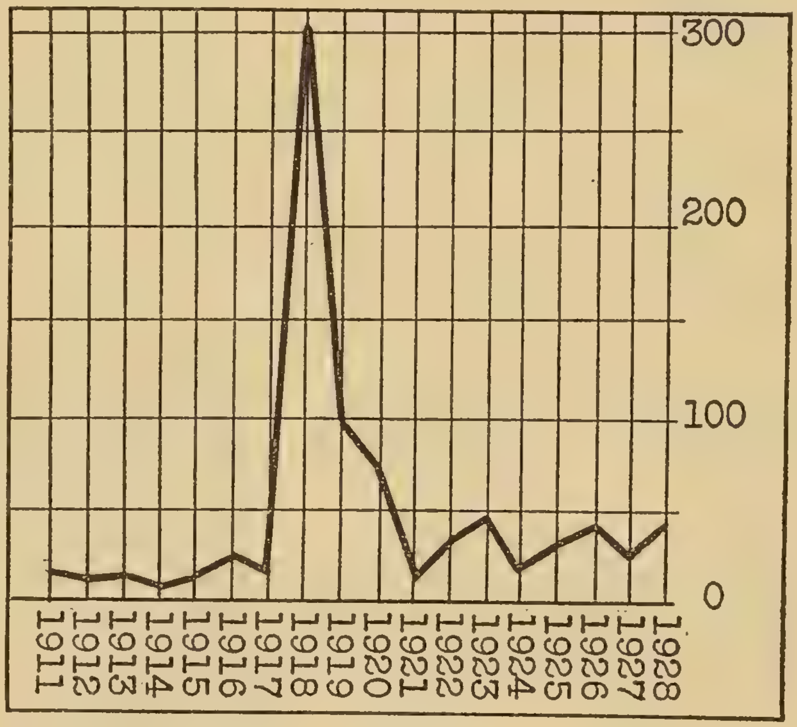
By Dr. W. A. Evans

IN March, 1918, the German army made the first of its three 1918 drives on the western front. It was at this time that the Germans realized the mistake made when they brought the United States into the war. In the hope of reaching the sea before the Americans reached France in great numbers, they accumulated stores of war and launched one of their most formidable drives. Their leaders well knew the war was lost unless the German army could reach the sea and establish a base from which the navy could interfere with the plans for troop shipments from the States. No stone was left unturned to make the March, 1918, drive a success. And it came very near to being a success.

So well studied were the plans, and the fundamental reasons underlying them, that they met the approval of the German Reichstag in the postwar days when that body was none too friendly to the one-time war lords. After the fall of the monarchy the Reichstag appointed a committee to determine the cause of Germany's defeat. On this committee various opposition groups were well represented and nobody was awed by reputation or standing of emperors, princes, or generals. One of the conclusions reached by this committee was: "The offensive of March, 1918, was justified."

Discussions of the "ifs" of history are the order of the day. What would have been the course of the world's history had the Germans succeeded in their March, 1918, objective? Suppose they had reached the sea and had made ports like Calais and Havre the bases for naval and submarine maneuvers against the troopships from America, while they drove first against one remnant of the Allied army in northeast France, and then against the other remnant to the south and west?

At a later date in 1918, a well informed medical man wrote a story of this drive, which article was widely read in America. In this story he wrote that the drive was planned for an earlier date. On that date the Allies were not expecting an attack in force and were unprepared to make proper resistance. In consequence, this writer surmised that the German attack, had it been delivered on the date planned, might have met with full success. The part of the story which interests us now is that the reason given for the postponement of the attack was the prevalence of an epidemic of influenza in the German army. Meanwhile, the Allies learned the German plans and were prepared to frustrate the attack when it came.



How the deaths from influenza increased in the pandemic of 1918. The chart shows the rate per 100,000 population in the United States.

It is unfortunate that we must overturn this story, because it has elements of appeal; but, unfortunately for the health romance it promises, the facts do not sustain it. A study of the great waves of influenza which occurred in Germany, as well as elsewhere during 1918, lends no support to the story. There was no considerable prevalence of influenza in the German army at the time the March drive was made or during several weeks prior thereto. The records prove that. General Ludendorff's contribution is indirect but none the less conclusive. Writing of the time when the plans for the later drives of that year were being made, he says: "Health had so far been good. The first cases of influenza appeared but the medical officers classified them as slight." (Ludendorff's Own Story, Vol. II.)

When the German military forces collapsed in the autumn of 1918, and the world was given an opportunity to look behind the lines, it was discovered that the morale of the civilian population was gone. The people were spiritually bankrupt. By general agreement this was a major factor in the breakdown of the German army. Such is the condensed conclusion of the committee of the Reichstag. It can be accepted as requiring no further proof of either fact or opinion. But why did the morale of the German people, so sufficient for war purposes in 1914 and so supportive of government in the intervening years, break down so tragically in 1918? How much did influenza contribute to this debacle? In order to answer these questions fairly one must know something about influenza.

No ordinary disease can change the destiny of the world, or even break down the civilian morale of a single people, or make a war machine ineffective. Influenza, however, is no ordinary disease.

Professor August Hirsch of Berlin nearly fifty years ago wrote: "The history of influenza may be followed into the remotest periods from which we have any epidemiologic record at all and its geographical distribution, so far as we may trust the information before us, extends over the whole habitable world." In Volume I, his monumental Geographical and Historical Pathology, he gives some account of 300 epidemics of influenza between the years 1173 and 1875. Of these, there were eighteen pandemic waves, such as that of 1918, in the three and one-half centuries between 1510 and 1874.

VOLUME II, Medical Science Abstracts and Review of the British Research Council, says the first recognizable description of influenza was that written by Hippocrates in describing an epidemic which prevailed in Thrace in November, 424 B. C. Dr. J. F. Siler writes: "Influenza goes back almost as far as does written history." Influenza seems to share with tuberculosis and leprosy the bad reputation of having existed at least since history began, and among every people to whom history relates.

Assuming the substantial correctness of Hirsch's record, the great world waves have swept over us during the past four centuries at intervals of about twenty

a *of* 1918

Acme—P. & A. photo

Dr. W. A. Evans, who writes this article out of long experience in public health work. He has been a professor at the University of Illinois and Northwestern University, Commissioner of Health of Chicago, and president of the American Public Health Association and the Chicago Medical Society. His daily health column in the Chicago Tribune and various other newspapers has been widely read for twenty years.

years. The better observed pandemics of the last fifty years indicate that a twenty-year interval is about right, though there is considerable lack of uniformity.

Between the great world waves, or pandemics, there is always a procession of epidemics—some local, some in waves, and some better spoken of as irregular surges. And, finally, there is considerable proof that between waves, or surges, or local outbreaks—whichever term seems to apply best for the time or location—the disease persists endemically. This means that there is always some of it present. At times but little; at other times, much. At these times it goes by such names as " colds " or " grip."

There are questions about influenza that no one can settle with the information now available, and this matter of its constant, abiding presence and the genesis of epidemic outbreaks is one of them. To begin with, we do not know what microbe causes it, or whether it is caused by a microbe, a virus, or what. The influenza bacillus described by Pfeiffer is known to be the cause of a form of meningitis but it is not the cause of influenza. Since there is no possibility of a bacterial or other laboratory diagnosis of influenza, the physicians must decide the nature of a given case by the clinical symptoms and by the appearance of the lungs in those few cases that come to autopsy. The symptoms of simple, mild influenza are exactly those of the ordinary common cold. Therefore, diagnosis between influenza and coryza in ordinary seasons is without value.

The typical lung, where death is due to typical influenza, is called the " wet red lung." It differs in appearance from the pneumonia lung. But post-mortems are infrequent, and even in fatal influenza the typical " wet red lung " is not always found.

Nor is there any specific cure. We are even denied the opportunity of making what physicians call a therapeutic test. For example, if a sick man has an obscure fever, and physicians cure him with quinine, they say his disease was malaria as proved by the therapeutic test. With respect to influenza we are devoid of a clinical as well as a bacteriologic method of diagnosing.

From all of this there results hopeless confusion as to such questions as: Is influenza always present? Are the ordinary epidemics of colds really influenza waves? Is influenza nothing but the ordinary cold which has acquired new but temporary qualities? The problem is easier when a great wave of influenza sweeps over the country. In those circumstances most of the cases present symptoms that clearly indicate influenza, the post-mortems show the lungs of most of the dead to be of the " wet red " type, and the wavelike character of the epidemic is wholly different from any disease movement in common outbreaks of colds.

IN his classical review of influenza Hirsch says the accepted opinion of epidemiologists had been that there were two plain characteristics of influenza pandemics. The first, a definite periodicity; the second, the progress of the epidemic in a definite line from east to west. He then proceeds to prove that both supposed characteristics were incorrect.

While there is periodicity, the breadth of the cycle is not fixed. He quoted Finsen as claiming that the cycle is nine years. An Englishman, Brownlee, gives it as thirty-three weeks, or some multiple thereof. Siler finds considerable evidence in the records of the United States army since 1918 that Brownlee is right. The November, 1930, bulletin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company says: " The series of death rates [due to influenza] shows a clearly marked periodicity, high spots being reached every third year. To this rule there has been no exception whatsoever during the period 1920 to 1930."

These opinions are not as conflicting as they appear. In the main, they relate to these secondary waves of influenza, these surges of the spent storm. The picture would be clearer if it were made into two parts: the one showing only the great pandemics—the world waves—coming at the rate of about four a century but never evenly spaced; and the other showing only the secondary surges.

The statement that influenza waves always move in a definite line from east to west Dr. Hirsch also disagrees with. So far as North America was concerned the great wave of the autumn of 1918 swept very definitely from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but the secondary waves and surges flowed hither and yon, north and south, west and east, and every direction in between. The wave of 1928 seemed to start in Panama and to travel from there northwest to the Pacific states, after which it flowed eastward to the Atlantic as definitely as flowed the 1918 wave in the opposite direction.

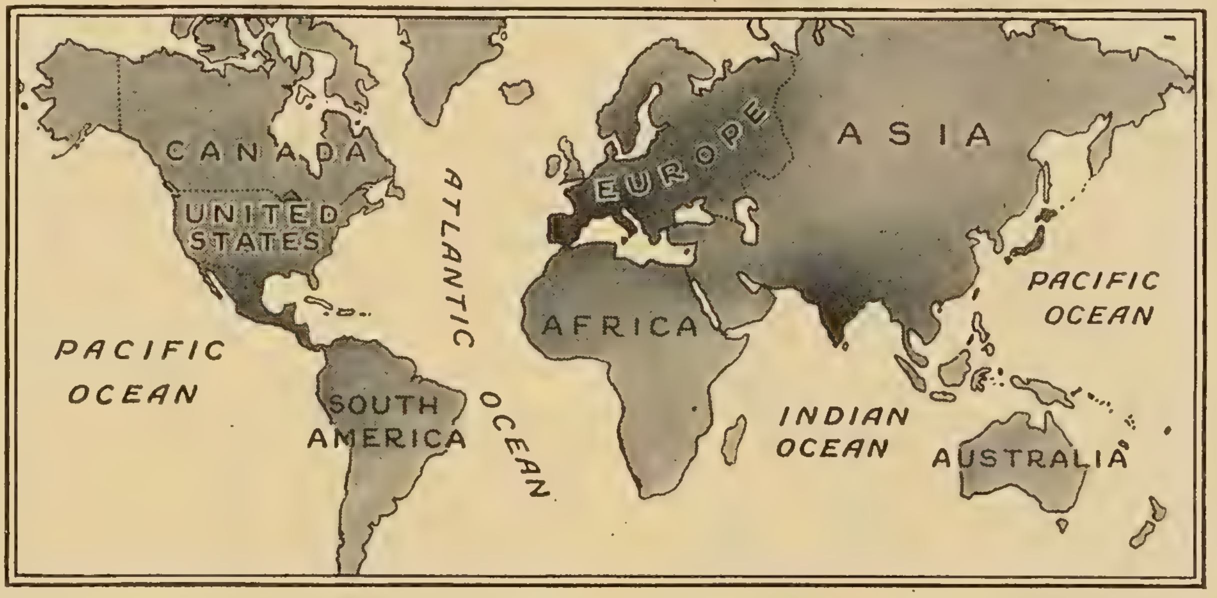
The great waves flash across the country in one general direction, flashing with a rapidity that indicates that preparation of the environment ranks with infectivity in spreading the contagion. The direction varies, though there is a preponderance of the east-to-west route. The secondary waves are far less regular and uniform in the direction they take.

The epidemic of 1918 was probably the worst in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE INFLUENZA OF 1918
Continued from page forty-seven

history of the world. It surpassed any of its predecessors in the illness it entailed, the number of deaths it caused, and in the number of countries it reached. The number of deaths ascribed to this epidemic can never be known. The number of deaths in remote parts of the world such as India, Japan, and some other Asiatic countries probably far surpassed those recorded in the lands where records are better kept. In North America, Mexico had a rate that far surpassed that of the United States. The influenza fatality ranking of various European countries, beginning with the worst sufferer, were: Italy, Spain, England and Wales, Switzerland, Russia, France, Sweden, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, and Austria. The rate for the United States was lower than that of Switzerland and higher than that of Russia. But India and Japan suffered much more than any of these countries. It is estimated that in 1918 about one-fourth of the entire populations of these two countries had the disease. Thus the total of cases mounted into many hundred millions.



Countries where the world wave of influenza took its heaviest toll are shown by the map's darker areas.

This epidemic differed in several other particulars from other epidemics, at least from those of the last hundred years—the period in which the record is even partially satisfying. It was peculiar in that it bore heavily on young men and women. It was especially hard on pregnant women, a peculiarity of which there is no record in any other epidemic. It rather spared old men and women and young children suffered even less.

The general reputation of influenza prior to 1918 was that it bore down on old men and women. It participated in the encomium which Sir William Osler had bestowed on the pneumonias generally. He pronounced them the "old man's friend," since this group of diseases painlessly, comfortably, and without fear eased old people from the stage of life on which they had stayed long enough, or even too long. The great pandemic of 1889 to 1891 had this character.

Another peculiarity of the pandemic of 1918 was that, while it killed, it did not cripple. After 1889-91 there was a great aftermath of crippled hearts, crippled kidneys, and chronic degenerations in other organs. It was freely predicted that such would be the aftermath of 1918. Not so. The heart, kidneys, blood vessels, and other organs of those who recovered from influenza in 1918 showed no demonstrable after-effects. As a rule, the man who came through an attack alive convalesced normally and finally returned to good health.

THERE is even some reason for claiming some public health benefits from the pandemic. The general death rates were low after the pandemic of 1918 subsided and also after the subsidence of the secondary wave in 1920. The very considerable secondary wave of 1928-29, with its high death rate, was followed by the hitherto unheard-of general healthfulness of 1930. At the moment this is being written compilations promise to show the death rate of 1930 to be the lowest in American history, just as that of 1922, following the waves of 1918 and 1920, was the lowest in our history at that time.

A similar experience has been noted with consumption. It was feared that an increase of this disease would be one of the sequences of the pandemic of 1918. The prediction was not verified. The consumption rate fell markedly after 1918 and it has again fallen in 1930, in the wake of the 1928 wave.

Whence came the 1918 pandemic? Europe looks for its epidemics to come out of the east. When the World War broke out in 1914 it was predicted that the fearful epidemic diseases of Asia and the east would find a foothold, first, in the armies contending on the Russian front; later, in the armies in the west; and, later still, in the civilians of the warring countries. It was recognized that British and African colonials might bring the diseases of India, Asia, and Africa directly into the armies of the western front. That is why there was so much bathing and delousing; and such meticulous care as to garbage, flies, sewage, and water supplies.

INFLUENZA was not anticipated. No plans were laid against it. The sanitary officers overlooked the fact that the last pandemic had been in 1889-1891, and that a recurrence was several years overdue.

Had any of these scientific administrators thought of influenza as a possibility he would have considered the east as the direction from which it would come. The pandemic of 1889-91 came from that direction. During those years and for several years thereafter, the disease was known as the "Russian flu" because it came out of Russia and marched westward across Europe and America. It was rather generally accepted that somewhere near the line between Asia and Europe there was a breeding ground for influenza. Dr. Simon Flexner, of the Rockefeller Institute, gave it as his opinion that influenza epidemics were of Asiatic origin. But the health authorities did not look for influenza as a war disease, and still less did they expect it to come from the quarter which first achieved the reputation of having supplied it. For when influenza first became a source of alarm in Europe it was prevailing in Spain. From Spain it appeared to travel northeast across Europe to the battling armies.

In the literature of that particular period we find the disease called "Spanish influenza." Presently facts will be presented which indicate that Spain did not deserve the foul reputation it then sustained. But what is now to the point is that the disease seemed to steal up on the blind side of the sanitarians.

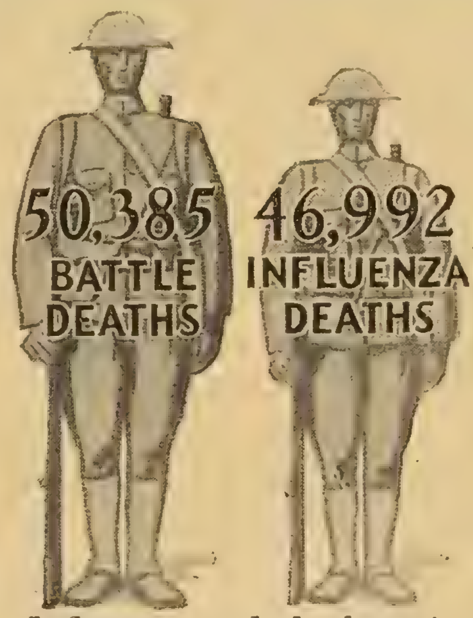
There has always been a tendency to look for the breeding places of diseases in some far-away if not some mythical place. We wear long-distance spectacles and are blind to what is under our noses.

The year 1914 found the next pandemic of influenza long overdue. The marshaling of the forces of war in that year was accompanied by some irregularities in the behavior of bronchitis and the pneumonias. In Volume XIV, History of Medical Department, U. S. Army, During the World War, Dr. J. F. Siler writes: "There appears to have been a certain possible increase in the prevalence of influenza in the few years preceding the great outbreak of 1918."

When the troops began to assemble in the American army camps in the spring of 1917, it was soon noticed that the pneumonias did not follow the usual course. Dr. Opie reported this by March, 1917. Dr. Siler says: "It seems justified to conclude that we have fairly definite evidence that influenza was then [April, 1917] at work among our troops." It subsided after that, but a new wave came or developed in December, 1917. This outbreak was also in evidence in Europe in that month. After this there was a subsidence.

In March or April there was a third rise in the Siler series. It is easily possible that these two earlier rises were merely epidemics of colds, but the same cannot be said for that in the spring of 1918, for in that one the symptoms were so peculiar and distinct that in our own army in Europe, and in the British and other armies, this outbreak was called "three-day fever."

One who studies the statistics of civilian populations can easily see evidence of this spring of 1918 outbreak among them. The late spring saw a subsidence. Then the storm began to form for the great hurricane. By July, evidence of something wrong among Negro troops was apparent on close observation. In August—somewhere about the 18th—the great outbreak began about simultaneously among our troops in both Europe and America. Through September and October the storm grew in fury. It was at its peak about November 1. After that it gradually died down.



Influenza ranked close to battle as a cause of death in the American army.

Among the civilian population in the United States the pandemic started in Boston, August 26. It swept across America from east to west. It was at its peak in Chicago on October 17.

The official British report referred to a wave in the late spring of 1918, and the great wave which reached its peak November 2.

The waves in London, in Copenhagen, and in the British army were synchronous. Von Seydel says the German spring epidemic occurred in April, 1918. The fall outbreak in the German army developed a little later than that in the armies of the Allies, whereas the disease did not reach Russia until it was carried there by prisoners returning from Germany.

This recital of facts and opinions conveys the impression that influenza did not come from anywhere but that it "jes growed" in a world in which it was overdue. There is some proof, however, that the disease was brought to New York by a Norwegian ship early in August, 1918. There is proof that it was brought to Boston by a boat which tied up at Commonwealth Pier late in August.

So confusing is the maze of speculation, rumor, hearsay, and unproved and unprovable information, that most people agree with Jordan's statement: "Its origin is so shrouded in obscurity that it probably will never be possible to fix one definite starting point for the 1918 epidemic."

THE number of cases of influenza in Germany during the two waves was given as 7,064,000, and Moller gives the number of deaths as 300,000. Siler gives the number of deaths of United States soldiers caused by it as 46,992, as against 50,385 battle deaths. The number of deaths of civilians caused by it is estimated at one million. The civilian rate was about three-fourths as high as that of the army, the rates being 12.59 for the army, and 9.96 for civilians.

What part did influenza play in the outcome of the war? A corollary of this question is, What would have happened if the German forces and the German people had escaped influenza in 1918?

When the German army capitulated on November 11, 1918, and the world had an opportunity to look behind

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now Lose 4 to 7 Pounds in one week

Yet Never Suffer a Hungry Moment

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normal, overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach.* Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment,* you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You do just two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking two teaspoons of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand*—of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted—or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good size piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat for dessert, any fresh fruit —except bananas.

At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture.* That puffy, "too-tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all *on a full stomach.* Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have. The change in diet—*the filling of the stomach to its limit*—with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat, decreases your fat day by day. The salts clear your system and cut moisture-weight. The change in food takes off the fat.

Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

THE INFLUENZA OF 1918
Continued from page fifty-nine

the lines, it was discovered, and quite unexpectedly for most of us, that the morale of the people was gone.

Bouton's comment on the report of the committee of the Reichstag to determine the cause of the German defeat says: "In July the hopes of military success had disappeared; carelessness and callousness were spreading like plague." An affirmative but somewhat quantitative answer was given to the question, How far was Germany's military decline, itself the fruit of rapid and unmistakable loss of morale in the late summer, due to increasing hunger? No evidence on the question is better than that of General Ludendorff. Writing of the plans for the second and third great offensives of 1918, delivered between the latter part of May and the early part of August, he wrote: "Our army has suffered. Influenza was rampant." When writing of plans being made at a somewhat later date, he wrote: "Meanwhile, there were very many things affecting the spirit of the troops in the west, already weakened by influenza." Writing of the July offensive, he says: "Influenza was prevalent but not more so here than anywhere else along the front." And, finally, commenting on the failure of the July-August offensive, he wrote: "To all this must be added the diminishing strength of the divisions, the result partly of influenza and partly of the monotonous diet." However, nowhere in General Ludendorff's analysis of the causes of failure in 1918 is influenza mentioned as an outstanding factor.

CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART'S comment on Binding's The Fatalist at War credited most of the break in morale to hunger and deprivation. Neither writer makes reference to influenza, even as a contributing cause. Nor is there allusion to it in Sir Philip Gibbs' Since Then. Consideration of the chronology of events explains omission of reference to influenza as an important cause of the breakdown of the German people and their army.

Various German military authorities have gone on record as knowing that their army could not win after the Battle of the Marne in 1914. This may have been the opinion held by a few, but of it the many knew nothing. The testimony is ample that both the army and the people were in high hopes at the time of the great March, 1918, drive. The summer of 1918 witnessed several forceful German drives. By July it was beginning to be apparent to the army and to the civilians that these drives were not worth what they were costing. On August 6 the last of these drives was stopped.

IF there should ever be agreement on any one specific date as being the moment when German morale went to pieces, I think August 8 would be the date agreed on. General Ludendorff writes: "August 8 was the black day in the history of this war." After that date the only question was, How much can be saved from the wreck and how?

While influenza was prevalent in the German army and among the German civilian population after May, 1918, the great paralyzing pandemic did not begin in the army until the latter part of August, after the morale had broken.

So, to the question, Did influenza cause the breakdown of the German civilian population and thus cause the surrender of the German army? the answer is: No. What would have happened had the German forces and the German people escaped influenza in the autumn of 1918? The answer is: Just what did happen. All of the German authorities agree that while the great pandemic was a contributing cause in determining the breakdown of the German army and the destruction of the civilian spirit, it came too late, for one thing, and it was overshadowed by other causes, for another, to be credited as being the cause.

THE END

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thanks to DR. EDWARDS

EACH night, just before going to bed, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets and if you're like thousands of others, you'll be delighted with the way headaches vanish, as good and glorious health returns. For more than twenty years, Dr. Edwards prescribed this formula for patients who found grateful relief. It is a compound of rare vegetable ingredients. Now he brings this formula to you. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. Know them by their olive color.

Relief is Quick and Gentle

An efficient substitute for calomel and far more pleasant to take, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets merely assist nature in restoring the bowels and liver (trouble starts here) to normal action, thus relieving danger and protecting good health. They are safe, harmless, and mild in action. No griping. Non-habit-forming.

If your skin is sallow; if you are tired and listless; if headaches bother you, try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. Quickly you should look and feel so much better. Sold by all druggists, 15¢, 30¢, and 60¢.

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CATARRH!

Catarrh is simply an inflamed condition of the mucous membrane lining the nose, throat, sinus cavities, and ear passages.

To get rid of Catarrh, reduce the inflammation. HALL'S Catarrh Medicine is doing this for thousands. Acting through the blood, HALL'S reaches the inflamed parts wherever located, carries away the poisons, restores to health. Start this proved 2-method treatment today!

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CATARRH MEDICINE
Successful for over 50 years

Combined treatment at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, send 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 222, Toledo, O. Write for "7 Things You Should Know"—Free.

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Another Woman's Husband

A Short Short Story

By

MARNA RIDER

who, until last year, was Mrs. Jim Tully. She lives in Los Angeles, and was a student at the University of Southern California when she married the novelist in 1925.

(Reading time: 4 min. 56 sec.)

THEIR game began with a casual question: "How about a little drink?"

Doris answered, as she always had answered, "Good idea."

The trivial business which occasionally brought her to his office quite late in the afternoon had been discussed and forgotten. Sometimes she had another engagement. She would leave him lightly with a trill of laughter.

More often she would remain, discussing, perhaps, a play they had both seen. Each of them knew how the evening would end—but simulated great surprise every time they were again together.

The second drink was even more casual. They pretended that it was simply a little pre-dinner fraternizing—a downtown cocktail hour for the business man and business woman. In five minutes she would stamp out her cigarette, draw on her gloves. At the entrance of the building they would say good-by and go different ways—he to the north, she south.

That had happened once, to their mutual surprise.

"How about another?"

She nodded. A smile toyed with her mouth. The man across the desk placed the glasses on the bits of memorandum paper he used as coasters for the glasses. He had explained that the janitor did not always remove the little white rings on the plate glass. She liked his quiet caution. It made playing with him safe. Yet actions such as these invariably amused her.

He always covered his tracks. He always believed that no one suspected him of having affairs. Doris looked at his curling mouth, and caught one of his furtive, underslung glances, that would always give him away.

HE began his alibi—after the second drink, just before the third.

"Operator: Cherry, one seven nine six. . . . Darling"—he was talking to his wife—"don't wait dinner—I'm tied up. Yes, I will be home early. . . ."

Perhaps his wife believed him.

A ribald toast came to mind as they clinked glasses. She could not speak it.

She had been a wife. So many times she had heard, "Don't wait dinner, darling—I'm tied up. . . ."

That had been a long time before. Hurt had gone. The memory had been carefully shut away. Now, for a moment, she was a wife again listening to a voice three miles distant—and a world apart.

Hastily she drank the liquor.

"More," she demanded, pushing the glass toward him.

She was afraid of herself. But the man across from her did not notice. Deliberately she became more gay, provocative, witty.

She had self-respect. At least, she was not the *other* woman. With this man there was never *another* woman. It was women. He would not change. If it were not Doris, it would be someone else. Plenty of women were seeking light adventure.

"Yes," she answered automatically, "the last act was disappointing."

Then she realized what had awakened memories. The bunch of freesias that stupid flower vendor had thrust under her nose as she had turned into the building.

One night she was entertaining at dinner. There were eight guests. Her husband had telephoned, and she casually explained his absence. But the guests exchanged glances she pretended not to see. There had been freesias on the table, and the lush odor of wet earth that follows spring rain had come through the open window. . . . Through the long evening she had wondered where her husband had really gone.

THEN she had decided not to suffer any more. Their parting was quite civilized. She did not chide him. Words were such empty things. And she knew her husband did not care. She was only a wife.

Another marriage could not interest her. Wives had only the leavings—other women took the best part of a man. That is, the type of man she unfortunately liked. She would not lay herself open to hurt again.

Doris scrutinized her companion as he poured another drink. The bottle would soon be empty. Then they would go to dinner at a restaurant designed for clandestine lovers. One entered through the back door, passing curtained booths to the one reserved. Then would follow red wine and good food. They would slip out the same way and go quietly, unseen, to her apartment. "The little fool," Doris thought. But why could not she forget, this evening, that she too had once been a little fool?

Her thoughts persisted in veering away from her chatter of the theater. She turned a condemnatory spotlight on herself. She nearly spoke aloud her thoughts. Tears came to her eyes.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh! just regretting that I'm—hardboiled."

He smiled. "Hardboiled? No! A gallant lady playing a man's game in a man's world. I'm afraid you are getting a crying jag on." . . .

The lights were switched off. He gathered her into his arms. She allowed herself to feel the strong warmth of him again, that warmth so grateful in the darkness. She pressed kisses on the curving lips. And then she nestled in his arms hungrily, trying to take part of him away to keep forever.

She drew on her gloves as they walked to the elevator. At the entrance of the building she stopped.

"Good night," she said quietly.

He hid his surprise.

At the corner she could not resist looking back. She saw him swinging along, debonair, questing.

Doris turned the corner and walked rapidly. The fresh rain cooled her cheeks. . . .

Afterward she insisted to herself that she had tired of him. Or else why had she divorced him—two years before?

THE END

NAME THESE MOVIE EYES!

They're hazel and belong to a beautiful First National Pictures star who once adorned Ziegfeld's stage shows. She's 5 ft., 5 in. tall, weighs 112 pounds and has blonde hair. Name below*

no need now to have dull eyes

It's foolish to let dull, bloodshot eyes mar your appearance when an application or two of harmless *Murine* will make them bright and clear again. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that causes eyes to look dull, and quickly clears up any bloodshot condition. 60c at all drug and toilet counters. Try it!

**Dorothy Mackaill*

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LUCKY TIGER

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A single application stops that miserable itching. A single bottle corrects scalp irritations. A Proven Germicide, delicately perfumed, safe for both adults and children. World's largest seller at Druggists, Barbers, Beauty Parlors.

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When elimination is perfect, there is seldom an ache or ailment. Millions of women suffering from constipation have found Stuart's Calcium Wafers a boon and a blessing. Even the *complexion* shows what calcium will do for the system.

Do you know that frequently only an occasional tiny calcium wafer will soon have your system functioning every day—of its own accord? How much better than salts or harsh cathartics!

Stuart's Calcium Wafers help to keep you fastidiously clean inside, and give you a clear satin-smooth skin free from blemishes. From the very first day you take these tiny sugar-coated wafers you should see and feel the difference.

A five-day test should prove to you very conclusively the system's need for calcium and the decided benefit from Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

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Enough for full test—ample to prove the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers—will be sent you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. 10-D, Marshall, Mich.

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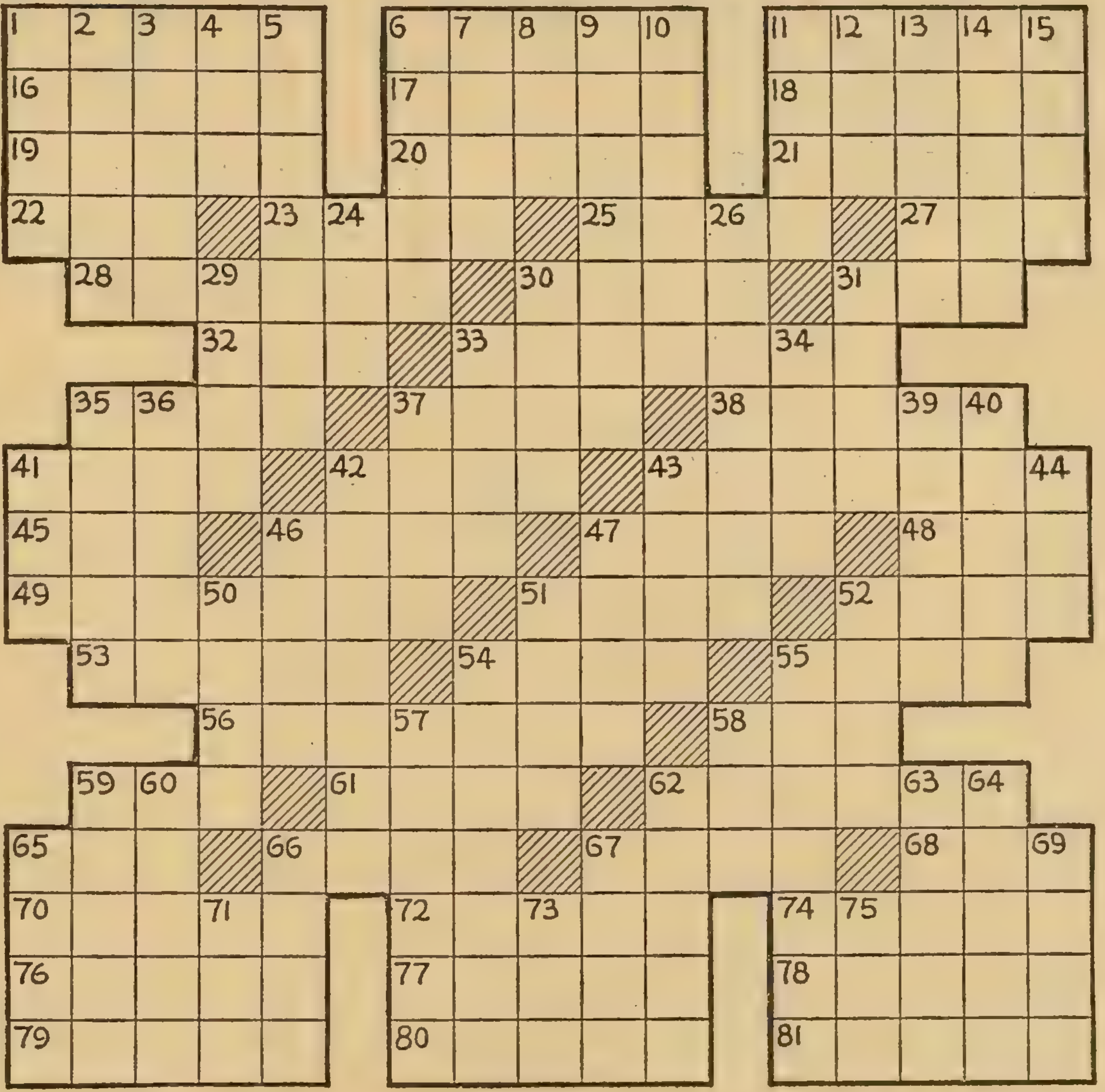
Liberty's Twin



HORIZONTAL

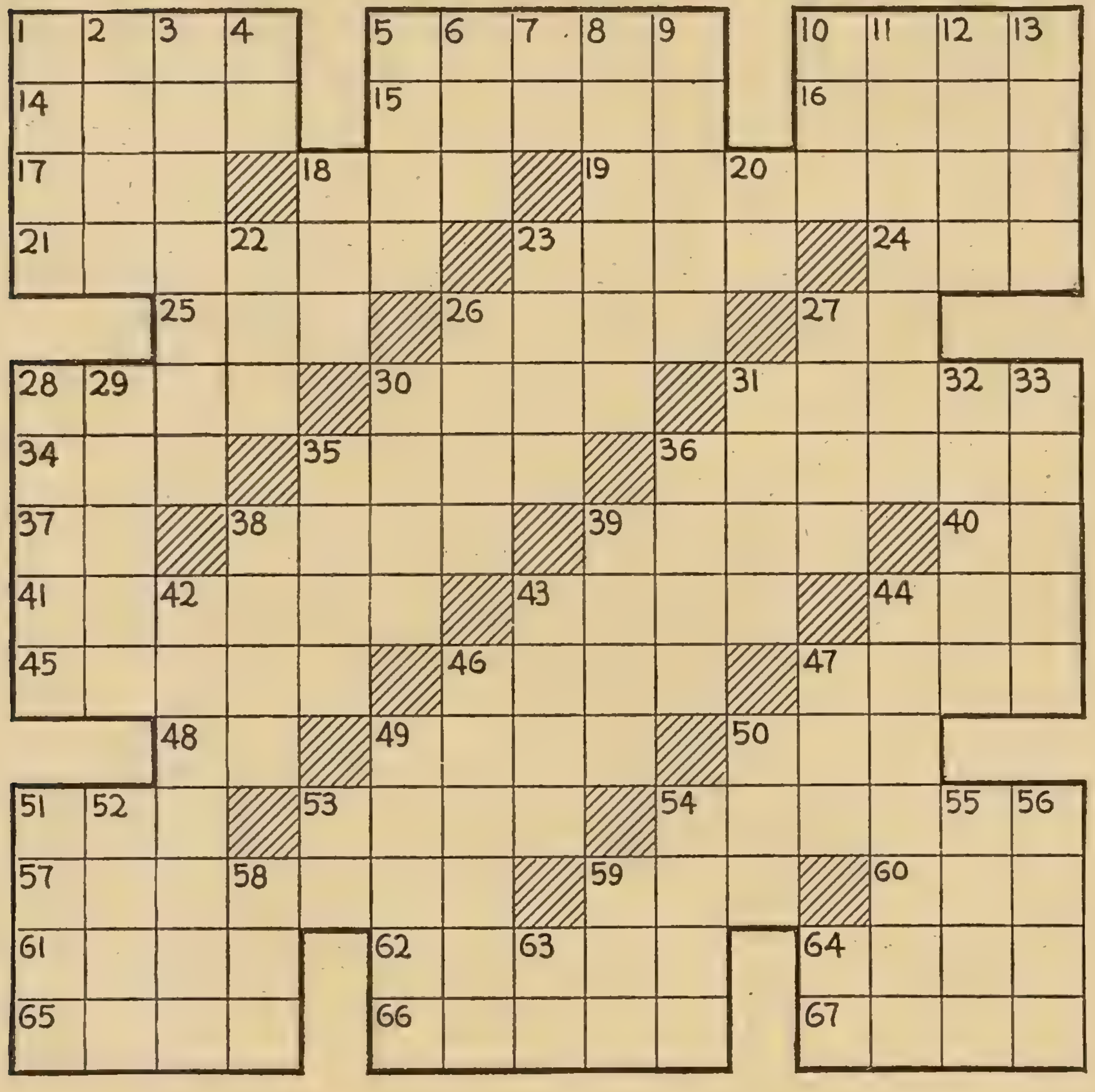
1 Trample
6 To entreat or appeal earnestly
11 A size of type
16 Weird; uncanny
17 Passageway, as in a theater
18 Peeled
19 To range in a row
20 That which is inserted
21 The goddess of peace (class. mythology)
22 It is
23 Slender and thin
25 Throw with the hand
27 Negative prefix
28 Belief; doctrine (plural)
30 To overpower with sudden emotion
31 Vehicle
32 Ill temper
33 Treat with tenderness and affection
35 Moral errors
37 Enemies
38 Edible seeds
41 Obtain the use of for a compensation
42 To prepare, as wool, for spinning
43 Citizen of a city in Greece
45 Man's name
46 Native of a Scandinavian country
47 A Chinese money of account
48 Sooner than
49 Making lace
51 Staff of authority
52 A vegetable
53 To fix in the mind
54 Strike noisily
55 Flying vertebrate
56 Percolating
58 Revolving vane for producing currents of air
59 Animal of the deer kind
61 Torn
62 Tenderer; meeker
65 Period
66 Gazed fixedly
67 Propellers
68 Contend against
70 Become untwisted
72 Forgive
74 Genus of grasses
76 Newspaper paragraphs
77 Blot out
78 Obeys
79 Language of Norway
80 Units of force
81 Impudent (colloq.)

VERTICAL

1 Nipple
2 Re-illuminated
3 Ascend
4 A deity in Egyptian mythology
5 Parers
6 Distresses
7 Part of a chain
8 A worm
9 Abutment of an arch (plural)
10 Roundabout way
11 Sacred bull of the Egyptians
12 A fish
13 Scene of action
14 Import; meaning
15 State of bliss
24 Corroded
26 Clipped suddenly
29 Cardinal number
30 Cast or throw off, as feathers
31 Scorch
33 The central part of anything
34 Sea mammal
35 Mexican fiber
36 Angry
37 Tooth
39 Guide
40 Provided with ear-like appendages
41 Head covering
42 Establishment for canning fruit, etc.
43 Intoned
44 Seine
46 Dreadful
47 Strong taste
50 Work; undertaking
51 Desire
52 To bandage or dress
54 Bookbinder's establishment
55 Species of fir (pl.)
57 Gazed intently
58 A tree
59 One of the Muses
60 Bather
62 Companions
63 Makes level
64 Skins of fruits
65 Ireland
66 Otherwise
67 A river in France
69 Comfortable
71 Printer's measures
73 To furnish with a complement of men
75 By way of

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

1 An insect
5 Adventitious sound accompanying breathing (plural)
10 Short, bulblike fleshy stem (botany)
14 Ceremony
15 Positive terminal of an electric source
16 Superficial contents of any figure
17 American author
18 A parasitic disease of sheep
19 Pertaining to Persia
21 Small brush used by artists
23 To reach or touch with an end
24 Artfully or meanly cunning
25 A pavior's mallet
26 Apparatus by which a ship is steered
27 Act
28 A genus of liliaceous plants
30 Unquestioning
31 Any of various marine shells
34 Remote
35 A game at cards
36 Titular character in a Defoe novel
37 Prefix meaning not
38 Semiprecious stone
39 Lacking in the comforts of life
40 Within
41 Tool for enlarging or shaping a hole
43 Cleansing agent
44 Section of a circle
45 Moved forward gradually
46 Fog; haze
47 To move upward
48 Adjective suffix
49 A coin
50 Yellow ocher
51 Feminine personal name
53 A kind of johnnycake
54 Pluckiest
57 Island off the coast of Morocco
59 Without
60 A deer
61 A genus of European plants
62 Deputy; representative
64 Small short-billed rail
65 Thighs of any animal prepared for food
66 Light open cotton fabric (plural)
67 Units

VERTICAL

1 To cover by winding or folding
2 An assistant
3 Any person having a powerful voice
4 A letter of the Hebrew alphabet
5 A wading bird
6 Moreover
7 Exclamation
8 Fit to be eaten as food
9 The whey of milk
10 To be able to do, make, or accomplish
11 Supplications
12 Actual; genuine
13 Manifold; various
18 To gut, as fish
20 By
22 Any catchword; a hint or intimation
23 Combining form meaning air
26 The frame or body of a vessel
27 Obstinate; sour
28 Burning
29 Crippled
30 To mount on or as on wings
31 A riding whip
32 Cordage made from coconut fiber (plural)
33 Therefore
35 Hastened
36 A garment
38 A Hebrew measure
39 The place at which a body of troops is stationed
42 A thing to be done
43 Trigonometrical ratio
44 Part of an airplane
46 A household
47 Margin
49 Shade of red
50 Perched
51 Female servant in the Orient
52 City in Japan
53 Greek letter
54 Intestines
55 Irritated; annoyed
56 Social affairs
58 Printer's measures
59 Biblical name, I Esdras v.22 (Apocrypha)
63 Measure of type
64 Thus

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

your barber knows this FACE NET!

. . . the network of Pores which traps the Dirt

Every first-class barber knows that it's difficult to *wash* your face clean.

He knows that water won't remove the deep-down dirt which is imbedded fast within your pores.

BUT—he has that famous pink magic—Pompeian Massage Cream, which penetrates each pore and *rolls out* the dirt. Watch him rub it in—a pink and rosy cream. A fresh, tingling sensation follows . . . and then out it rolls. Pink? No, grubby, grimy, grey pellets—dingy with pore dirt. And now your face is *clean*.

Ask for a Pompeian Massage after your shave. Tell your barber to use the *genuine Pompeian Massage Cream*. Keep a jar in the bathroom and use it yourself. You'll never be satisfied with *a washed* face after you've seen your skin really clean—ruddy with healthy color.

A large size jar is only 60c. Get it today at any drug-store!

The Pompeian Co., Inc., Elmira, N. Y. and Toronto, Can. (*Sales Offices:* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York and Toronto.)

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

NIGHT COUGHING

Quick and Safe Way To Stop It!

Whatever it is due to—cold, catarrhal condition of the throat, dust irritations or smoking—night coughing *can* and *should* be stopped! Nothing will pull you down faster, for it not only deprives you of needed sleep, but it tears you to pieces.

At the first sign of a cough, take good old "Piso's for Coughs." It does the five things necessary to stop a cough and repair the damage done. It checks the cough spasm, loosens the mucus, opens the air passages and soothes the inflamed tissues. At the same time, it has a tonic value that tends to build up what the cough tears down. Only Piso's supplies these five vital effects and it contains no opiates and does not upset the stomach. Safe to give even to babies. All druggists sell Piso's in 35c and 60c sizes. Be sure you get "Piso's for Coughs."

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

London Across the Bar

(Reading time: 8 minutes 14 seconds.)

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

London, Eng.

DEAR MARG:

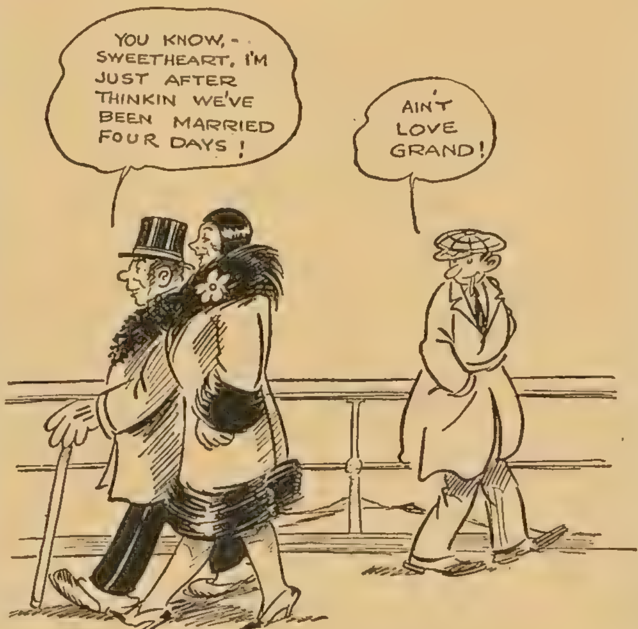
Well, youll be surprised to know that your boy friend is over in London with Danny Doyle the millionaire. You remember him Marg—hes the guy I wrote you about. Hes the Coal and Ice peddler what inherited a fortune from the phony oil stock his friends gave him for a present.

Well, when the brides mother TOOK *him,* he decided to do his funnymooning over in Europe, so what does *I* do but promote myself *in* as a high powered secretary to the bride and gloom at two hundred slugs a week with the excursion thrown in besides. A giggle, what?

Anyway, the first thing the bride did, was choose herself the Grand Luxe Sweet on the Eel de France to show how Ritzy she was. She would!—The last and only time she took a boat ride, was on a ferry to Hoboken to do a bit of hoofin when Floridora was in rehersal. If youd ever seen the two of em percolatin around the big ship, it would have thrown your neck outer gear.

To begin with, they had three ultra modern bedrooms, three baths, one sittin room and a private dining room that would make the banquet hall in St James Palace look like a breakfast nook. In it there was a fountain loaded with tadpoles and minnows and every time a goldfish swam thru the castle, the statue would light up.—Snooty, eh?—And Sister, the *bed rooms,* WOW!! If you ever quilted yourself down in one of them swanky beds, the Sultans private couch would feel like a work bench.

Well, Danny and his bride spent the first three days in their own quarters, but on the fourth day they decided to go out on deck as they were feelin a little squirmish. As soon as the deck steward lamped em, he grabbed a couple of steamer chairs and blanketed em down against the deck house to keep em happy. Well, everything was alright for about an hour until a big red faced gorilla parked himself to the windward of the two of em and began blowin up a roll of linolium called a cigar. Every time Danny got a whif of the smoke, he had visions of wrastling the rail.


YOU KNOW,- SWEETHEART, I'M JUST AFTER THINKIN WE'VE BEEN MARRIED FOUR DAYS!
AIN'T LOVE GRAND!

If youd seen the two of em percolatin around the ship, it would have thrown your neck outer gear.

Well, after the red faced guy finished the rope, he ordered the steward to come up and bring him the menu. After lookin the grocery list over, he says in a loud rough voice: I'll have some *clam chowder,* a *dozen oysters* and a shoulder of *pork.* Well, as soon as he mentioned *pork,* Danny made one mad rush for the rail and bent it in four places. As for the bride, she ran out of the picture early in the afternoon. A few minutes later who comes along but the Captain himself and what does he do but invite Danny to supper at his own private table in the Main Saloon.

Sure, thanks! says Danny gettin paler under the gills. He'd no more let the Captain know he was groggy than shoot himself.

At 7:30 that night, Danny comes staggerin thru the main dining room to the Captains table. Wheres your wife? asked the Captain with a two buck smile on his face.

Oh, shes *out* like a *light.* But you cant faze *me!*

What are you goin to eat? asked the Captain.

Well, if its all right to you, I'll have a ham sandwich!

Wait till you see what *I'm* eating, chuckles the Captain pokin Danny in the ribs.

A minute or two later in ankles the head steward followed by eight or ten flunkies all carryin dishes loaded down with fancy groceries. The steward places a large dish before the Captain and over it is a silver bath tub big enough to swim in.

Ah, ha! says the skipper rubbin his hands, wait till you see *this.*

The steward lifted the lid and there as big as life was a *pigs head* all covered with roses, gravy and mashed berdadoes. Danny gave one look, the ship gave a lurch and the pigs head opened one eye and went "*Ah, r-r-r-r!*"

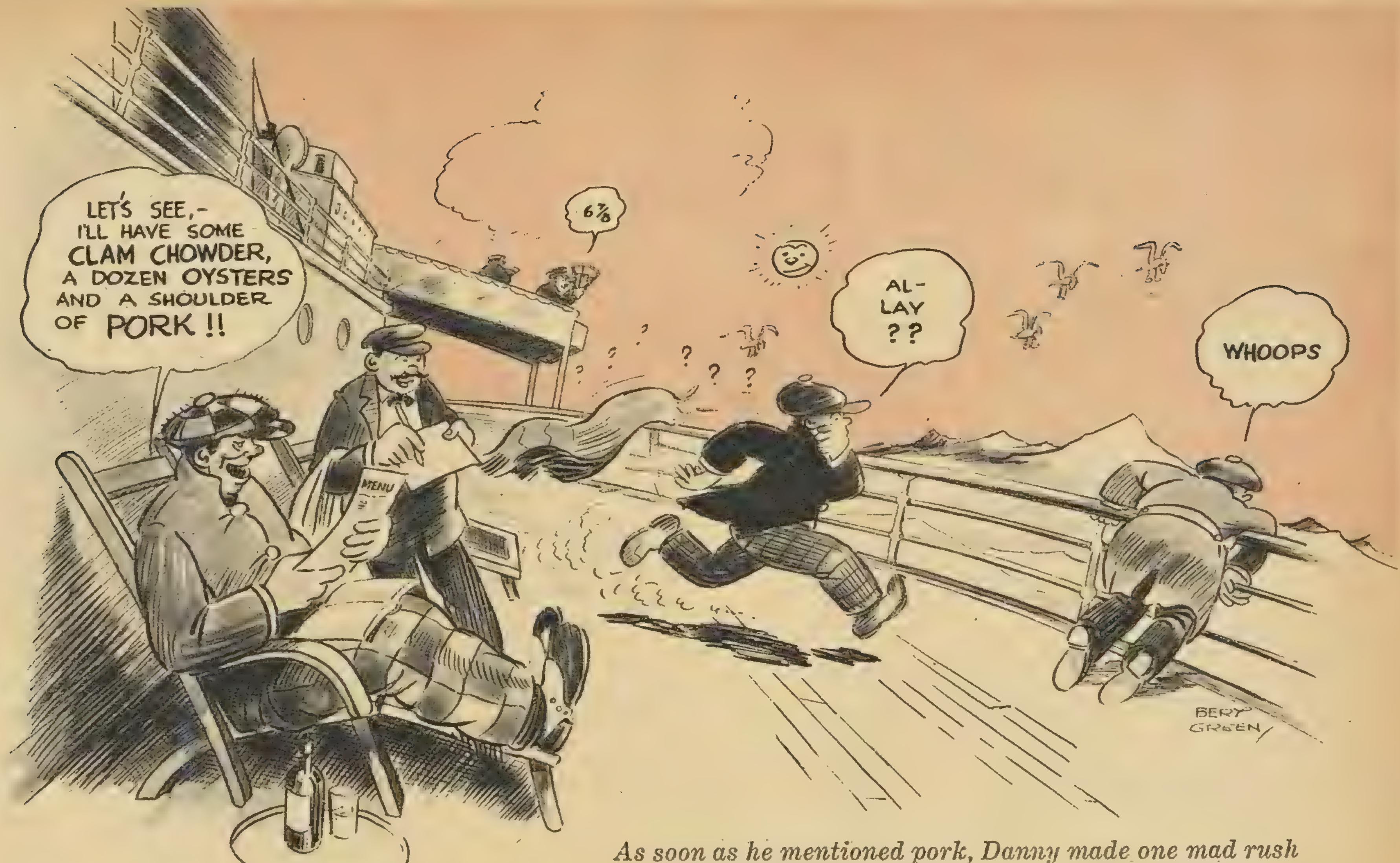
Pork! hollered Danny as he made one wild leap for the deck knockin over the waiters.

Well, Marg, that was the last of him until we arrived in London.

A day or two afterwards his bride got an invitation to spend the day at Buckingham Palace. It seems her old pal Peggy O'Brien worked there as a chamber maid, so Danny decided that me and him had better look the sights over in London. The first things we did was run over to the All American Bar in Pickidally Circus to do a bit of elbow bending. And who do you think, Marg, I met up with? No less than our old friend Joe White the famous tenor what was on a concert tour in Europe. Well, while we're standin at the bar somethin funny happened. I'll have to tell you about it.

OVER to the end of the bar, a little tad was seated at a table nursing a half glass of warm beer, and from the looks of him, he was waitin for a live guy to bounce in and steak him to a few drinks. Anyway, as we're drinkin, we were all starein at the same thing—a paintin called Custard's Last Fight, by a famous painter by the name of Anheuser Busch. Oh, what a swell picture—everybody in it was gettin killed or murdered.

Anyhow a stranger next to me what was lookin at the picture, leans over to me and says in a loud bourbon voice: It seems a shame, but there aint *one livin survivor* of that terrible battle of Sitting Bull.



LET'S SEE,- I'LL HAVE SOME CLAM CHOWDER, A DOZEN OYSTERS AND A SHOULDER OF PORK !!
MENU
6⅞
AL- LAY ??
WHOOPS
BERT GREEN

As soon as he mentioned pork, Danny made one mad rush for the rail and bent it in four places.

He had no more than said it, than the little old tad sittin in the corner gulped the rest of his drink, walked over to where we were standin and horned in.

I'm just after hearin that last remark, he says, and I beg to differ with the gintleman, because *I'm* the only livin survivor of that war!!!

My name is Murphy, he begins, and I'll tell you all about it—I'll have a beer please!

While the bartender handed him a drink the rest of the customers gathered around to listen to his story.

Well, says he (takin a long drink) I was General Custards orderly. I never will forget the terrible hot July day back in '71. By golly, it was the hottest day we'd had in thirty years. It was so hot that the sweat on the back of your neck turned into steam. Anyway, our regiment was camped out on the plains about six miles from Sittin Bull. See, right there to the left of the pitcher. Anyway, I was sittin in the tint with General Custard, General Downey and General Hennessey. We were all playin forty-five.—Yes, I'll have another beer, thanks.—Well, I was just about to deal the cards when I hear a hell of a commotion outside the tint, and glory be to Heaven, I look around quick and what do I see but an orderly pushin his way through the six feet of snow what surrounded the tint.

HOLD on a minute! butted in Danny Doyle. Youre after tellin us it was in July. Who the divil ever heard of snow in the middle of July?

Well, Murphy continued, it was the 12th of July, and you know yourself that anything could happen on *that* day.—Yes, I'll have another beer, thanks.—And as I was sayin, the orderly comes rushin into the tint and begins wavin his arms like a crazy man and starts yellin at the head man: For the love of Heaven, General Custard, come out *quick!!* We're bein surrounded by Indians and they'll kill us dead if you dont come out.

To hell with em! hollers the General. Deal your hand; the red skins can wait!!—Yes, I'll have another beer.—Well, he no sooner said it than in rushes *another* orderly with both his legs shot off. Now, looker here, yells the orderly. If you dont come out *immediately*, General, we're all gonna be dead men, d'y'understand? The Indians are creepin up on us fast—

Let em creep! hollers the General. Its my deal. Well we kept on playin for about fifteen minutes more when the hollerin outside was gettin fierce. Sure, it got so bad that the General slammed his cards down on the table and says, Well, I guess we'll have to go, boys. Follow me, you brave bucks. And as for you, Murphy, he says, pointin to me, *you stay here in the tint* and watch them cards—I'll be back in a minute.—I'll have another beer, please.

Well, gintlemen, for the first time the Irish blood in me veins boiled. Here, when I had the chanst of me life to have a shindig with them Injuns, the General tells me to watch the cards. But orders is orders, so in the tint I stayed.

YOU don't say so? butts in Danny Doyle with a bit of a smerk on his face.

I do that! replies Murphy pullin himself up to his full height and slappin his chest. Well, to continoo, I looked outer the tint and theres the General and the brave soldiers springin into the thick of the red divils killin them right and left. Glory be to Heaven it was a terrible me-lee. Just like you see it there in the pitcher. You see that big rock over there? Well, thats where it all started!—I'll have another beer please. Make it a big one!—Oh, as I was sayin: while the battle was at its height, I take a quick slant outer the tint and what do I see but a great big buck of an Indian chief with plenty of feathers tryin to sneak up behind General Custard to bring a ten pound Tommy hawk down on the Generals skull.—Sure, I'll have another wee one.—Well, I grabs ten rifles, nine rewolvers, six swords, four pistols, five baynuts, a large club and a little cannon we used for salutin purposes and I rush up behind the red skin whos all set to slay the General.

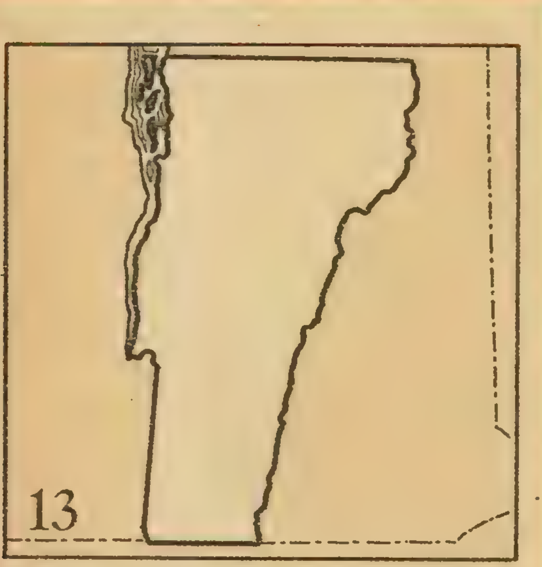
And then what happened? chimed in the bunch as Murphy was guzzling the beer.

Well, with all the strength and power that was magnified tenfold by me rage, I up and give the Indian chief the *damdest kick in the pants* you ever saw in yer life and saved the General!—Yes. I'll have another beer!

Wishing you the same
Yours trooly
MIKE SHEA.

Another travelogue from Mike will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Liberty's Patriotic



Within this state are mountains which suggest its name. It is separated from one of its nearest neighbors by a river which bears the name of another state.

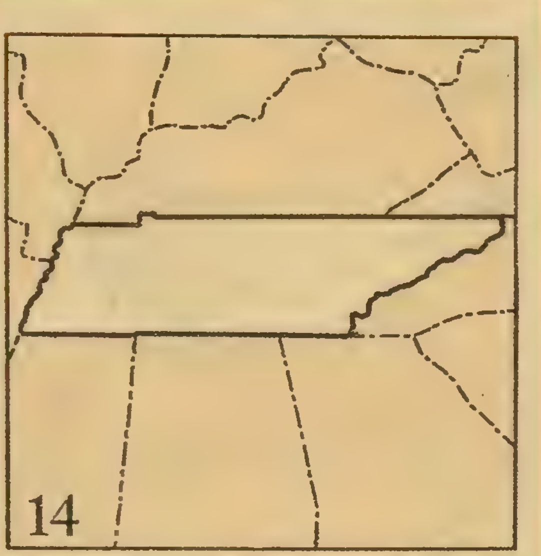
Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

....

....

SET NO. 4



This one is bounded by an unusually large number of states. An important battle of the Civil War was fought in the mountains in its southern section.

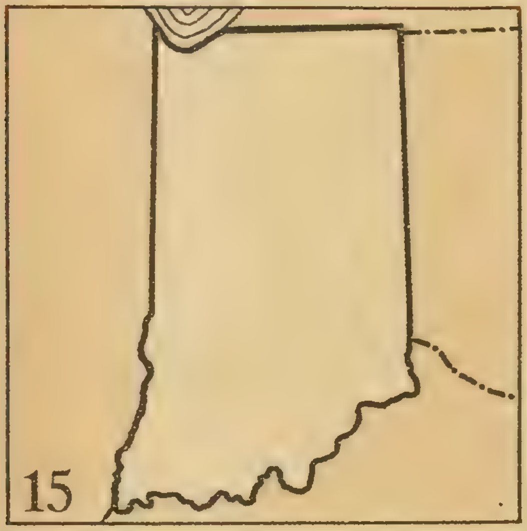
Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

....

....

SET NO. 4



This state is in a region identified with a noted French explorer. Three states and an important tributary of a great river constitute its boundaries.

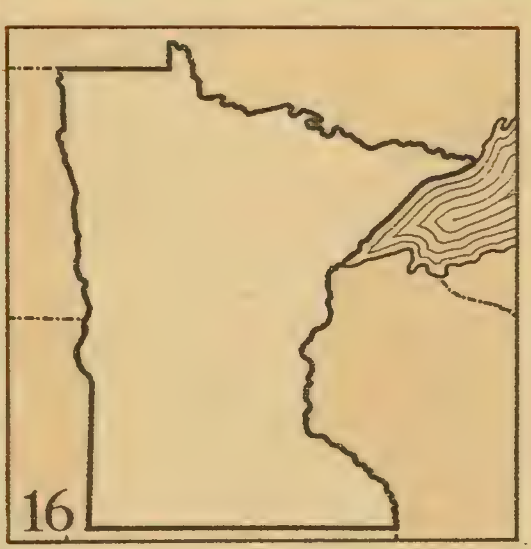
Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

....

....

SET NO. 4



Its yields of wheat and dairy products are this state's chief claim to agricultural distinction. A large body of water forms its northeastern boundary.

Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

....

....

SET NO. 4

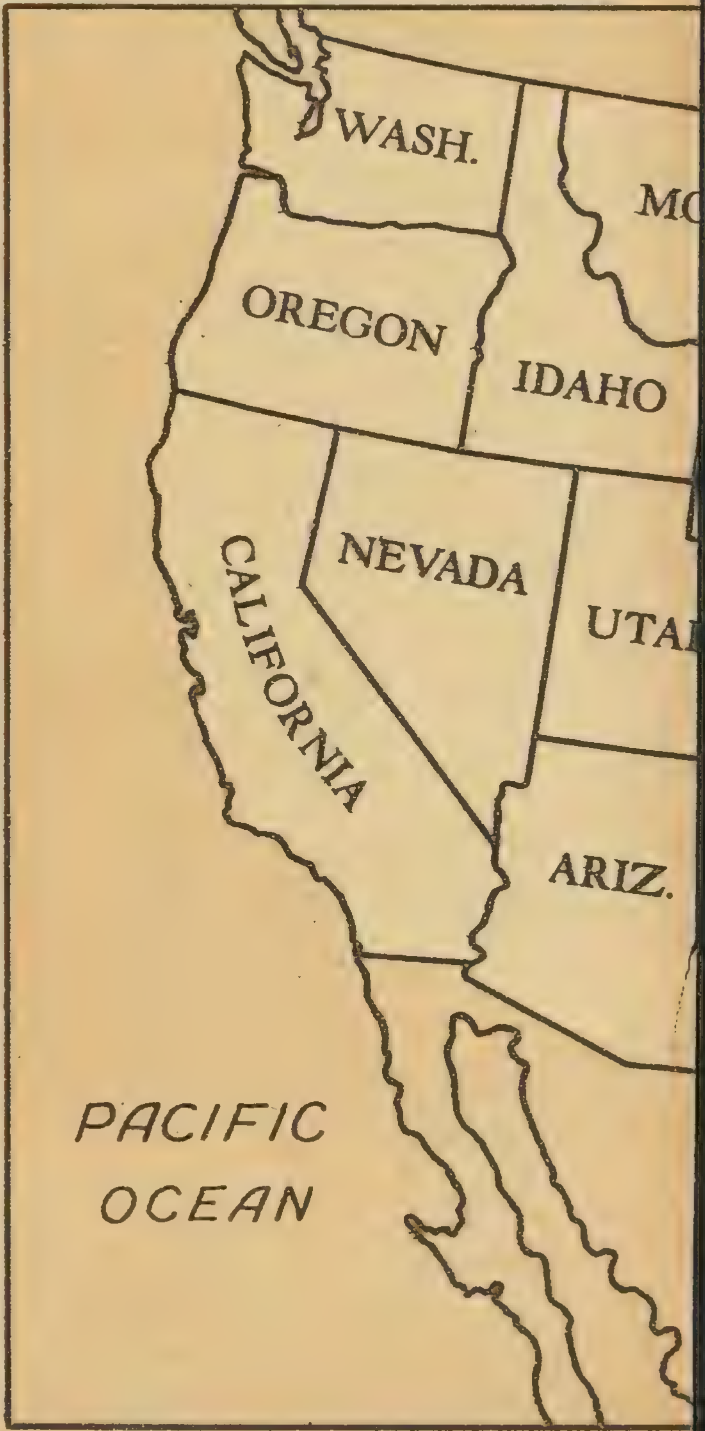
HERE is the fourth set of maps you need to play Liberty's Patriotic Game of States. Others will appear in the next eight issues of Liberty. When you have twelve sets you'll be ready to try for your share of $25,000! This is a game that teaches you things about the United States—and, best of all, it's a lot of fun. Everybody can play it.

Read the rules carefully, and follow them. A map of the United States is printed herewith, to help you. Remember that you are not to send anything to Liberty until you have twelve sets of maps—forty-eight maps in all. And please note that we cannot supply back numbers to contestants in the Game of States. Save the maps, or copy or trace them, NOW!

$25,000 IN CASH PRIZES

divided as follows:

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next 180 prizes, $25 each	4,500
Next 1,355 prizes, $10 each	13,550
TOTAL (1,540 prizes)	$25,000



GAME *of* STATES

The Rules

1—Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States; a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

2—You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and, below each map, write the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it.

3—When you have done this with all the maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4—Liberty will pay a total of $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5—This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

6—Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, Post Office Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by midnight, twenty-one days after the final set is published.

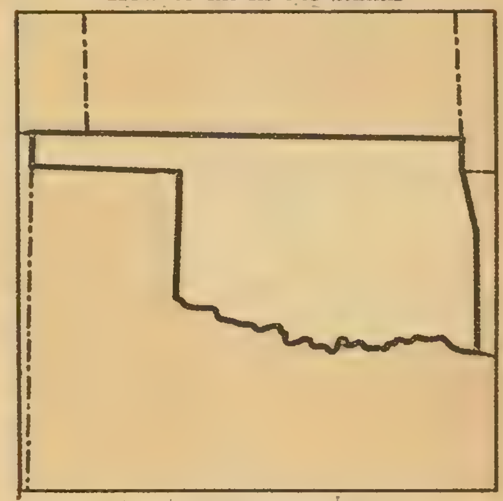
7—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8—You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. *We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.*

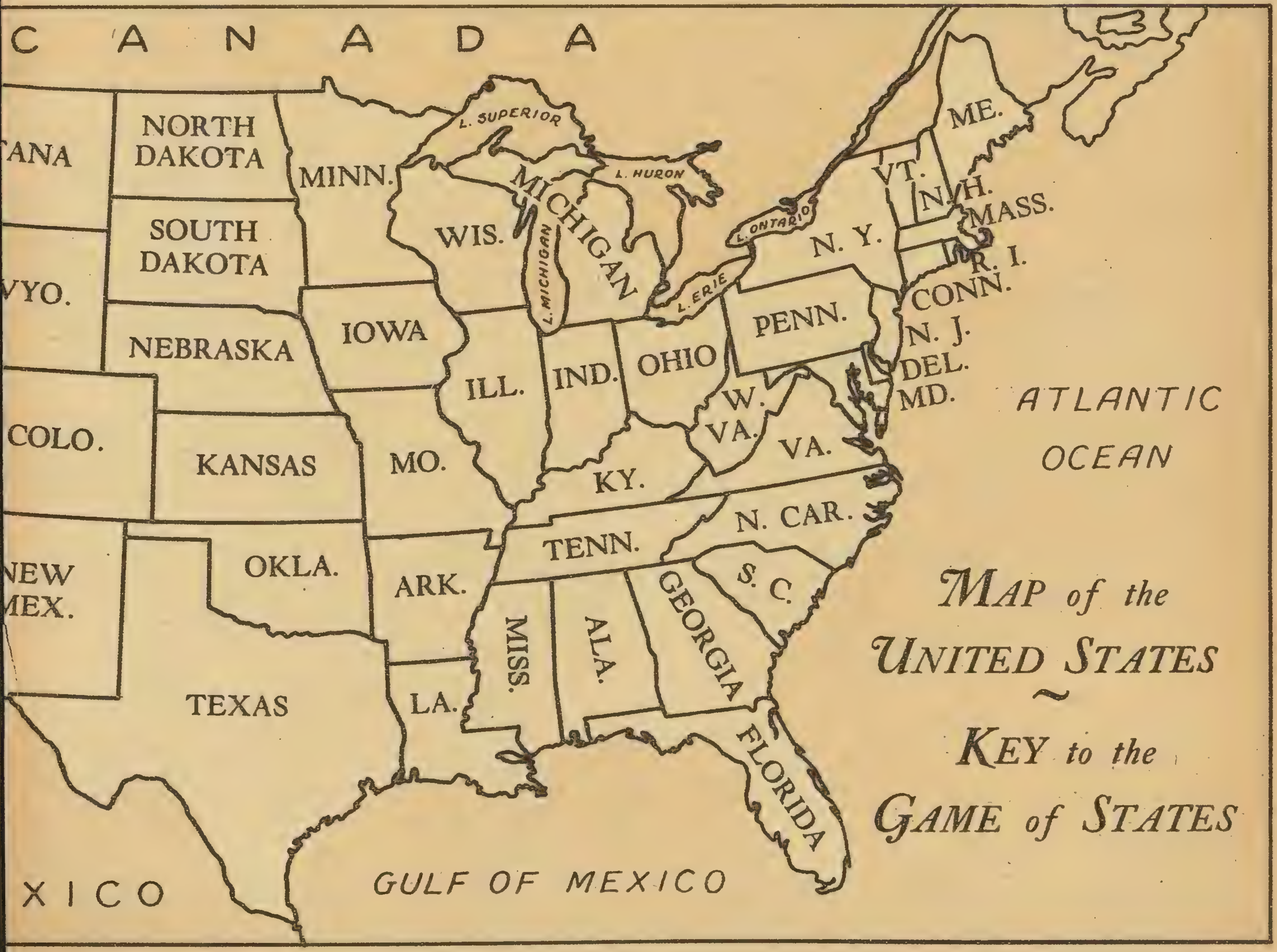
EXAMPLE

How to fill in the blanks



Name of State *Oklahoma.*

Bounded by *Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, New Mexico. and Colorado.*


C A N A D A
ANA
NORTH DAKOTA
SOUTH DAKOTA
MINN.
L. SUPERIOR
L. HURON
WIS.
MICHIGAN
L. MICHIGAN
L. ONTARIO
L. ERIE
ME.
VT.
N. H.
MASS.
N. Y.
R. I.
CONN.
N. J.
DEL.
MD.
PENN.
VYO.
NEBRASKA
IOWA
ILL.
IND.
OHIO
W. VA.
VA.
COLO.
KANSAS
MO.
KY.
N. CAR.
TENN.
S. C.
NEW MEX.
OKLA.
ARK.
MISS.
ALA.
GEORGIA
FLORIDA
TEXAS
LA.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
XICO
GULF OF MEXICO

MAP of the UNITED STATES

~

KEY to the GAME of STATES

Silver Knees

A Romance of the Rio Grande

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

(Reading time: 29 minutes 6 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Jack Maddox, captain of spies in the Mexican War. While gathering information in Matamoras he was recognized, but his life was saved by Silver Knees, a dancer who lived with Gypsies. She managed to lead him to a Gypsy camp—and safety.

She fell in love with him, but war, not love, was his business, and he had to bid her good-by. You can begin here and understand what follows.

PART FIVE—THE SPIES

FOR three months Old Zack and his educated, God-fearing Yankee army remained in the miserable city of Matamoras.

There had been only one thing to do—follow, capture, or destroy the beaten army of Mexico.

There was no excuse for not doing these things. When the ragged, mutilated Mexicans had marched toward Monterey and safety, our cavalry, infantry, and artillery could have marched after them, overhauled them, taken them, from prancing general to the littlest barefoot drummer lad.

But no. Old Zack's unmilitary mind was obsessed with wagons. Wagons haunted his sleep; wagons distracted his waking moments.

All day his brain rattled with the clatter of wagons; all night an interminable procession of wagons creaked through his dreams. War, to him, had become but one endless wagon train, and the principal object of his army was to guard it.

I will say, however, that he had learned, a little, to use his Military Intelligence Department, and kept me fairly busy in the agreeable company of Lieutenant George G. Meade, our principal engineer officer, trying, through every secret source, to procure a plan of the city of Monterey.

Those burning months are a miserable memory to me. Peep, very ill of his wound, had recovered; and he, Bandara, Frank Haslett, and I scouted beyond Camargo, became peons among peons, rancheros among rancheros, rats of the desert among brush bandits and desert rats, creeping forward to the very base of the vast bastioned walls of Monterey. We *could* not get in.

With the serious-minded, humorless, gentle George Meade, and with Captain Williams, our topographical engineer, we mapped, for Old Zack, a vast, sizzling, desolate region—God help us!—taking our lives in our hands and breaking our hearts over it—which meant no more to Old Zack than a shopping trip downtown in Matamoras.

What interested him was his wagon train, not the road to Camargo.

And meanwhile the Mexican world around us was profoundly disturbed and changing. General after general "pronounced"—in other words, revolted. Presidents seized the central power and were chased out by others who snatched it away. Governments tumbled, were reconstructed, crumbled. Men talked of Parades, of Ampudia the Frenchman, of Santa Anna of sinister memory. War at full gallop could have ended matters then, mercifully. But Old Zack's brains rattled with the racket of ungreased wagons.

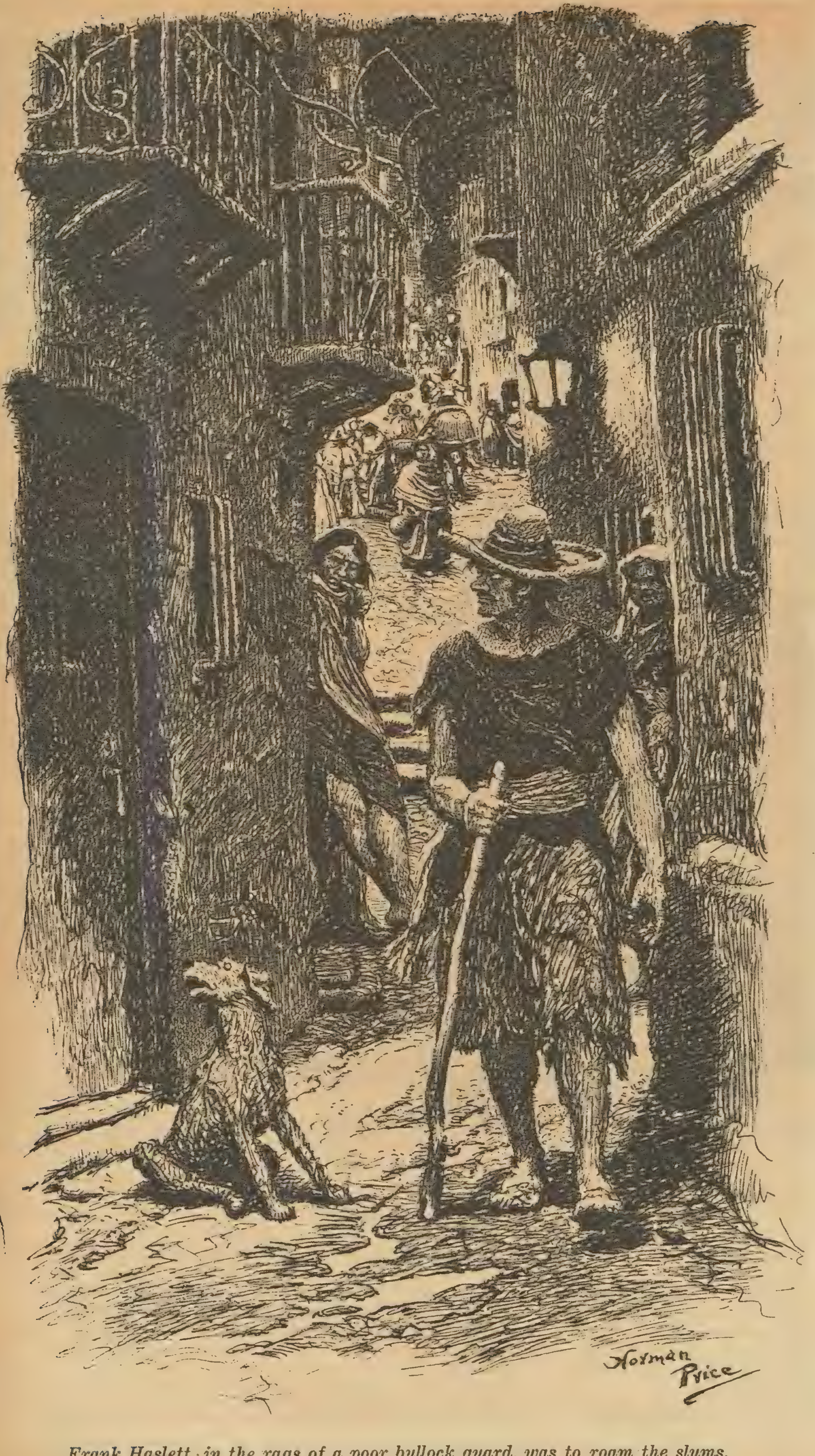
In August—and why I never knew—I was detailed for duty with one of the most charming men I ever met—Albert Sidney Johnston, inspector general of volunteers, late colonel of a three-months volunteer regiment recently dismissed.

Every day transports were arriving at Santiago Island with raw, seasick volunteer regiments. Frail, filthy little steamboats fetched them up to the river's mouth from Brazos. Over burning sands they plodded and staggered, wading the shallow Boca Chica, and dragged their fevered bodies on toward Burrita and the blazing hot city beyond.

POOR, confused, untrained lads, already sickening on the blazing edge of the tropics, clothed in heavy padded uniforms, perishing under leather shako, knapsack, and ponderous flintlocks altered to percussion—poor, fever-scourged devils dazed by pain—what, after all, could we expect of them but stupidity, timidity, and the instinctive cowardice consequent upon indiscipline and bewilderment? And the brutal reaction from bodies made frantic by fright and pain.

Day after day they came marching into Matamoras, their thin, miserable regimental bands playing, their jaunty, vacant-faced political officers riding ahead—regiments from Georgia, Alabama; regiments from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi.

Matamoras hospitals were crowded with these pitiable lads—victims of typhoid, of malaria, of measles, dysentery, Chagres fever; men nearly dead of the sun, of the poisonous stings of buffalo gnats and ticks; men in



Frank Haslett, in the rags of a poor bullock guard, was to roam the slums.

agony from centipedes' bites, from virulent contact with trapdoor spiders and scorpions; men dying of the deathly virus from coral snake and rattler.

Fresh from the clean, cool northland, after seventeen days' loathsome sickness aboard overcrowded transports, these wretched youngsters had been dumped out into an alien and strange country which a flaming, unfamiliar sun turned into a burning hell. All around them was as unreal as a desert in Mars—dazzling sands, cactus, Spanish bayonet, vast hot, red sloughs that suddenly took wings and lifted into the air under their fever-wide eyes when thousands of scarlet-winged flamingos rose into the air.

One morning, down the river, we heard drums beating the rogue's march. Later it changed to a dead march. Later still we heard a volley.

RIDING with Albert Sidney Johnston, Kirby Smith, and a scrawny young gunner, William T. Sherman, we encountered a volunteer regiment reeling along the river in the dreadful heat. I do not recollect from what state they came, but upon their faces was stamped a kind of dazed horror; and, to General Johnston's question, their colonel stared at us out of haunted eyes in silence.

He found a ghost of a voice, presently, to tell us that he had executed three soldiers for rape that morning. We said nothing. Presently he spurred his sweating horse, riding straight on, and blindly as in a nightmare, the sun blazing on epaulets and gilded facings outlining his whole figure with infernal fire.

Kirby Smith, speaking in bitter contempt, spoke of officers not competent to maintain discipline and too ignorant to handle their men in action.

He said that the very name of "volunteer" already was a stench in the land, that they were dreaded like death in every Mexican village and had fled in every action in which they had been engaged.

He spoke with disgust of the "political" Gen-

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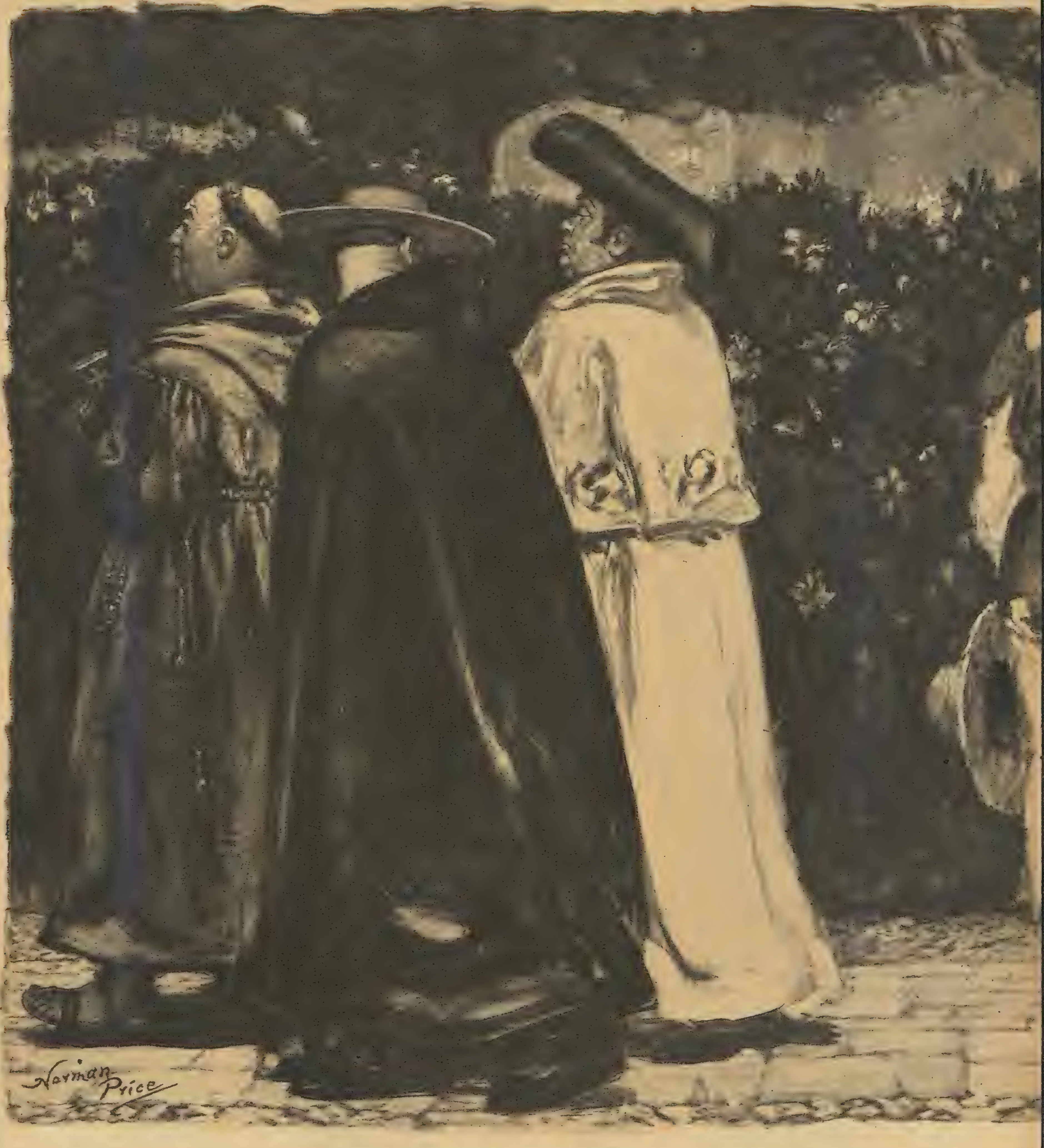


With my basket of charms, medicines, and amulets, I loitered along the hedge

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page fifty-nine

eral Pillow, mentioning his utter unfitness for command —quoting his brother Edmund to confirm his estimate.

The gaunt gunner, Sherman, remarked that war was hell, anyway, whether fought by fools or experts.

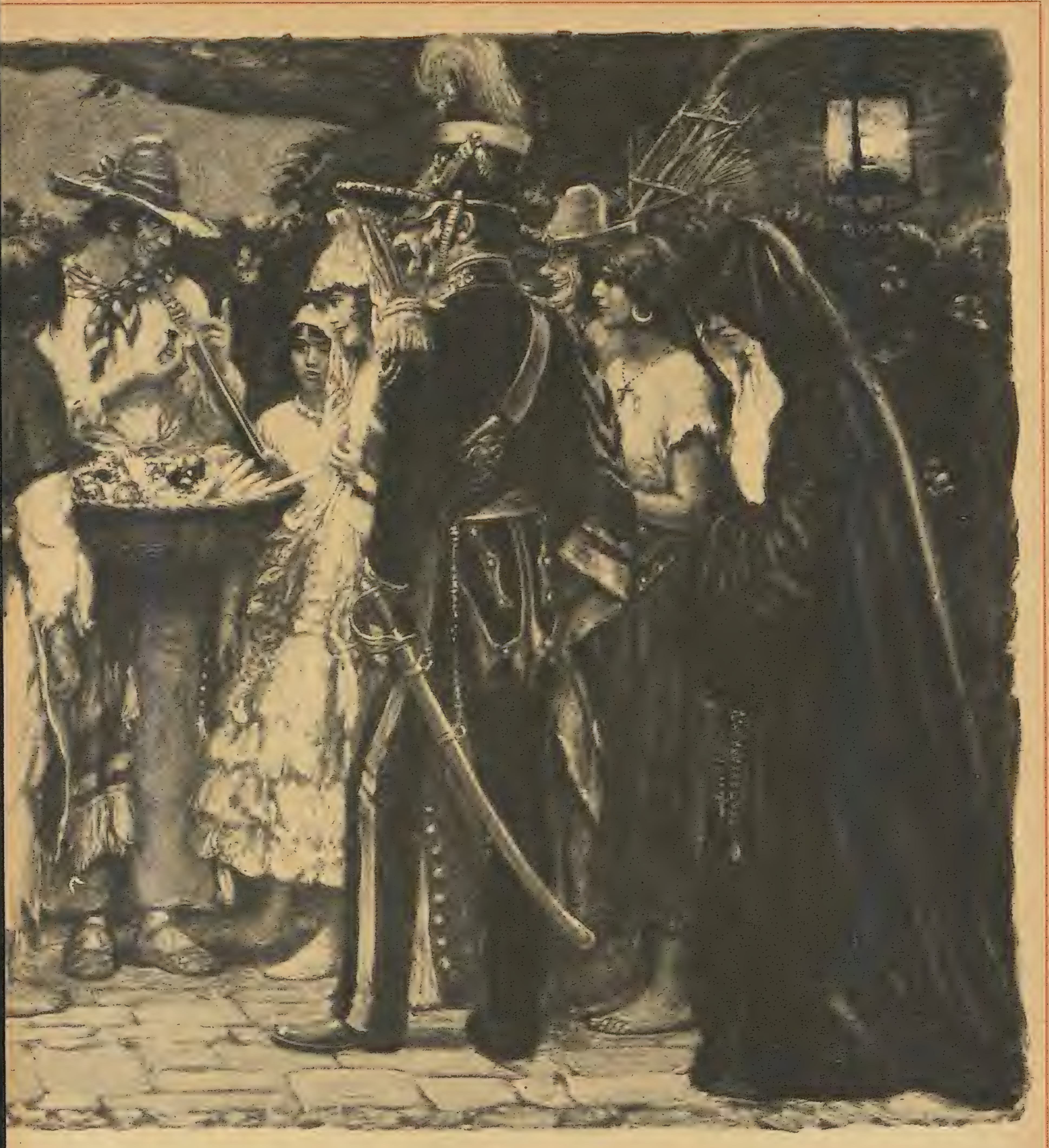
Albert Sidney Johnston, pale, handsome as a paladin, rode on in silence, his lost gaze on the horizon.

He said in a dreamy voice: "God leads us, I think, through Mexico to Armageddon, where all the western world shall clash in arms in one last, mighty battle. . . . And our world shall perish. And all things pass away. . . . And there shall be a new heaven and a new earth—"

Nobody said anything. We rode on gloomily; and it was as though the sunlight suddenly had died out and the Shadow of Slavery, black and monstrous, lay all around us.

. . . . . .

It was the anniversary of Mexican independence. Bandara and I, scouting far in advance that morning, and in touch with the rear of the enemy, could hear plainly the solemn music of the Mexican regimental bands saluting the birth of their nation. What was *my* country



Priests, passing, regarded me with curiosity; nuns gave me a shocked glance and went on.

about, down here, with her strangling clutch upon the throat of this infant republic?

II

BY the end of August Old Zack's army was in camp at Camargo, a prey to fever; and through the camp the dead march wailed and thudded every day, and all day long.

The first week in September we marched for Monterey. I had reported two thousand fresh veteran troops of the Mexican line entering Monterey. Already I had reported the Querétaro battalion and one other, two squadrons of regular cavalry, a regiment of Jalisco lancers, the Guanajuato dragoons, fifteen batteries of flying artillery—all from the City of Mexico—and, including a thousand rancheros, between eight and ten thousand troops of all arms—every man ready to fight like a devil.

"Well, Maddox," said Old Zack in his kindly, genial way, "if it's to be angels against devils, I ain't worrying any."

His smart brigadier, General Worth, who stood near eating a sandwich, began to laugh in a disagreeable way.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-one

"General," said Old Zack, "I guess you don't think our volunteers can qualify as angels."

"I hope to God, sir," said the Seminole veteran, "that they may qualify as something, because at present they're not anything at all."

"Now, Worth," remonstrated Old Zack, "you're too darn hard on the boys. You're too hard on a lot of folks, Worth. We can't all be veteran soldiers—or veteran angels."

"I could do with a few veteran devils," remarked Worth irritably.

"What do you want *I* should do with our volunteers?"

"Send the damned volunteers home, sir. And cashier several generals."

He had no use for political generals like Pillow, or for generals without military experience, like Major General Butler, Generals Harner and Quitman.

He himself was a gallant, impetuous, experienced officer, wanting, perhaps, in judgment and self-control, but he was a real soldier; and there were not many general officers of that species in our little Army of the Rio Grande.

General Taylor diverted the conversation to his favorite topic of wagons.

* * * * *

WELL, we marched for Cerralvo—three thousand regulars, three thousand volunteers, and about a billion wagons—always in view of a cloud of Torrejon's lancers, which drifted away through the chaparral before our advance like a dancing mist of scarlet mosquitoes. Once, at Ramos, they suddenly swarmed and stung us, enveloping the Texas Rangers for a few moments in a poisonous vermilion haze, then vanishing with bloody lances and thin, far cries, cheering for God.

On the 18th of September Old Zack's motley outfit pitched tents near the Forest of Santo Domingo, before the beautiful walled city of Monterey, rising from the plain and flanked on three sides by mountains.

A rapid little river, the Santa Catarina, washed its northern battlements; to the left soared the Silla peak, above the Sierras; to the westward, on the Loma, towered the solid, stone-domed bishop's palace; eastward lay the flat-roofed, oriental-looking city, dominated by a superb cathedral.

Soldiers in gay uniforms sauntered everywhere.

Both Bandara and Peep had managed to get into Monterey a week previously, and I had given Meade a pretty good plan of the city, which, like most Mexican towns, was regularly laid out, with straight, narrow streets running north and south and east and west.

The lively section of the town was the southeastern quarter, where lay the great plaza, flanked by the cathedral, with the municipal palace opposite.

Just west of this lay a smaller plaza and a heavily walled cemetery. The street, continuing westward, swung toward the river and continued between it and the bishop's palace as the Saltillo Highway.

I gave him a plan of the citadel, or Black Fort, north of the city, with its thirty-odd gun embrasures and twelve pieces mounted—a few of them 18s.

I marked the guns on the Loma and south of the river; the Soldado battery; the Devil's Fort; the Teneria and two other easterly lunettes; the northern tête-de-pont with its motley breastworks and armament; the barricaded streets north of the little tannery brook.

It was a pretty good map, made better by Williams and Major Mansfield's engineers, and seemed mildly to interest Old Zack.

III

CALIXTO was cooking supper for me; Bandara, Peep, and Frank Haslett were eating at a near fire; and I was washing myself, when Old Zack came stumping into my tent.

"Say, Maddox," he began in his genial way, "I want you should do something about their spies, which keep right on a-pestering me and a-peeking into every darn thing I do."

"Yes, sir. Frank Haslett killed two on Thursday."

"I want to know!"

"Yes, sir; they started to run and he had to shoot them. They had no papers."

"Do tell!"

"The scouts, Bandara and Pacheco, caught another at Camargo. Do you recollect, sir?"

"Yes; I had to hang him. But they seem to breed like rabbits all over my camp. *Somebody* sends 'em in. Can't you and your men get into Monterey and take a kinda secret peek at their Intelligence Department?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, Maddox. I got to assault the city, and I'd like to have a leetle privacy about my plans if I can git it."

"Very well, General."

"You'll go in tonight, will you, Maddox?"

"Yes, sir."

"You'll send this Bandara fella? And Pacheco? And Haslett?"

"And I'll go, also."

"All right, Maddox," he said pleasantly.

I called to Peep and Bandara. "Get into your rags," I said. "We're going into the city to stop the rat-hole where the enemy spies continue to come and go."

"Jesu!" said Peep smilingly. "We are very likely to hang this time, your honor."

Bandara remarked that it was pleasanter to kiss a girl over a wall than an escopeta under it. Frank Haslett said he didn't give a goddam how he died, as long as he could take a couple of Mexicans to hell with him.

Peep, leading his horse, halted, wet his little finger in his mouth, held it aloft. A heavy south wind had been blowing for several days.

"Pio smells a norte," remarked Frank. As he spoke it began to rain.

Peep shrugged as I turned to him with the question in my gaze.

"Sur duro,
Norte seguro,"

said he cheerfully. "However, at God's banquet I eat frijoles or dulces—as He fills my platter. Vaya, there is no more end to weather than to the Jota Aragonesa—plenty of both to please all tastes!"

SADDLING his horse, he sang one of the thousand verses:

"It rained on a man who was drowning;
'More water, by God!' says he;
'The sooner the better
I drown, for it's wetter
Up here than down under the sea!'"

I covered my basket with my poncho and got into my saddle. Bandara looked up at the sky.

"Is it going to be a norther?" I asked.

"I think not, Captain Don Juan. I think the stars will shine on us in Monterey tonight."

There was no moon and it was still raining a little when we started. I had taken my basket of charms and medicines with me, and wore leather and linen and espadrilles.

Down by the river we ran plump into a vedette; but Bandara sprang upon him as a crazed cougar springs upon a bull, and pinched and cut his throat before he could scream.

What to do with the poor devil's terrified horse we didn't know; the poor thing wanted to run away across the river. So Bandara and Peep killed the frightened creature with their knives, and we threw the dead lancer into the river, and his pennoned lance after him.

It was a horrid killing there in the dark of the rain—a foul, hot stink of blood heavy in the air; and the high-pitched crying of the Mexican sentries from post to post all about us in the night.

Fording the river, Peep whispered to me: "Your Silver Knees and the bear tamers are in the town."

"How do you know it?" I demanded.

"I saw the patteran, prala."

"Where?"

"On the Cerralvo road, señor; and again where Colonel Garland scouted across the Guadalupe road near Fort Diablo."

As we reached the opposite shore he came close to me and said in a humble voice:

"I would give you anything in the world, prala. I would like to give you this girl. Even General Torrejon wants her. But you will not take her even for an hour's amusement—which seems very strange to me," he added sadly.

The rain had ceased and a few stars were trembling brilliantly overhead.

IV

WE found no difficulty in penetrating Monterey by the Huajuco road and along the trenches to the San Antonio Gate through which refugees from the Obispado were still entering the town.

In this beautiful, regularly built city of hewn stone, washed by a river crystal clear, there seemed to be no panic, and even no particular excitement. A kind of bright, alert seriousness reigned, reflected upon the visages of the inhabitants and soldiery. There seemed to be nothing of fear, much less of despair. People went about accustomed duties and pleasures with a sort of cheerful solemnity. What was to be must be. Today is today.

Cafés and restaurants were brilliant with lights; plaintive music sounded discreetly from dance halls; streets and squares were thronged by slowly moving, fashionable promenaders, refugee country folk, poor peons.

Soldiers in gay uniforms, well fed and wearing carefully cared for side arms, sauntered everywhere. The barred windows of handsome private residences, of churches, shops, consistorial buildings and other religious edifices, barracks, hospitals, were brightly illuminated.

A spy always welcomes a crowd; we were grateful to get under cover of all this discreet but incessant noise and movement.

It had been arranged among us that Bandara should hang around the Plaza of San Antonio, where was the Campo Santo and post of military police, and pick up what he could concerning the Mexican Department of Military Intelligence.

Frank Haslett, in the rags of a poor bullock guard, was to roam the slums between the Plaza del Toros and that of the Virgin del Roble and the Capuchins.

Pacheco I sent to the Plazuela de la Carne, where he could be in touch with me from the Plaza del Mercado to the Grand Plaza, the cathedral, and Ampudia's headquarters, guarded by Romano's superb cavalry and the magnificent lancers of Jalisco.

The main streets were lighted, but not very well. In my half-Gypsy dress of linen and leather, and straw sandals, and with my basket of charms, medicines, and amulets, I loitered along the hibiscus hedges under the palms and pepper trees of the lovely fountain-set promenade, where the air was saturated with the fresh fragrance of white jasmine and of pink oleander in heavy bloom.

Priests, passing, regarded me with curiosity or aversion; nuns gave me a shocked glance and went on with downcast eyes. Young girls and young men, slowly strolling along the footwalks, looked with furtive interest at my woven basket where lay my strangely interesting wares, and then they always looked at me; and I could read the half-murmured words on their scarcely moving lips: "Gitano," or "A young sorcerer of the Zincali."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-three

And all the while I kept up my smiling, discreet patter: "Buy my remedies, your honors. . . . I sell venenillo, ojo de venado to avert the evil eye! Buy a deer's eye, señora, against those envious of your youth and beauty. . . . I sell the chuparosa, your honor," said I to a handsome caballero. "Buy it, señor, and wear it in your honor's faja so that all shall be amazed at your honor's energy and success!" . . . And, to the frail and painted damsels of the street: "Ladies, buy my amulets to inspire men's love. I have cantárida; I have the San Benito; I sell the hueso de muerto—bone and backbone. . . . And for her who seeks vengeance I have the magic lodestone—the piedra de imán. It is alive. It must be put into water every Friday to drink, and it must be fed with iron dust. If you rub it on your dagger it will poison the man you stab. It will cure sores. It must not be worn at mass—no, ladies—because the devil hides within it—"

An elderly man, who looked like a planter, bought an escudo of me and placed it in his belt. Two prostitutes bought a San Benito; a woman with a swollen cheek purchased a hormigón de hueso for toothache, and a cascabel for her son who was a fiddler in a dance hall.

A lovely, shy mestiza sidled near to price a Ticus. I sold her the left leg of the charm for half price, and she went away blushing.

Soldiers, loitering about me, usually purchased a San Benito de Palermo.

Twice I was questioned carelessly by military police, asking if I was one of the bear tamers; and that is how I learned that the Ursari were camped north of the little brook Teneria and west of the Devil's Fort.

My eyes and ears, meanwhile, were extremely busy between the passing throng, the bustling military headquarters at the cathedral, and the palace opposite.

Presently Peep glided into the little crowd around me; and, while bending over my wares, told me, in Gypsy, that the Department of Military Intelligence occupied the palace.

"WHAT is it that you wish to buy, compadre?" I inquired smilingly. "I have dried humming birds, devils' prayers neatly written, mortuary candles, oak rods, coco oil from Túxpam—everything necessary to witchcraft I sell in my little red and white basket."

"Give me a magic amulet against the Americans," he said. "I know how to creep into their camp. Give me a devil's amulet to cast among them, so that, like swine, they suddenly go mad and rush headlong into our river to destruction!"

There was a dead silence in the crowd around us. Then a soldier cried softly in his womanlike voice: "Viva Mexico!"

"Here," said I, "is a snake's rattle and a black alacrán—a dried scorpion. They are yours without pay, compadre. Take them and go with God!"

As he took the little bag of green silk an officer touched him on the shoulder.

"Come across to the palace with me, compadre," said he quietly, "and I promise you that Mexico shall find employment for your devotion so truly brave."

"No, señor captain," said Peep, "I wish to creep into the American camp and turn them all into maddened swine with the witchcraft in this magic bag of silk."

"And I tell you," insisted the officer in a low voice, "that the Department of Secret Intelligence has instant need of such as you."

"MAY I take my little green bag, your honor?"

"Take it."

Peep, hat in hand, bowed deeply. "Unworthily," said he, "I beg the honor of following your excellency."

The staff captain started to walk across the plaza. As Peep moved lightly at his spurred heels he murmured in Romani, as he passed me: "At the bear folki in an hour."

I turned amiably to the crowd gathered about me: "Yonder goes a brave volunteer. May he go with God!"

"May he go with God," they murmured.

"Buy my remedies," said I smilingly. "I have agudas of romero—'Por la virtud que tienes por San Pedro y San Pablo—' Your honors know the saying. And, with a jicara, one may find missing persons and those who are drowned—"

A soldier said: "Who wants to discover drowned Americans?"

A young girl whispered: "May God's Mother pity us all in Monterey."

I said gravely: "Mother of God, look upon us all in thy infinite compassion. Jesus, forgive us all, for we know not what we do! . . . And I have in my little red and white basket, for sale, mariguana, palomita for headache; I have taquachi, concha nácar, estrella de mar—"

"Have you sesor de cantara?" murmured a young girl in my ear.

"Not for you, little sister," I whispered, "so go with God and flee His anger."

She shrank back, flushed in her confusion. I sold some ajo for headache and a cangrejo to a sickly-looking soldier, for the fever which plainly was invading him.

I was moving slowly, now, northward along the plaza, disposing, at intervals, of some cheap charm of medicine to be worn in the belt or faja, but never around the neck, where practically everybody wore a church scapular or medal.

The little crowd I had attracted followed, dissolved, was renewed, and slowly fell away as I still moved northward; and by the time I had traversed the fifth transverse street running east and west and, crossing the brook, had come into the poorer quarters, nobody was following me except a small barefoot drummer boy of the Yucatan Regiment, and a little yellow dog; and these two finally sat down under a china tree in the Plazuelita Teneria and watched me disappear through the maze of narrow streets and alleys northeast of the brook Teneria.

Here were no lights excepting the great, liquid, trembling stars overhead. Crazy old adobe and wooden houses leaned outward over dirty alleys, balcony almost touching balcony; crumbling plaster walls, overhung with foliage, lined lanes that led nowhere.

Now and then some blanket-shrouded, shadowy shape slipped past me or glided like a phantom across the starlit darkness ahead.

There was a smell of stables in the night air, and of wood smoke, and tan bark. For this was the quarter La Teneria, and the fort of the same name lay northeast, and the Black Citadel due north.

I could hear a cavalry patrol in San Caralampio Square, and the clanking of field artillery passing the Virgin's Church toward the Capuchins and citadel.

AND now, on a grassy place bounded by four streets but unoccupied by houses, I saw the Gypsy tents of the Ursari, and their wagons, and two lanterns on poles, and the embers of a fire.

Beyond lay another vacant lot upon which stood a candle-lit café and dance hall made of boards, from which a fiddle sounded, playing a slow dance step.

It seemed strange that here, almost under our hostile cannon, there should be music and dancing. I could see people clustered about the café where two torches flared. Now and then a soldier crossed the grass, going toward the dance hall.

Under the pepper trees along the tannery brook I sat down, unstrapped my basket, set it beside me, and disposed myself to wait for Peep.

Save for the stream's gurgle, the distant fiddle, and the intermittent twittering of some night bird, the silence remained unbroken until somebody touched my arm in the darkness, and Peep's voice murmured my name.

He told me that he had been in the office of the Mexican military secret service; had been rigorously questioned; had been accepted; and was to take six Mexican spies into our camp after midnight, by the Topo road. "His honor the Señor Captain Don George," said he, "will know how to question these poor fools when they are trapped. It will make an end, I think, of their spying on his excellency General Don Zachary."

"When do you go?"

"After the half hour past midnight. I have plenty of time. . . . Yonder fiddle, seño'—it is playing a Gypsy tune. . . . Ei! And there are the tents of the Zincali—the bear folki! Has your honor seen Silver Knees?"

"No."

"Doubtless she dances yonder. She is a dancer, prala."

"I know it."

"And your honor has no desire to see her?"

I did not answer. I did wish to see her, and the desire had preoccupied me ever since I entered Monterey. But, until this moment, I had not admitted it to myself.

THE fiddling had ceased. We heard a guitar twanging and a girl's voice soft in the night air.

"A Gaja song," said Peep, "but the voice is the voice of little Silver Knees."

I knew it, too. I said nothing.

The distant voice sang on:

"I am an English maid;
Naked I stand here,
Nursing in my mind
What raiment I shall wear.
Now I wish this,
Now I wish that,
Now I desire I cannot say what!
All new fashions be pleasant to me;
I will have them of thee or of me,
Till I be a frisker on whom all men look,
And what shall I do but set cocke on hoop!
What do I care though virtue shall fail
If I have a garment reach to my tail,
And be a minion and wear a fair guise,
And look at all lovers with saucy eyes—
For love of new fashions my mind hath begot,
And for fashion I'll suffer I cannot tell what!"

"That is a very, very old song out of England," said I. "Hundreds of years old."

"What has a caballero to do with years that are dead, your honor? . . . When a Gypsy girl of sixteen years is singing under the stars?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Man's White Hands Taught Us This Secret

For many years the assistants in one of the laboratories of the E. L. Patch Company of Boston, Mass., had smooth, white hands, even in the winter. Investigation showed that these assistants whose hands were smooth and white were handling sea moss jelly, a soft, soothing substance, which, tests disclosed, had remarkable properties for the care of the skin.

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SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-five

" The guitar is silent," I said.

" I shall teach it the deepest thrill in the world, prala—"

" Where are you going? "—for he had risen.

" Leave your basket, prala."

So I left it under the dripping pepper trees by the brook Teneria, in the trembling starlight.

The fiddle had begun again.

Nobody noticed us particularly. The dance hall was but a wooden shed open on all sides. Common soldiers, rancheros, furtive characters from the chaparral, Gypsy youths and Gypsy girls were dancing and drinking pulque.

I remained outside in the shadow of a great pepper tree, leaning against it. Peep went inside, took a partner, and danced. I knew that every Gypsy there had recognized him immediately. Not one gave the slightest sign of recognition. Suddenly I saw Silver Knees. She was dancing with a big, bony cavalryman; and, as she passed Peep and his partner, I saw her exchange a word with him behind her fan.

And now the music ceased. Peep went over to a post and took down a guitar which dangled from a peg. Silver Knees, declining an offer of pulque from her cavalier, slipped away into the crowd.

As I was searching for her with my eyes, I felt her hand steal into mine from behind me. " Oh, Mother of God! " she whispered. " Oh, Don Juan, what happiness has my dear santa brought to me this night of stars! "

" Are you well, Encarnación? "

" All is well on earth in this hour, prala."

" Tell me—"

" I do tell you. Because I love you, all is well with the world."

" The world will prove cruel enough to Monterey tomorrow, little sister."

" Ei. Tomorrow is tomorrow. Who knows? God wears a mask, but I think He is always smiling at us behind it. Do you love me, Don Juan? "

" Yes, little sister."

" I dare love you, too, prala, because I am still virginal."

" Not yet married? "

" Your honor knows that I never shall be. What have I to give? "

After a silence Peep's guitar rang out sonorously. He sang in a clear, somber voice his ominous, haunting Song of Sonora:

" The desert wind is dead o' fright
Where like a spider from her den
The moon is creeping through the night—
Yo tambien;
Haunted by stars with cruel eyes,
Your soul is crying while it dies,
Yo tambien
Yo tambien!
Along my dagger's blade the dew
Glimmers in tears at thought of you.

" The Yaqui flute may wail and mourn
The loves of maidens and of men,
Body and soul accursed, forlorn—
Yo tambien!
O scarlet lips and scented breath,
God is the word of love and death—
Yo tambien
Yo tambien!
The crawling moonlight glimmers red
Where my cold dagger kissed you dead."

" Esto no me gusta! " cried Silver Knees with a stamp of her foot.

" He sings finely—"

" Estoy cansado de escucharle—I am tired listening! "

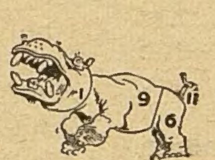
Far away we heard the thin cry of the vedettes: " Quien esta ahí? "

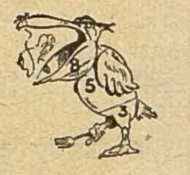
" Soy yo! " she whispered, laughing; then, passionately: " I love you, Don Juan—prala, I love you! "

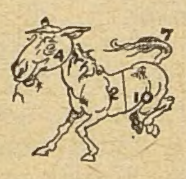
Danger is the breath of life to Captain Maddox. But even he is appalled by the nearness of death, when he is arrested as a spy. Watch for this perilous adventure in next week's installment of Silver Knees.

$500 IN PRIZES for the Game of THE GREAT WHAT-IS-IT?

HERE is the group of winners who share in the awards for putting together, naming, and writing rhymes about the Hippopotamus-Pelican-Horse pictures (shown herewith, correctly assembled) which appeared in our January 3 issue:







FIRST PRIZE—$100

to John Pitt, 55 Morton Street, New York, N. Y., who sent in the following rhyme:

HIPPOPOTAMUS
This fellow's known as thick-skinned;
But should he feel disgrace
He'd simply open up his mouth
To hide his blushing face.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

to Mrs. J. B. Heth, 908 Elmwood Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, whose rhyme was:

PELICAN
If I were this bird
I'd cuss like a sinner
At such a big bill
For so small a dinner.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

to Mrs. Ida Lark, Gate City, Virginia, whose rhyme was:

HORSE
You'll think this horse is obstinate;
He's not, it's just his way.
No matter what you ask of him
He always answers, " Neigh."

Cross-Word Puzzle Answers

Page 52

T	R	A	M	P		P	L	E	A	D		A	G	A	T	E
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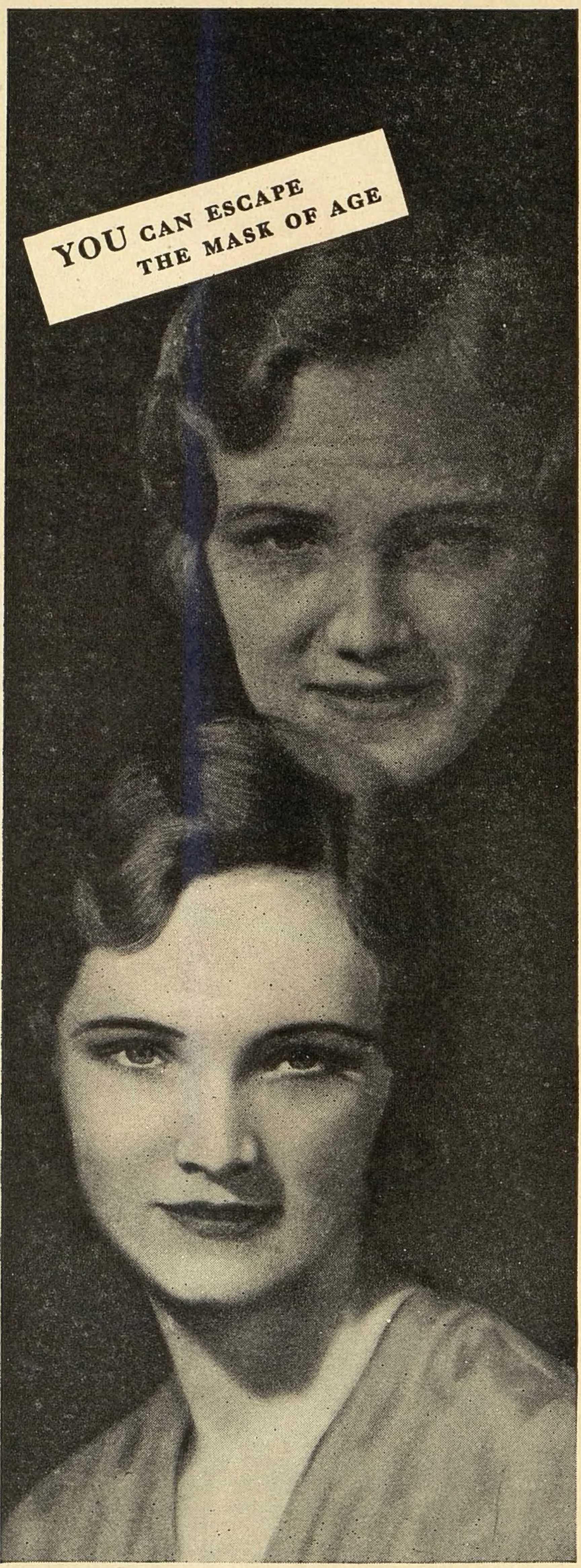
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"DON'T GROW OLD"

warns John Boles

JOHN BOLES, Universal, whose excellent singing voice and fine acting ability have made him one of the screen's most popular stars, tells you what he considers woman's most priceless possession.

Learn the complexion secret 98% of the important screen actresses know

"NOWADAYS no woman need be afraid of birthdays," John Boles says. "Charm isn't by any means measured by years!

"One of the most alluring women I know is . . . But it wouldn't be fair to tell! No one would ever guess—and she's admired wherever she goes.

"These days not only stage and screen stars but hundreds of other women, too, have learned a very important secret of allure. YOUTH is recognized for the priceless thing it is . . . complexions are kept glowing."

★

"To keep youth, guard complexion beauty," the fascinating actresses will tell you. "Keep your skin temptingly smooth, alluringly aglow!"

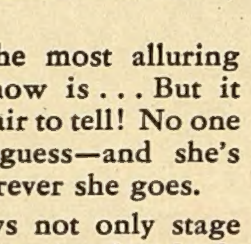
The actresses famous for their charm the world over use Lux Toilet Soap, and have for years. So well-known is their preference for this fragrant, beautifully white soap that it is found in theater dressing rooms everywhere.

In Hollywood, where 605 of the 613 important actresses use it, Lux Toilet Soap is official in *all* the great film studios.

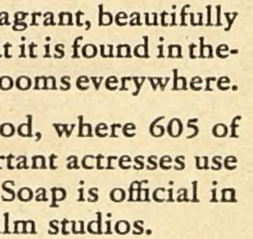
Of the countless Hollywood, Broadway, European stars who use this white soap, some have the fine-grained skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin.

Whatever *your* individual type may be, you, too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect soap—so neutral, so bland is its effect on the skin.

EVELYN LAYE, co-starring with John Boles in a recent picture, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful."

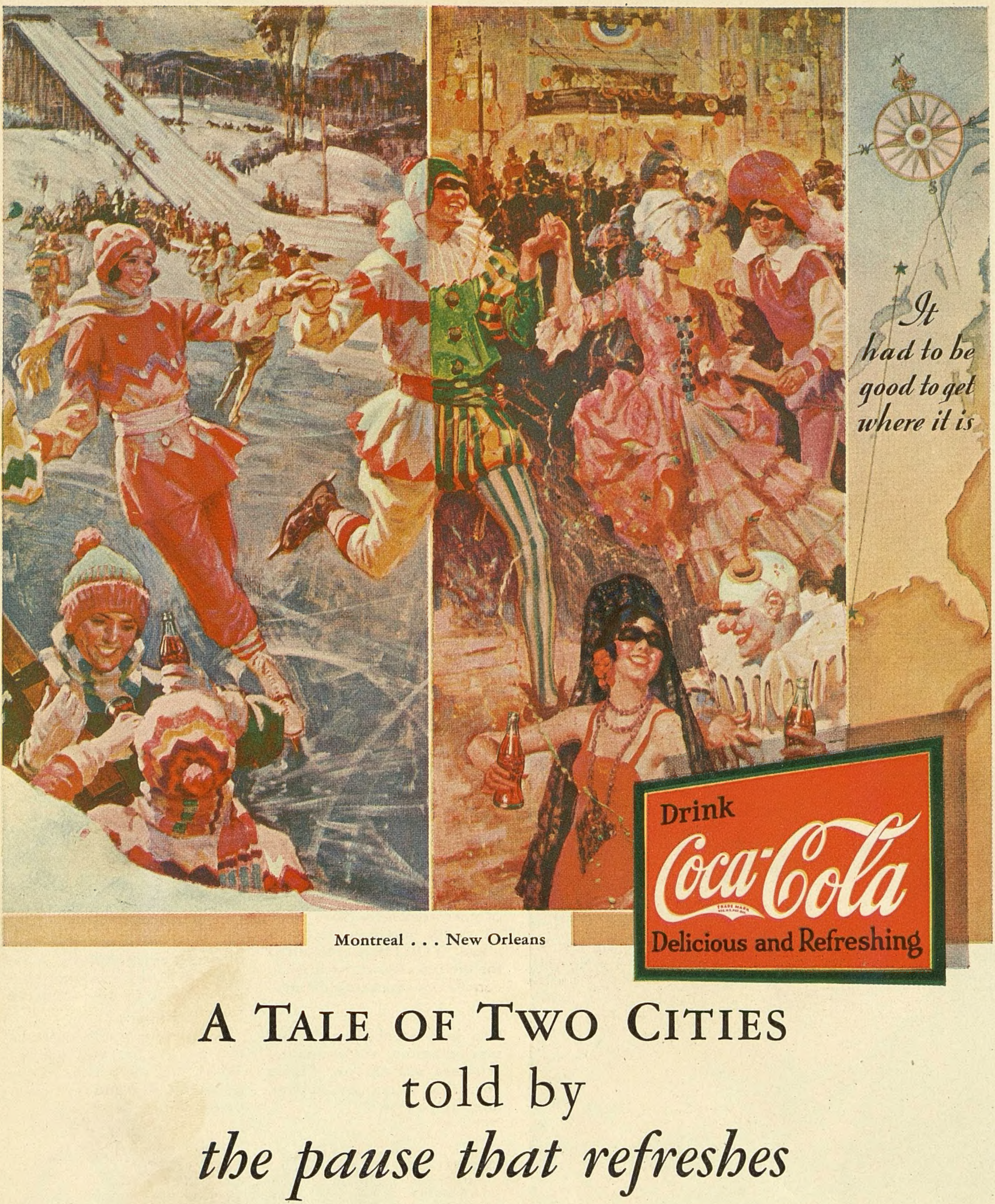


LUPE VELEZ, Universal's effervescent star, says of this white soap: "It keeps my skin like velvet."



Youth LUX Toilet Soap..10¢

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap



Montreal . . . New Orleans

A TALE OF TWO CITIES told by *the pause that refreshes*

A thousand four hundred miles apart. Montreal skates and skis in the joyous thrill of winter sports. New Orleans, at Mardi Gras, scatters flowers and dances in the streets. Yet Montreal rivals New Orleans in observing *the pause that refreshes*. In 1930 the number of bottles of Coca-Cola served in each was: Montreal, **66 million;** New Orleans, **69 million.**

» » » Thirst knows no season and climate makes no difference when it comes time for a refreshing pause. After the drink with that tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment, you come up smiling for a fresh start. No time is lost. That's why Coca-Cola and *the pause that refreshes* fit so perfectly into both work and play.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

LISTEN IN ~ Grantland Rice ~ Famous Sports Champions ~ Coca-Cola Orchestra ~ Wed., 10:30 to 11 p. m. Eastern Standard Time ~ Coast to Coast N B C Network ~

OVER NINE MILLION A DAY